THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 198, Number 38

MARCH 20, 1926

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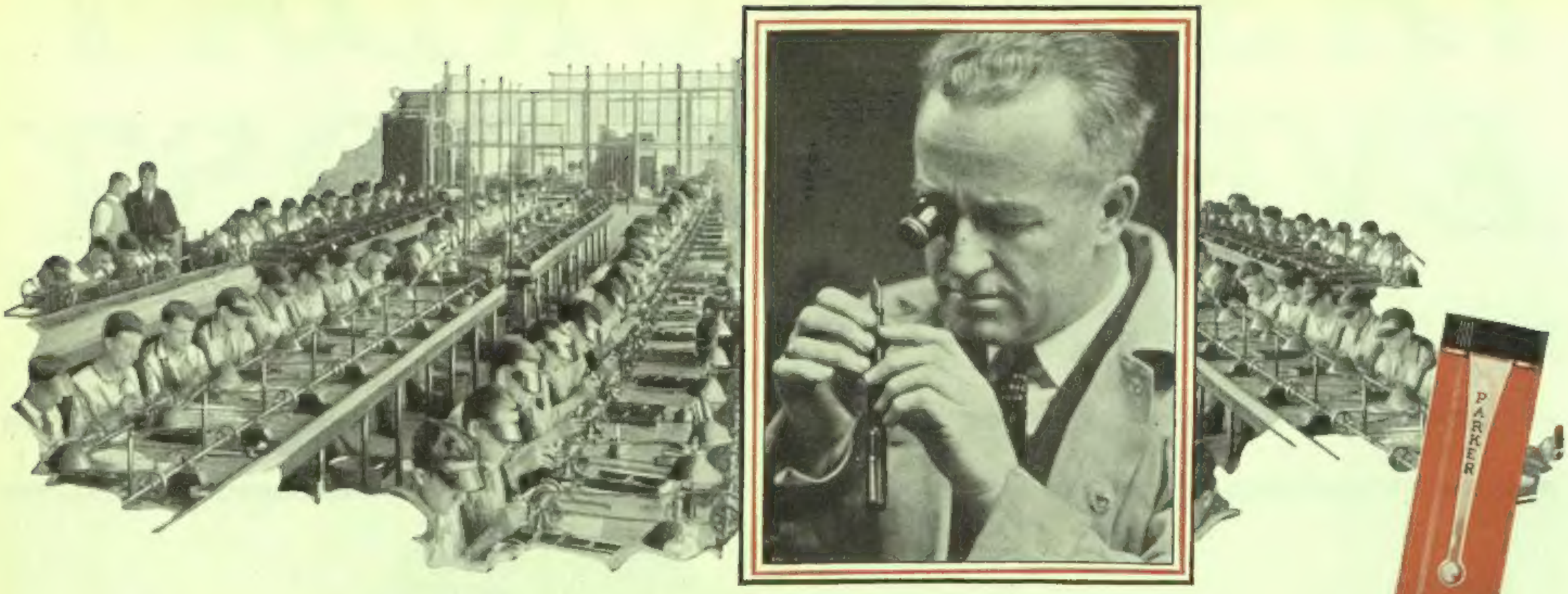
Harry Leon Wilson—Ben Ames Williams—Horatio Winslow—Richard Connell
Mary Roberts Rinehart—Joseph Hergesheimer—Thomas Beer—Hal G. Evarts



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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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HYPOCRITE!

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

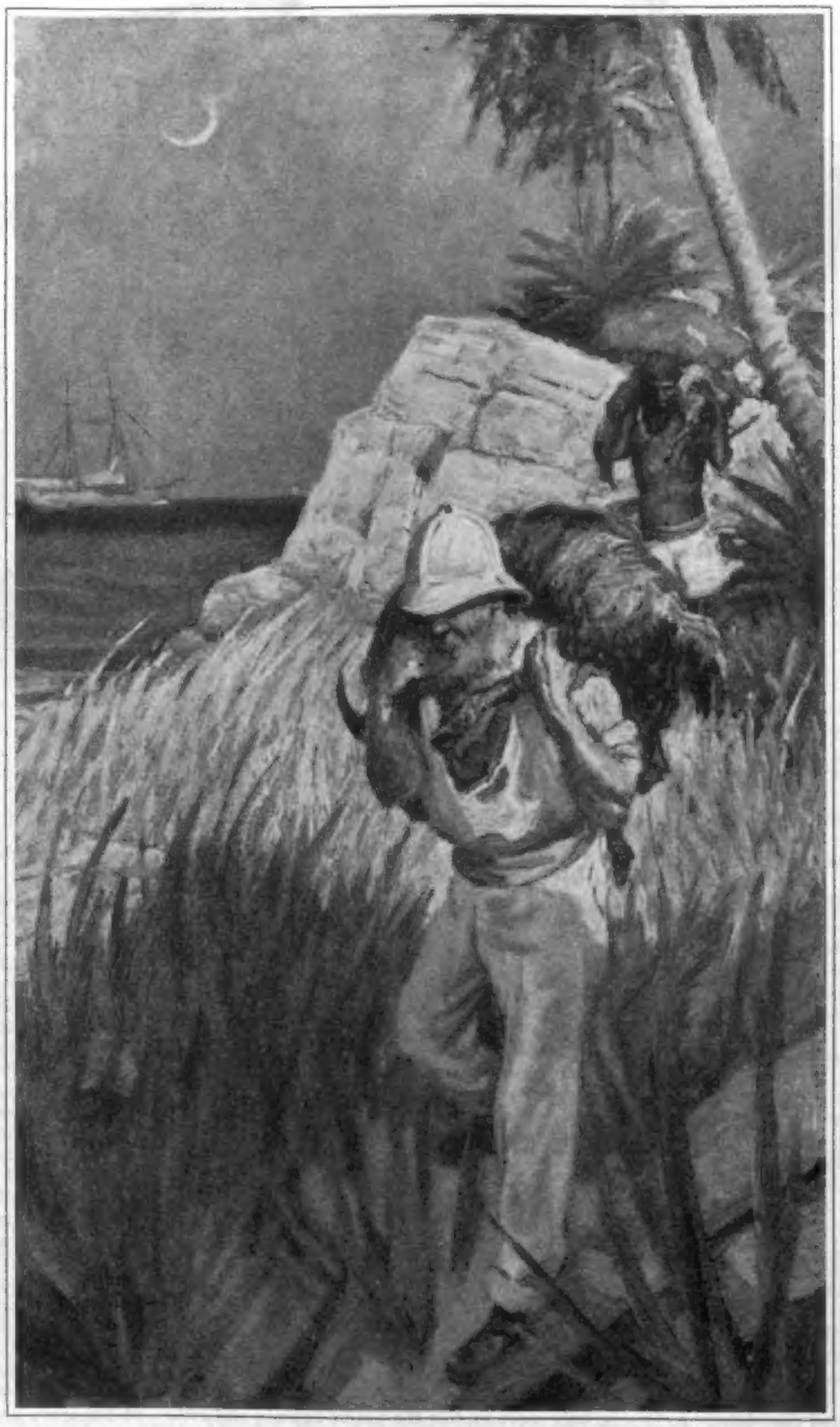
PAPEETE, that little Paris of the South Seas. Specifically, the restaurant of the Hotel Diadem, its fourth wall missing to trap such air as may stir above a lush little garden of bougainvillea and *tiare* flowers. Sometimes, but not often, the ghost of a scented breeze will ruffle the drooping solemnity of coconut palms and endure until it has faintly fluttered the tablecloths.

This sultry noontime I lingered, last of the Diadem's patrons, while black Sammie, the exotic West Indian waiter, went for more of the dubious liquid purveyed by the Diadem as coffee. It is the color of coffee. Waiting, I studied with idle disbelief a flamboyant wall poster depicting a 100 per cent Middle Western American, unmistakably a staunch Rotarian in dress, visage and genially expansive bearing, who told the world he would walk a mile for a certain cigarette. Disbelief was aroused because this intense American, who very probably had lived to middle years without passing east of Chicago or west of Denver, was having his say in glib French.

It did seem that if they had wished someone to extol this cigarette in French they might have found a model who would conceivably employ that tongue.

While I was finding a mild pleasure in this incongruity, there entered a vivacious couple of men to sit at a neighboring table, a table already cleared of everything but the coffee stains on the cloth. The Diadem's coffee not only looks like it but will stain table linen with the best. One of the newcomers was Doc Martin, Papeete's genial dentist, who is plump and ruddy of face. Plumpness is not uncommon in the South Seas, but the white man, plump or not, is rather invariably pasty of complexion. Doc Martin has the only face I have encountered there of an honest brick red. And he is a willing and easy laugher. When he hears something funny his eyes become quite lost, obscured by a myriad little laugh wrinkles that seem to fold over them until only two glistening points of light are left. But he is not a noisy laugher; you must look at him or you don't know it is being done.

He rather groped his way to the table, because he was now hearing something funny—and therefore blinding—from his companion, a blithe and airy but emaciated small Frenchman with an unkempt reddish beard and a tumbled mass of darker hair that cried—moaned, even—for neatening shears. This man was being voluble as they came, and he was overgestured for his weight. With his duck suit and cork helmet, he couldn't have gone over a hundred and five pounds, yet he was managing arm and shoulder and eyebrow movements that might have taxed the energies of one with twice his apparent vital endowment. The too profuse beard and hair were slightly grayed; the man was surely old enough to know better.



"When I Sweat So, I Think, 'What the Deuce? Am I the Big Fool to Do All This for a Pack of Disgusting Natives That Not Got the Spirit of an Insect?'"

As they settled at the table and Doc clamored for Sammie I wondered what he would be laughing at so continuously. He laughs at many things, but chiefly at the natives who flock to him, seeking dental embellishment and reconstructions in precious metal. It is said in Papeete that his price scale for natives is—a gold tooth, one pearl.

This must be a canard, for the average pearl a native may have is too pitifully small to pay for the mere gold in a tooth, and there is the artistry involved in its fashioning and adjustment still to be requited. Anyway, I shamelessly listened in over my final demi-tasse, and it wasn't pearls for gold teeth that caused Doc's eye-hiding mirth; yet it did have to do with native Tahitians, for Doc's companion was reviling them with passion and flourishes of a vigor that seemed terribly ill advised in one so frail. These natives, it appeared, were naughty children and weaklings, without stamina if a malady overtook them. For all their stalwart frames and massive muscles, a mere light cold laid them flat. At the first sneeze they gave up and waited—amiably enough, it was true—for death. They were contemptible.

"No courage, no entrails!" averred the speaker hotly. "And there am I, like a fish in a violin case, yet not wishing to die of a malady so silly. But they don't care if they did. They read in a Mormon Bible that says it is not so bad to die, and maybe better. Me, I am freethinker for long time, so how would I find that prospect amusing? I think it better to defer dying till some future time when one is old and can't help it very much."

I gathered now that the speaker would be Dufour, the painter, who had but yesterday returned from not going to the Marquesas Islands in a trading schooner.

I had been told a little of this the night before. It had been a long going, as the Tahitian puts it, a going that lasted "five tens of days," and not a happy one either. Certain attendant perils had raised it to the dignity of an adventure.

"Oh, such foul and disgusting fellows!" added the critic; then broke off to scan with eager, burning glance the spotty menu that black Sammie submitted. It was now that Doc Martin uncrinkled his damp eyes enough to identify a near-by acquaintance who had been taking far too little pains to hide an unmannerly interest in talk that in no way concerned him. Doc almost stopped laughing, though plainly it hurt him to do this, and invited me to finish my coffee at his table. To be sure, he needn't have gone to this trouble. I should have joined them anyway on some paltry excuse.

I was presented to Monsieur Dufour, who, before I could protest, arose to make formal salutations. Doc resumed his laugh, releasing his mouth from a torturing restraint that must have become unbearable. His eyes were again all but obscured points of light; one of them—the left—for an

appreciable moment became wholly obscured, so that I knew I had been winked at.

"You will pardon if I am so gross," pleaded Monsieur Dufour, his two thin brown hands gesturing in helpless apology toward the melon Sammie had served. "Figure to yourself that for many days I have no fruits and no fresh viands; the fleshpots ran low and I am sustaining my vigor on hard-tacks. Ah, these exquisite foods—how I rejoice in them!"

I murmured reassuringly. I had never regarded the Diadem as a place of recreation for the epicure. Its cuisine is simply the least bad thereabouts—which is no flowery tribute. But perhaps an exclusive diet of hard-tack for many days would inspire this lyric note. Doc Martin again managed a wink as his guest attacked a pallid bit of fish submerged under an ineffective pale sauce. Thereafter, at intervals in his own less interested luncheon, Doc would leer at me as if to say, "Don't miss this—it's going to be better than you think."

Our painter commanded quite every item listed on that soup-spotted menu, though it became apparent that in all but a few of them his interest was purely aesthetic. His burning brown eyes lingered avidly on stuff he couldn't bring himself to touch.

"I find I cannot eat so much," he winningly explained, "but I like to see so much because I have so long been where it was not. Alone on the Pacific Ocean," he added grimly. He had his coffee now and brooded above it in a sort of tragic repletion.

Now Doc Martin uncreased his face and made a try for the serious and sincere.

"A drop of cognac with the coffee, Armand?"

It broke Dufour's spell, and not happily, it seemed. First, with some sharpness, he commanded Sammie to leave the cheese—he apparently wished to regard it for a longer time—then broke out, "Cognac! But no! Never!" The refusal was gritty with irritation. The speaker must have realized this, for he added more amiably, "Chartreuse, perhaps; benedictine, perhaps. Not cognac, my friend."

Sammie pattered back with the liqueur and more of the ostensible coffee.

"Now then," wheedled Doc Martin, "what about this trip of yours anyway? I hear you didn't have exactly the time of your life. And why all this cruel talk about the natives? Tell us your troubles, old chap."

Dufour sipped delicately from the liqueur glass. "Ah, but you already know them troubles."

"Not one-tenth of 'em. I had about a dozen words from Hadley the agent, and that's all." Doc's manner was clumsily false. His brazen wink to me was quite superfluous advertising.

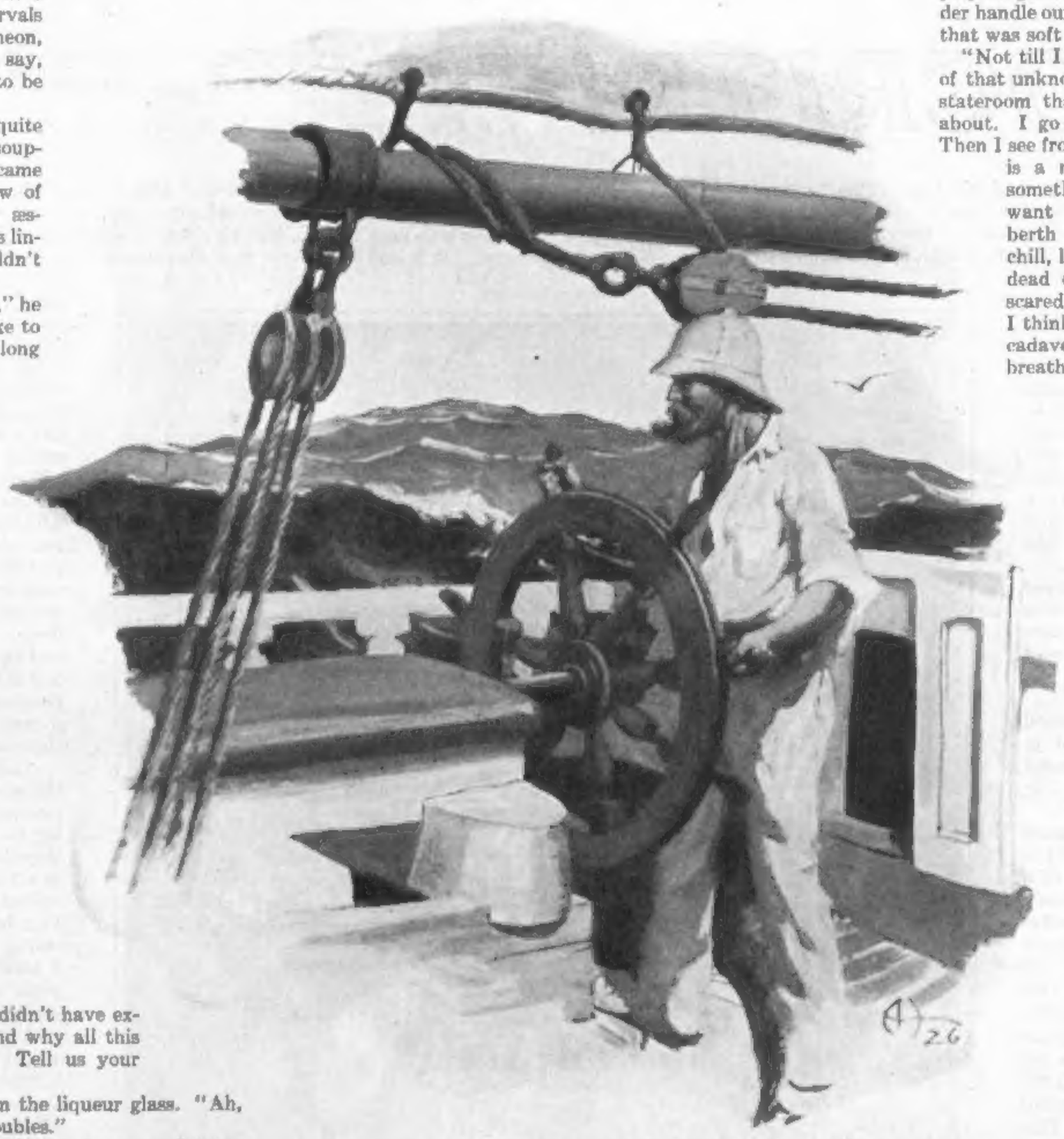
The painter finished his coffee, drained the last heavy drops of the liqueur, trifled with the glass rather uncertainly a moment, then he beamed upon us and spoke. If Doc Martin had heard one-tenth of his troubles, he had heard probably the most interesting tenth; the other nine would be merely talk about his impressions while the thing was happening.

Still, some of those impressions weren't bad; but if we found ourselves ennuied ——

Doc tried to look serious and eager and to keep his eyes uncovered, and his wink to me was almost subtle. It somehow conveyed that our friend wasn't going to tell quite all his troubles, or that he was going to be disingenuous. In short, there was going to be a catch in whatever Dufour told. I was piqued. I would be sharp to detect this for myself.

Dufour twirled his liqueur glass ruminatively, then he upended it and made a series of sticky circles on the cloth, regarding them studiously. At last he beamed again upon us both and talked.

"Well, then, I am off to hunt color in the beauteous Marquesas Islands, eight hundred miles away, yes. I will paint and eat the lotus, paint many canvases, all lovely perhaps. Fifty-one days ago I am off, and all my friends come to the quay to bring me gifts of fruit and chocolates and wish me bon voyage on that noble two-masted schooner Hinano. You come, too, my friend Martin; you recall how charming that scene. Plenty of handshakes and affectional adieus from that gay crowd under the awning, plenty of guitars playing and singing, the native crew bringing aboard merchandise and other little comforts we take to those romantic islands far away and exchange for copra, which is gathered from the coconut. You recall how you and my others so carefully inspect my ship and say how she is built for heavy weather and is staunch and clean and how I will surely endure a bon voyage. Yes, and you, bad one, Satan that you are, you peek into that one stateroom where my berth is and you observe a lady in the lower berth, and you mock me with a great laughing and tell my others and they mock me, because they pretend I am detected in a sweet island romance. They make lots of roguish sayings about my beautiful companion as they



All I Can Do is Turn the Rudder So She Will Point Toward the On-Coming Waves

call her, only she is all covered to the hair in this berth and it may not be seen if she is beautiful or ugly. But I laugh with all of you and put on that I am a gay spaniel at my age, and am so blushing and embarrassed to be caught with a lot of the goods. The moment of the last adieus is on that delightful roguish note. Ah-ha! Roguish, I should not think!"

The painter sighed humorously, contracted his narrow shoulders and made whimsical arches of his grizzled eyebrows.

"That covered-up lady, that beautiful companion of voyage to me, yes, she was going to create some havoc for a great deal of the world, but not that delightful kind of havoc you pretend to think. And just then I forget all about this fair one—or maybe not fair, because it cannot yet be seen—for I am so joyous with going to hunt new colors. My dream I have dreamed so long is coming true. I shall see new beauty, astonishing new tints, fairylike new enchantments. I shall be surrounded by majestic and poetic aspects till I can't rest. I am impatient as an infant when at five o'clock at last we cast off those ropes that tie us to the pier and make progress away with a light southeast breeze. I watch the sailors unfold the cloths. We have a big sail and a mizzen—so it is called—and three of the jibs that stick out in front. In one half hour we clear the outer reef and my happy adventure is begun. I am still so joyous, only more so, like the native captain and crew that can be joyous over any little thing. The west was running with gold light and high up were giant pillows of rose tint. And the smooth opal sea reflected that picture underneath. It was quite a spectacle. A painter could go out his head at once without waiting for any Marquesas. Suddenly I find I have to dance on top of the good ship. I dance and dance and drink all the air I can, and I slap my *poitrine* many times; and that captain and the native crew and the cook at once they all dance and laugh and slap their *poitrines* like me, because they like to see anyone so joyous.

"After we dine it is dark; but soon a kind-faced moon is there, and I lie on deck in the soft air and swim along in beauty. It was simply immense. Some pearl divers camped on deck with their families and bundles. They are going to the Tuamotus to do some diving and all together they sing soft loving Tahitian songs, a little sad, while our captain play his guitar to them, and the man on the rudder handle our noble ship through the blue night that was soft like silken gossamer.

"Not till I go below to sleep do I remind me of that unknown lady in the lower berth of my stateroom that my roguish friends mock me about. I go slow to the open door and stop. Then I see from her poor bundles that this lady is a native woman. I stop still and something in my internals makes me not want to enter that stateroom to my berth above her. It is almost like a chill, like I am stroked by the hand of a dead one, and suddenly I am become scared at the knees. I cannot tell why. I think, 'Could this native woman be a cadaver?' But no, for I am hearing her breathe out loud. So I don't know why I am scared. And I know I am foolish like an infant; but I will go on deck again and sleep among those kindly pearl divers. I hurry, to be out of that chill I feel. Then when I lie on the deck once more in that grand night I feel so foolish I am nearly ashamed, because I see now I have had a silly superstition and that is all. But I sleep there under the grand stars like an infant rocked in its cradle while the natives sing soft. I think by tomorrow I will not have a superstition about that poor innocent native woman that shares my stateroom.

"At six o'clock I am awake and have cool ocean water from a bucket over me on the forecastle. Then I am happy again and make jokes to everyone when we have bread and compote and coffee, of which I took part with a great appetite. The sunrise was making tints you would not believe, all sapphire and honey. How glad I was to be a painter! I acted like a mere Tahitian, I think, and they are only grown-up infants, always grinning, always talking about little things that don't matter. All day I forget my too near neighbor. She stays covered in that berth and I do not see her. And again at night, because there has been so much spectacles of color all day, I go to my berth thoughtless, but stop at the door, because once more I feel that chill that may be only a superstition, but maybe not. Anyway, I sleep again on deck. And so it becomes my custom, because even if I have only a superstition, it is a good one and powerful enough to make anyone sleep on deck.

"The next day that woman come on deck herself, and she is not a beautiful native and is quite feeble with a cough. So I am embarrassed that I have had a superstition against her and I give her my steamer chair that I bought in Papeete. But I am having yet that silly superstition. I say to the captain, pretending I speak in a joke, 'I think your native lady passenger is not good luck for a ship, hanh?' I say it to find if she give him also a superstition. But not, for he says only, 'I think that poor miserable vahine is maybe seasick.' So I don't say more about it to the captain, but I am thinking this woman is the other way from what you call a mascot, and would be such to even a bigger ship than we got. I am beginning to feel nerves, but I cannot tell anyone this.

"Five days and we see Niau, the first of the Tuamotus where we stop while our supercargo man searches for natives that sustain their living through copra. I am hoping this native woman may leave, but not. Next we touch at Fakarava and then Makemo, and still that woman I think is the reverse side of a mascot. She loaf around in her berth or in the steamer chair of mine; but I forget

much about her, because I am always seeing so many lovely aspects of sun gold and blue. And of course I am silly, because our noble ship has only good luck and everything is grand. So to be sensible, I ought to think this poor vahine is the right side of a mascot. But I cannot help that superstition—only for a few times, like when I see a refined sunset or like when I look down into plain water ten-twenty fathoms of crystal. The big coral reefs boom up from below, blue and mysterious and elegant. I feel I am seeing great mountains and glaciers from an airplane by moonlight. I see great herds of fish of all brilliant colors swimming over these mountain tops like flocks of birds with gay plumage. When I am thrilled and tickled like that I forget I have a hostile superstition.

"Some more fancy days. We come to the island Hikueru, where this vahine will get off our good ship. I am glad, like a weight is off my *poitrine*. This Hikueru is one great pearl-diving ground of the South Seas, where natives bring up pearls of great price and tons of shell to make buttons and other convenient objects. But I forgot pearls when I see that vahine go.

"I think maybe she can be a pearl to her husband or someone that don't know any better, but to me she is only a bad-luck superstition in my lower berth. I wave affectionately when she is rowed off, but she would not know why. Our supercargo man get some copra on board in exchange for objects of trade and we are off again with no more stoppages till the Marquesas, four hundred and fifty miles to the north. No woman now; we are only men to handle this noble ship through the tropic waters, under lovely skies.

"All during that night a heavy trade wind stirred up that sea to mountains with snow on top, but the noble Hinano does not mind big seas if the wind is right, and she made six to eight miles an hour, with every sail full. Then a sunrise I could enjoy with no bad-luck thoughts. Huge rays of violet and rose tints breaking through a cloud bank, the sun coming up with golden banners and loud silver trumpets. It was quite an aspect. We got good luck in spite of my scared knees at that poor woman.

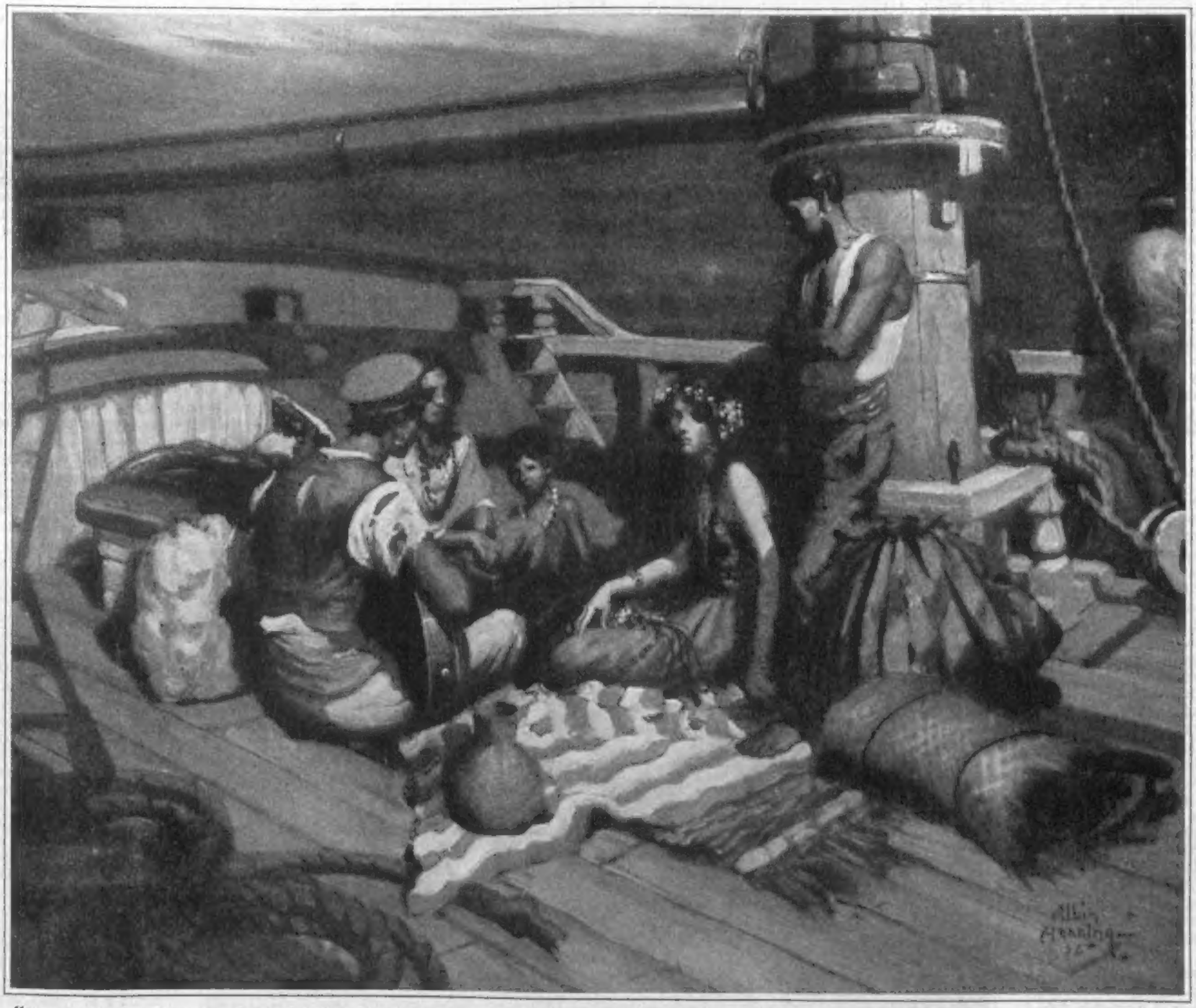
"Then something come in a fierce bunch. That morning I see two sailors flatten down by the rail like their bones are suddenly not. They are sick and got the fever. I run to the captain and that stupid fool got it already—flat in his bunk, with towels around his head and waiting to die while he reads his Mormon Bible. I rush back to deck and the man on the rudder has keeled and don't care where our noble ship goes to. Well, I think this is not too droll. But it is not the worst. In two hours every sailor and the cook and cabin boy is flat on their back and going to die with fever. All their spirit is depleted. They slink in their bunks or lie lazy on deck; our noble ship can go to the deuce except for me. I do not know what is happened, but something. 'Hanh!' I say. 'That miserable vahine! My superstition!'

"By night I know what is happened, for there is nothing but coughing and fever. The flu has took all hands. That stupid captain he says, 'I think the vahine bring it aboard, because they just brought her out of the hospital at Papeete.' He was so dumb.

"Well, me, I am shut up in a trap with a lot of wild-looking sick Kanakas that give up at once. They can't fight. You know the first one to go down flat? Bango, our giant, seven feet high and wonderful proportioned, with muscles standing out like Michelangelo modeled them for a statue; a boy of nineteen, so strong they would pile sacks of copra on his shoulders and over his head till he carried six hundred pounds weight from the shed to the boat, a long way; and once, to show me how strong, he let them pile him with eight hundred pounds and carried that! It was harder to balance, but not too heavy. And down goes this baby giant at the first heat of fever. With all his strength, he cannot fight a little malady. All day he lie by the rail and look like a sick infant. The goat that run loose up forward would come and lick his face and he would laugh and crow, but that was all. Not even one hand could he raise to his pet. Ah, so disgusting! To give these natives even a little malady is not what you call a sporting proposition. They crumple at the first blow. And that captain, he is merely a husk like Bango; but he crumple as quick, and all the sailors follow like they hear a command. There is Niho, Dani, Appi, Dinto the sailing master, Atta the cook, Teroa the cabin boy. All hands are badly laid up; our noble ship is a sick ship. Everyone down but me, and I think I got a case myself; but I cannot go down, because it won't do. Then would be no one to bring food or handle our ship through the lonesome waters.

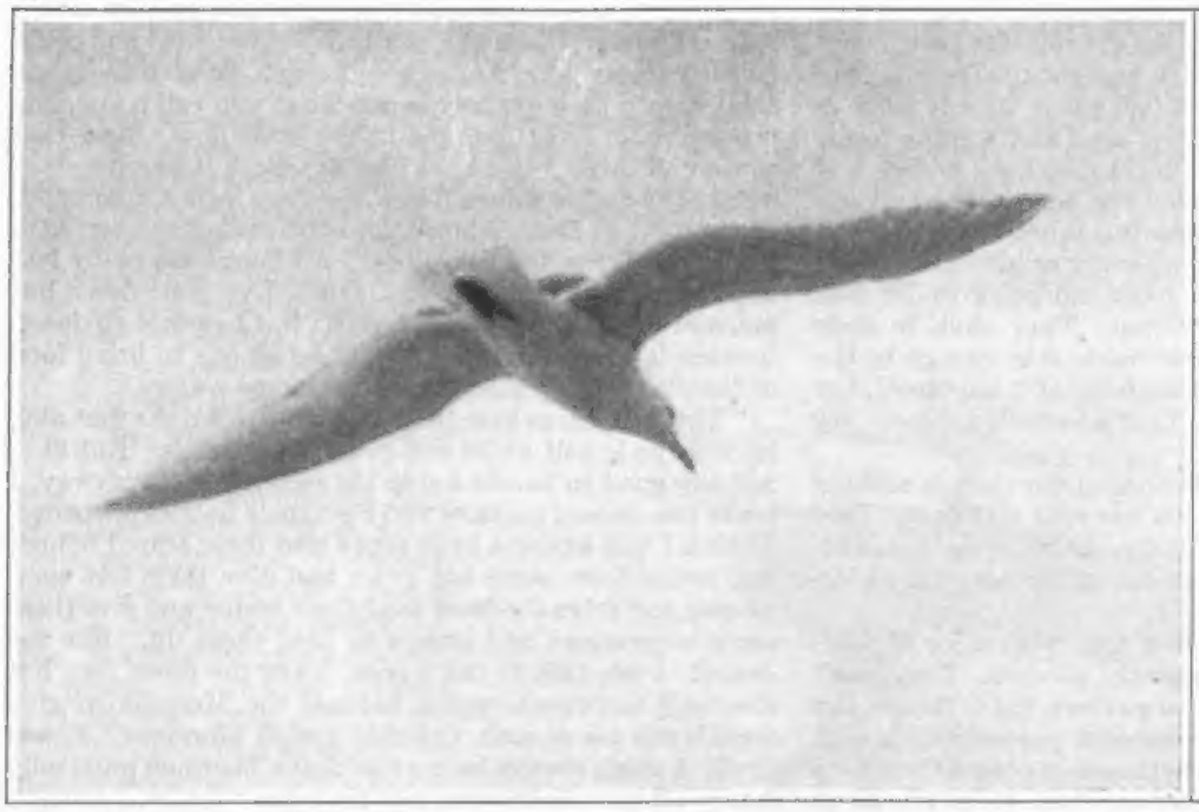
"The supercargo man, he is not quite down the first day, because he is half white and got a few entrails. But he is not any good to handle a ship the second day. Anyway, I make him unlock his store and I get some bottles of cognac. I think I will knock a little sense into these stupid fellows and make them some hot grogs and give them hot compresses and drive the fever from their bodies and give them some suggestions and means to hold them up. But the deuce! I can talk to the waves. They are down flat, but they will not touch cognac because the Mormon religion forbids the use of such, and they are all Mormons. It was droll. I think always before this that a Mormon must only marry all his sweethearts, and that was ridiculous enough; but now, for example, they cannot touch spirits!

(Continued on Page 178)

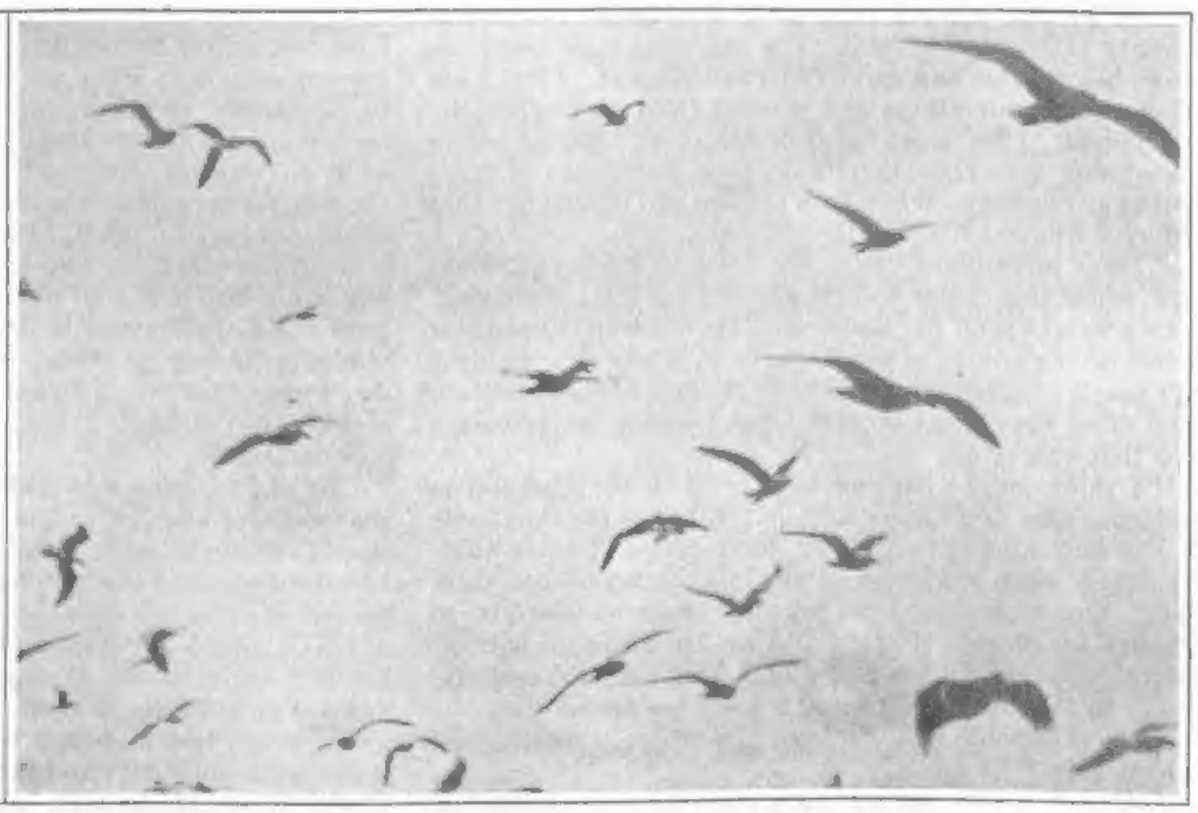


"Some Pearl Divers Camped on Deck With Their Families. They are Going to the Tuamotus to Do Some Diving and All Together They Sing Loving Tahitian Songs"

BAYS, BIRDS AND BEARS



A Big Glaucous-Winged Gull Soared Close Overhead



Curved Marks Indicative of Hordes of Birds A-Wing

By HAL G. EVARTS

THE Alaska of popular imagination is the North of frozen wastes and howling blizzards, of the wolf pack ever behind the traveler and awaiting only the moment when he relaxes his vigilance to pluck his quivering flesh in shreds; the North of the roaring gold camp, the favorite menu consisting of last year's moccasins French-fried and served as an entrée, when there happens to be a shortage of such staple commodities as blubber, pemmican and frozen fish.

It is true that the gold camps once were roaring, but the roar has subsided to a husky sigh for the boom days that are gone. The wolf pack slinks behind the traveler—so far behind that it's a hundred-to-one shot that the traveler will not set eyes on a wolf. It is probably true that men have dined upon their moccasins upon occasion, but nowadays caviar *canapé*, corned beef and cabbage, Casaba melon, crab salad and fresh strawberry *parfait* are the vogue and the Alaskan who devours his footwear is considered at least reactionary if not downright eccentric.

In other words, a highly fictionized Alaska has been constructed in the collective mind of the American public, and this frozen idol is detrimental to the immediate future of the territory. This bogus, year-round ice god should be overthrown and his phantom carcass diluted in the balmy waters of the Japanese Current. In his stead a true image of lovely Alaska should be enthroned in the minds of all Americans, while its general accessibility, the ease of tourist travel and the mildness of its summer climate should become matters of common knowledge.

Days That are Gone Forever

UPON sailing from Seattle, even though I expected to spend six months in Alaska and to travel 10,000 miles before my return, it was a difficult matter to decide where to go and what to do first, since the territory is of such vast extent and offers such an amazing variety of attractions from which to choose that even a journey of such length and duration would not enable one to do more than scratch the surface. It adds immensely to the pleasure of any trip to keep in mind certain items of special interest upon which to shape it.

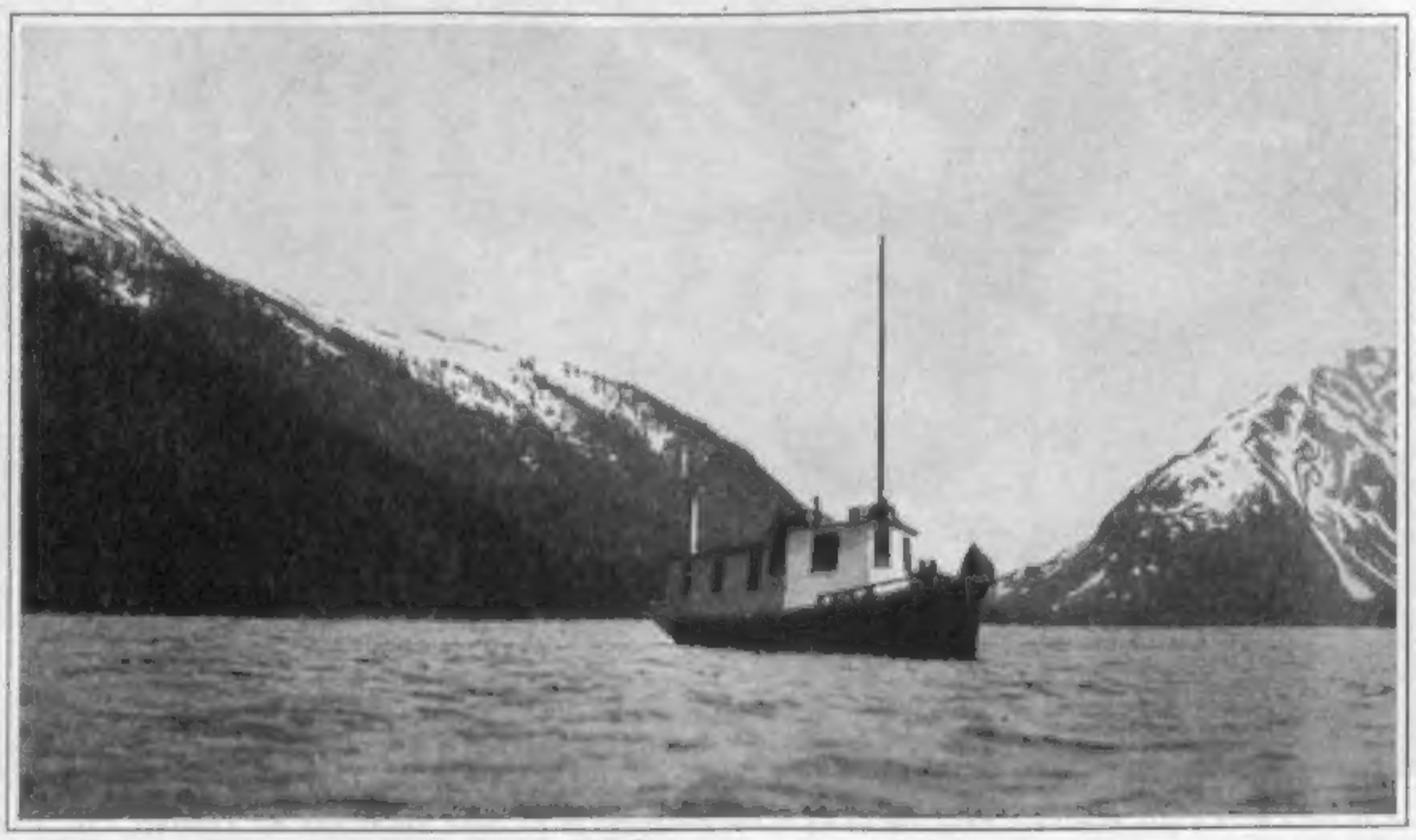
I had selected a set of such interests in advance. First, the possibility that in the near future Alaska might develop a tourist patronage that would assume the proportion of a vast industry, such as has been developed in other communities with less to offer the tourist. Next, in the game conditions in general, and particularly the case of the big brown bear. Commercial fishing is conducted on a tremendous scale in Alaska, producing more per capita than is produced by any one industry in any state, so far as I can determine. Incident to the fishing industry, there are several items that have aroused considerable controversy among conservationists in the United States. Chief among these is the fact that Alaska has placed a bounty on the aristocratic head of the bald eagle and that the Bureau of Fisheries is engaged in wholesale destruction of trout, with the idea that the eagle and the trout are the two most destructive enemies of the salmon.

Then there is the fur situation, which has arrived at a deplorable state of affairs in the territory. With all her great area, ideal country, cover and inexhaustible food supply for fur bearers, sufficient on all counts to justify the expectation of enormous production, Alaska has recklessly squandered this particular resource to the point where, from the standpoint of area and potentialities, she stands absolutely at the foot of the league in fur output.

With these various items as pegs upon which to hang my interest, I wandered through Alaska; and if these articles revolve somewhat round that general field, with scenic effects and gold rushes merely as incidental accompaniments, it must be remembered that gold rushes are relegated to the days of once-there-was, that volumes of glowing enthusiasms could describe the scenic aspects of Alaska but inadequately, and that these other items are of present-day interest to Alaskans and should be to Americans in general.

Eventually the little mail boat, Starr, plying westward from Seward, the terminal of the regular steamship lines, on her monthly trip with the mail for the Aleutians and Bering Sea points, deposited Earl Crouch and myself on the cannery wharf in Uyak Bay on Kodiak Island at two o'clock of a blustery morning.

It has been known to sportsmen for a quarter of a century that the bears inhabiting the Kodiak-Afognak group of islands are the largest carnivorous animals in the world. The big brown bear of Alaska is not confined to these islands, but instead his range includes all the Alaska Peninsula, Unimak Island to the west of it, much of the area skirting the Bering Sea, practically the entire length of coastal region fronting on the Pacific and a number of islands in Southeastern Alaska. However, extent of habitat and several variations of the animals notwithstanding, all the big brown bears of Alaska have been grouped as Kodiak bears in the minds of sportsmen in general, even though it has been current report that the animals on Kodiak Island itself had been depleted almost to the point of extermination.



The Gas Boat Fox, in Idaho Inlet, the Thirty-Footer on Which Mr. Evarts Lived for Thirty Days

Loaded for Bear

I HAD heard that bears still inhabited parts of the island in fair numbers, and was further advised as to locality by Captain Johansen, of the Starr; hence our nocturnal descent upon Uyak Bay.

Some hours later, our outfit stowed in Harry Carlson's little gas boat, we were chugging toward the mouth of Zachar Bay and established our camp at the head of it that night. Our awakening was occasioned by the raucous gabble of the feathered hosts. The sight which greeted us must have been comparable to the scenes encountered by ancient mariners, judging from the favorite type of illustrations which adorned books of early explorations—pages of curved marks indicative of hordes of birds a-wing.

The feathered conclave followed the receding tide, feasting upon countless mussels left upon the tide flats, the luckless fish, crabs and other delicacies of the deep that had been left stranded in the shallows. Thousands of ducks skimmed the surface, including hundreds of the gaudy harlequins, their shrill clear whistling standing forth in sharp contrast to the deeper throaty quack of the mallards; scoters and scaups in great ricks, a few pigeon guillemots, an occasional puffin, scores of cormorants, mergansers and others, supplemented by hosts of land birds, of which the crow was most abundant. Magpies were plentiful and half a hundred eagles wheeled among the others; but the cawing of crows, the earnest sputter of ducks, chatter of magpies and yelping screams of eagles formed but a thin

pattern of sound that was almost submerged beneath the incessant shrieks of swarming thousands of gulls.

The hills that pitched abruptly out of the bay were a solid white glare of snow well down toward the water line, their lower areas clothed by a thick growth of cottonwoods and jungles of brush, all of it shot through with a heavy stand of tall, dead grass. Before I had covered a hundred yards of that steep ascent, I was acutely aware of what two years of inactivity had done for wind and leg muscles, but eventually we attained to a point, above the tree line and well toward the upper edge of the brush line, from which we could obtain a fair view. We located not less than fifty lines of bear tracks traversing the snow fields. A heavy fog obscured the higher levels of the pinnacles about us, and its dense, opaque folds merged so completely with the dead white of the snow as to render it impossible for the eye to determine which was snow-clad mountain and which was fog-laden atmosphere. It gave one an eerie tingle to follow up a line of bear tracks with the eye, only to have the trail disappear as if the animal had stepped off into space.

A cold, drizzling rain descended steadily and drove us from our post. I had covered less than half a mile when Carlson pointed behind me. Five bears—an old she-bear with two yearlings, a single of medium size and one tremendous he-bear whose size dwarfed the others by comparison—appeared in various openings in the brush, all within easy range of the spot we had just quitted. The big fellow was traveling in a direction that would take him below us, so I made a swift descent to a point that might afford a good view. Instead, I found myself hemmed in by brush, so I scrambled back up the slope. The she-bear and her yearlings suddenly appeared just below, and I feared that she would wind me and stampede the big one in her flight. Crouch and Carlson both joined me on a point from which we had one last glimpse of the big bear, a half mile away and moving steadily in the opposite direction. I then decided to bag the old she-bear if possible, whereupon she obligingly put in an appearance in a small opening in the brush, so I pulled behind her shoulder, heard the ball strike her and she went down. The two big yearlings rose on their hind feet and peered about. It was no part of my plan to injure these youngsters.

A Flock of Eagles!

RETURNING, we forded the river at the head of the bay twice to avoid stiff climbs, which mattered little so far as moisture was concerned, since we had been drenched for hours, but it mattered considerably in point of temperature, for this water was just off the snow and so cold as to cause actual physical pain rather than mere discomfort.

Crouch set forth the following morning with pick and gold pan to do some prospecting, while Carlson and myself crossed the bay in the gas boat, dropped anchor and rowed ashore. Apparently a horde of small fish had been cut off in a shallow inlet and the place swarmed with fish-eating birds. I counted more than one hundred eagles at this one point. The lower benches supported a heavy stand of cottonwoods. I have never heard of an eagle rookery, as these great birds are not ordinarily gregarious in their nesting habits, but this particular area might in all accuracy be termed a rookery. We sighted twenty-odd eagle nests within half a mile, solid structures of from four to five feet across by two feet or more in depth. Some of the nesting birds permitted a rather close approach before taking wing, though others, wilder, departed from the nest the instant they sighted us. Crows and magpies also nested here in abundance. Two otter slides led down from a semicavern hollowed beneath overhanging rocks on the point of a bluff, but investigation revealed that it was merely a favorite playground and not a den.

Later in the day, after returning to this point, I trained my glasses upon the hills that flanked the opposite side of the stream that poured into the bay here, and presently located a bear asleep on a steeply pitching snowdrift. He roused from slumber and maneuvered about on the snow for a period, then started feeding down the bottom of a gulch that pitched to the bay. Two other bears appeared in breaks in the alders, and after we were out in the boat two more came out of the brush on the sidehill. Even though my mountain-climbing abilities were exceedingly poor compared with former years, I could have ascended to within easy range of any of these animals in a half-hour's climb, but there was none among them of sufficient size to tempt me. It must not be understood that these were small bears. Any one of them would have been rated as a monster in the States. Their hides would have squared from seven to eight feet, but Kodiak produces occasional giant bears whose proportions would dwarf even animals of the size of those above us on the mountain. There are authentic instances of Kodiak bear hides being stretched twelve feet, and after bagging a skin that squared a trifle over seven feet on the first day out, I had decided to shoot at no more bears until I could look through the sights at one whose pelt would go ten feet or better.

A Bear Treed by Mr. Evarts

Trying to Shoot a Fur Coat

CARLSON and myself set forth one day in the gas boat to visit his fox farm, located on the point between Zachar Bay and Uyak Bay. The silvers in Carlson's pens were native stock that he had trapped on the island. On our return there was a fair swell running, and a choppy cross wind caused the advance of the little gas boat to become such an eccentric succession of dives, rolls and heaves that riding her resolved itself into an effort to lose as little skin as possible. When once we had attained a lee and the motion subsided to where it was possible for me to stand on the tiny deck with a fifty-fifty chance of remaining there, I tried to bag a hair seal. These animals rise to the surface without warning and without causing so much as a ripple, and the first one knows of the seal's presence is suddenly to discover a head in a previously unoccupied stretch of water, while a pair of soulful eyes set in a solemn face regard one mournfully for a brief space, then the head sinks vertically, as if its owner had been plucked beneath the water. Two whales were feeding close to the boat and I was watching them when I lowered my gaze to meet the reproachful stare of a hair seal. Standing loose-kneed to counteract the motion of the boat, I tried for him and the ball churned up the water within an inch of his head. At varying intervals I had three more chances, missing each succeeding one by a wider margin than the last, so I abandoned the game. On another occasion some days later we were cruising past a small rock island, the extent of which did not exceed fifty yards and whose crest was utilized as a rookery by hundreds of glaucous-winged gulls, when a pair of birds that were entirely strange to me set up

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The Nenana River, in the Broadpass Section of Alaska

PHOTO. BY FRED JOSS

Stretching a Bearskin

UP ROSE EMILY

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

ARMEN CUTTER died, and that is the way the tale begins. For death, though it closes one book so soberly, is as apt as not to open another, gayer volume in which more youthful eyes may read. It is true that this is not always what happens in East Harbor; for life there has a certain persistence, continuing along the same ways, not much subject to change. Armen Cutter, for instance, had lived in the same house all his days, and his father before him; and his grandfather had built the house itself. Armen was an old man when he died, so you will understand that the house also was old, and it wore this antiquity like a garment, with a decorous but conscious pride. But Emily May Cutter had lived in this fine old house till it smothered her; she was sick to death of the past and full of a lively curiosity as to the future. Armen was her uncle and her only living kin, so it will be understood that when Armen died, for her the tale began. For Armen had been such a very old man; and Emily May, though you might not at once perceive this when you met her, was younger than she seemed, and wished she were younger still.

Armen died decorously and discreetly, as he had lived; died unattended and alone, in the privacy of his bedroom, in a manner almost furtive. And when Emily May found him she was at first full of horror, and then swept by a grief that grew quickly bearable, and a little while after that she began to wonder what was going to happen next.

For it was quite certain that something was bound to happen. She and Armen had lived here together, with Mary Brant to cook and care for them and keep the house in order; but Armen had always paid the bills with such reluctance that Emily May understood it must have been hard for him to find the money. Obviously the music lessons which she dispensed among the children in East Harbor would not provide for such an establishment. She would have to go away, go somewhere; and the prospect at once terrified and attracted her. She did not know what she would do—but there were so many things Emily May had always wanted to do.

Young Luther Hillis offered an immediate solution. Luther was a nice boy—a large, slow, substantial young man already established in business. Emily May liked him; found in him a quality of insistent stubbornness which she at once feared and admired. He had a terrible way of sticking to a thing. For a considerable time he had been sticking to Emily May; and he said, the day after Armen died, that they ought to be married right away.

"You don't have to look after him any more," he pointed out. Emily May had used this defense against Luther in the past, although Armen Cutter was never one who needed looking out for. He was a secretive, self-sufficient man who kept his affairs to himself and attended to them.

"I don't know yet what I'll do," Emily May told

It is No Light Matter to Go Away From a Small Town Where You Have Lived Almost All Your Life; and Perhaps, if Everyone Had Been in Fact United Against Her, Emily May Might Never Have Gone

Luther. She spoke in the soft, doubtful tone habitual to her; for she was—she had lived so long with old Armen—a quiet little thing, not at all assertive. She wore very simple brown dresses and suits and hats, and there was never any sweet disorder in her dress; her hair was long and smooth and brown, and she hid it away as though she were ashamed of it; her eyes were large and brown, and she wore glasses with heavy round rims. It never occurred to most people that she was pretty. Emily May had sometimes wondered whether she was or not, and she had tried experiments in her room—but it is so hard to see oneself accurately save through another's eyes. She knew Luther did not think her pretty, for if he did he would have told her so. Even if he did not think her pretty, he might have told her he did; he must have done so, she sometimes thought, unless such an assertion seemed to him ridiculous. She had always rather resented Luther's failure in this point. He was such a careful, such a conscientious young man; yet a certain extravagance of phrase and statement may be permitted to one who loves you.

"I don't know what I'll do," said Emily May.

"It's the sensible thing," he urged. "We can go and live with ma, so we won't have to pay a cook. And you can go on teaching."

"I suppose I'll have to go on teaching," Emily May agreed.

"And you got to have somebody," Luther persisted, "now't Armen's gone."

"I don't know what I'll do," Emily May repeated. She felt, a little resentfully, that he might be much more persuasive if he would; and she wished he would.

"You can sell the house," Luther reminded her. "I guess it'd bring something. A lot of folks like old houses."

Emily did not comment on this. She meant to sell the old house; felt quite sure it would be worth while. There were things in it of whose value she was confident: an old butterfly table; a chair or two; the eight-legged settee in the parlor; some of the rugs; and the curious wall paper in the parlor, so brightly colored, with horsemen galloping in red coats, and dappled dogs, and a red fox at full stretch. Emily May was by no means a fool; she knew such things were sought after. The fact that about them old associations clung did not weaken her determination to sell; she was tired of old associations, longed for new ones.

"It'd bring you something," Luther repeated. "And that would be a start for us; and I'm paying off the notes on the store, and in three years I'll own it. I'm doing right well."

She found herself looking at Luther, impersonally appraising the young man. His face was round; a little moist now with the earnestness underlying his words. And his eye was frank and clear. He was, she knew, a good boy; Mrs. Hillis was a good woman and Luther was her son, with a stubborn persistence in him that might carry him far, carry him to lengths perhaps extreme.

"I don't know that I want to marry you," she said, to see what his reply would be.

"It's the sensible thing to do," he reiterated. "I guess there's no one else in town you'd want to."

This, she acknowledged to herself, was not merely arrogance on his part. He was right; there were not many young men in East Harbor—that is to say, not many young men unmarried. They seemed, somehow, to marry before they emerged into the life of the town. It was not so much that they married young; it was rather that, until they married, they did not become men. Luther was an exception, but he had always been more mature than his fellows. She remembered that he had started work when most boys were in school; had missed much playtime. He had been industrious, and the result was that he was ahead of other young men of his age; or if this were not the case, then the others had gone to college and, instead of returning to East Harbor, had begun remote careers.

It was quite true that there was no one else in town whom she wanted to marry, but on the other hand she did not at all want to marry Luther, except passively, submissively, surrendering to life. If he had been able to awaken in her some faint ardor, to sweep her with phrases, to warm her with the glance of his eyes, matters might have been otherwise. But Luther was master of no phrases, nor was his glance inflaming. He was just a worthy stubborn young man irritatingly fond of doing the sensible thing; and Emily May had been sensible so long.

"I don't know yet, Luther," was her final word to him.

But when, a few days later, she had her talk with Arthur Tuck, the whole face of the world was changed for her. She had thought of Armen Cutter as a man living on the past; thought of him as poor, practicing an enforced frugality. So East Harbor must have thought of him; for Armen, without being parsimonious, was, nevertheless, known for a rigid care in his expenditures. Nor, so far as the town knew, had he any considerable income. The rental from a block of tenements, from a small farm five miles north of town, from a cottage on the shore—these comprised his only visible revenues, and these were no more than sufficient for his living. What the bank knew about Armen's affairs was not public property, and Arthur Tuck was another who could hold his tongue. But Arthur had been in Armen's confidence, was his executor; and Emily May was the dead man's heir. So she had her talk with Arthur Tuck; and at first she was incredulous, and then she was bewildered, and then she was intoxicated by what Arthur had to say. An old farmer in North Fraternity died five years before and left ninety thousand dollars; a crotchety recluse in East Harbor died two years

So They Found the Path He Knew, and Came to the Little Brook Babbling in the Moonlight

afterward, and in death relinquished at last his grasp on a third as much again. She had heard these tales; but Armen Cutter, it appeared, was another who had riches but had chosen not to display them. Emily May found a glorious world opening before her intoxicated eyes.

It is probable that at another time Arthur Tuck might have given her cautious counsels, restrained her first eagerness. But Arthur was but just married; but just married to the woman he had wooed for so many years; and he and his Dora were in the midst of the tragically attenuated raptures of their honeymoon. So he smiled on Emily May; and if he did not encourage her, he at least permitted her to dream and to plan. And he agreed, when the point came, to further what she wished to do.

Emily May went home after her first talk with Arthur, walking in a dream; her wide eyes were blind to the familiar scenes in the square before the post office. She went home, and she went to her room; and because Mary Brant was downstairs in the kitchen and there was no one else to whom she could talk, and because she was bursting with exclamatory conversation, she spoke to herself, standing before her mirror. But when she saw herself, so little and brown and still behind her great spectacles, she had a sudden dreadful fear that the whole thing was impossible; that she had imagined it all. So she sat down and closed her eyes and tried to decide whether she was awake; and she remembered Arthur Tuck, so lean and tall, with his drooping mustache above his gentle mouth; and she remembered, word by word, all that he had said to her, and she decided it was not a dream at all.

But if it were true, if Armen Cutter had been a rich man, if she were now as rich as Arthur said she was, then there was something wrong with her.

"You don't look like an heiress," she told the girl in the mirror. "You miserable little brown thing, you don't look the way I feel at all."

And she wondered what to do about it, and began to do things. There was no particular good in changing her dress, because all her dresses were as plain as this one was, but she had treasured away, evidence of a beloved extravagance, some undergarments less sober than those she wore. And her stockings were silk, even though they were of the dullest brown. Also there was a full-length mirror in Armen Cutter's room, in the closet door. In this mirror she presently saw a girl more reassuring than the girl she was used to seeing. She could wear silk stockings as effectively as anyone, Emily May decided. Her glance traveled upward, still contentedly, but when it reached the face of the person in the mirror it came to a halt abruptly. The same solemn little face behind the great glasses, the same sober hair.

The glasses were easily removed, but without them she felt stripped and shamed, and she put them back across her nose; tried letting her hair flow across her shoulders, and at last found shears and lifted it at one side and took a great sheaf of it between the blades. Her heart failed her then; but after a little, with an access of courage, she twisted about till she could see her head in profile, and took in her hands so much hair as fell naturally adown the nape of her neck, and she ruthlessly scissored this; then, with a mirror in her hand, surveyed the result.

It appalled her; she caught up the long hair at the sides and twisted it a little more loosely so that the loss of bulk might not be apparent, and pinned it in place to hide her loss. And she got back into her sober gown with a guilty haste; but when she went downstairs a little later she was already gaining courage again from the pleasant luxuriousness of those hidden garments which the brown dress concealed.

Her resolution was not as yet fully formed, but during the succeeding days it took shape and substance. Arthur Tuck held toward her an air of kindly indulgence, enjoying her delight, assuring her that all she wished was possible; that she need only stretch out her hand. And she found an ally, somewhat to her own astonishment, in Mary Brant.

Mary was a spare little Irish woman who wore a wig; she bore herself with scrupulous neatness; and she had served Armen Cutter for twenty-seven years and knew more about him than he knew himself. That Armen was a rich man was no surprise to Mary, and what Emily May confessed at last she meant to do Mary heartily approved.

"It's a blessing to hear you say so," she declared "There've been times when I was sick to death of old Armen setting on his money like a hen, and you with no more than you could get along on. I didn't know when he died but maybe you'd just get a new hat and go to the movies every night and go on the way you have. It's a relief you're sensible."

"Maybe I'm not very sensible," Emily May confessed. She laughed a thrilling little laugh. "Maybe I'm mad; but it's fun to be mad, Mary. I'm going to try being just as foolish as I can."

So with Mary as her ally and Arthur Tuck consenting, and heartened always by the soft beauty of the garments her sober brown dress concealed, and by that unaccustomed lightness at the nape of her neck where the mass of her hair had used to hang, heavy as the Old Man of the Sea, she made up her mind. But of course, she decided, it was only fair to tell Luther what she meant to do. So, when her plans were all complete, she sent for him. And while the silken underthings lent her strength, like a reassuring hand clasping her own, she told him how tired she was of East Harbor.

"So I'm going away," she concluded to Luther at last. "I'm going away just to have a good time, and do things I've wanted to do, and see places I've wanted to see."

"But, Emily May, that'll cost a lot of money," he protested in pained surprise.

She might have told him that money was nothing to her now; she felt, indeed, that this was the case; she had no clear comprehension of the sums Arthur Tuck had named, but she knew they were inexhaustible. Might have told Luther so, but did not; for Armen Cutter had been secretive, and Emily May was his niece and had her portion of the same secretive blood.

"I don't care if it does," she told Luther. "I want it to."

"Where you going to get it?" he insisted.

"Well," said Emily May, thinking quickly, "I've saved some, and I'm going to sell the house and the things, and they'll bring a good deal. And I'm just going to spend it

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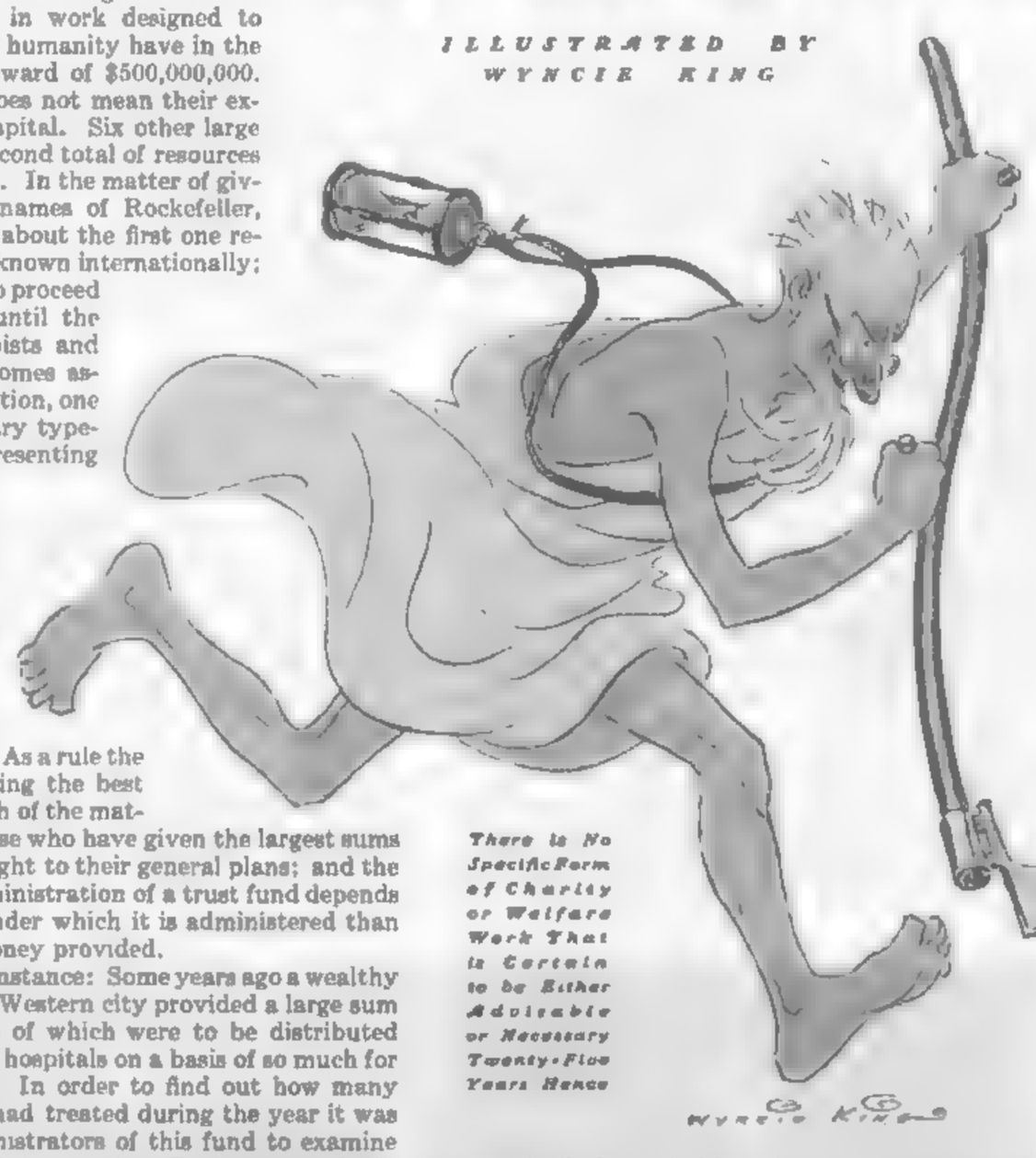
Emily May Dispensed Music Lessons Among the Children in East Harbor

GIVING AWAY MONEY

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING



There Is No Specific Form of Charity or Welfare Work That Is Certain to Be Either Advisable or Necessary Twenty-Five Years Hence

JUST how many millions of dollars are given away annually in the United States nobody knows. The four largest endowed organizations engaged in work designed to promote the welfare of humanity have in the aggregate resources upward of $500,000,000. That sum, of course, does not mean their expenditures, but their capital. Six other large organizations show a second total of resources upward of $150,000,000. In the matter of giving away money, the names of Rockefeller, Sage and Carnegie are about the first one recalls; indeed, they are known internationally; but one does not have to proceed very far in this field until the number of philanthropists and their organizations becomes astounding. Beyond question, one could list on an ordinary typewritten page names representing more than $1,000,000,000 held in trust for purposes that might be designated broadly as the public welfare.

Some of these funds are achieving the purposes of their donors with impressive accuracy, economy and efficiency; others are not. As a rule the largest funds are showing the best results. The plain truth of the matter seems to be that those who have given the largest sums also gave the best thought to their general plans; and the effectiveness of the administration of a trust fund depends more upon the rules under which it is administered than upon the amount of money provided.

Let me cite a specific instance: Some years ago a wealthy man living in a Middle Western city provided a large sum of money, the earnings of which were to be distributed annually among certain hospitals on a basis of so much for each patient admitted. In order to find out how many patients each hospital had treated during the year it was necessary for the administrators of this fund to examine the books of the hospitals in question. Performance of this necessary task disclosed the interesting fact that one of the hospitals could accomplish for a little less than two dollars the precise services that cost another of the hospitals about four dollars and a half. The administrators were inclined to take cognizance of this fact and give more of the money to the hospital that got the best results with it, but the terms of the trust prevented that; and they would still prevent it, even though the difference in the figures had been vastly greater. Thus this fund, though very useful, could have been made to accomplish a great deal more than it actually did accomplish.

Very little has been written on the general subject of how to give away money, in spite of the fact that both large and small trust funds have been in existence for hundreds of years and a new crop comes into being annually. Yet there are at least a few rules garnered from human experience that ought to guide every man who gives money for the public benefit. Andrew Carnegie was keenly interested in his public benefactions, and wrote at considerable length, arguing that rich men ought to give away money, but he did not furnish much advice on the subject of how to do it. John D. Rockefeller has offered only a few words on that subject; his actions, however, provide precedents well worth studying.

Rich Men as Poor Prophets

ONE of the very few books on this subject bears the following interesting title: The True Principles of Legislation With Regard to Property Given for Charitable or Other Public Uses, Being an Essay Which Obtained the Yorke Prize of the University of Cambridge. The volume is by Courtney Stanhope Kenny and was published in England in 1880. Today it is somewhat behind the times.

There are a great many legal arguments, monographs by lawyers and court decisions which relate to this general subject, but almost nothing to advise the average man how to give his money away with the minimum of danger that it may eventually be dissipated in court actions or devoted to obsolete charities. This matter grows increasingly interesting, especially in the United States, because so many comparatively small but potentially very useful bequests are made. The mortality among these, due to bad planning or lack of foresight, is appalling.

The principal difficulty any person will confront when he plans to give away money in the form of a trust fund is that automatically he finds himself in the rôle of prophet. He necessarily attempts to deal with conditions which he assumes will continue in existence long after his death. Therefore, if he outlines very specifically just what shall be done with his money, and, especially, if he stipulates how it shall be done, there is a high probability that within a decade changing conditions will make the administration of his fund either expensive and inefficient or even absolutely impossible. As prophets few of us are inspired. In a subsequent article I shall discuss at length the methods and procedure followed by those who have achieved distinguished success in philanthropic endeavors; but the few general rules which it is safe to lay down will be more effectively demonstrated by telling briefly of many trust funds that did not work out exactly as their donors planned.

Let us begin with Frances Rebecca Robinson, who died in England in the early 80's, leaving £1500 to a certain church "for the propagation of sound evangelical doctrine." If she had stopped right there the fund would have been administered with no difficulty, but she proceeded to write many pages explaining just what she meant by sound evangelical doctrine. It is a tribute to her understanding of the subject that almost no difficulty arose in regard to church doctrine, but the good lady also had a keen interest in church furnishings and seemed to consider these an essential part of sound doctrine. She described in detail the sort of linen cloth that should be on the communion table, prohibited choral singing, also public organ recitals, and, finally, she described minutely the sort of black gown that the minister should wear.

Legal Respect for the Dead

STRANGELY enough, the last item is the one that caused all the trouble. Only a few months after her death a new church rule was promulgated relating to the minister's black gown, and thereafter the one she had described ceased to be sound evangelical doctrine. Within a year there was pending before the court a plea that the church she had named as beneficiary be permitted to receive her bequest without complying with the stipulation in regard to the black gown. The court refused this request and the case was appealed. Time after time this matter was argued on behalf of the church by able counsel, and, though they lost repeatedly, they managed to keep the litigation pending. Finally, on July 17, 1923, the English courts held that the style of gown was not such a material matter as to prevent the church from receiving the bequest, but the litigation had been in progress for more than thirty-four years.

British and American courts alike have always shown the most tender regard for the exact terms of last wills and testaments. There is an American case which demonstrates this fact as clearly as the English case just cited. Many years ago a Georgia philanthropist left a small legacy for the erection and maintenance of a poorhouse in the city of Augusta. The trustees of this fund studied the task before them and reached the conclusion that the amount of money at their disposal was scarcely adequate. Moreover, there was already in existence a municipal poorhouse that met the needs of the community. The trustees petitioned the court for permission to establish, in connection with the municipal poorhouse, some sort of small school, but the court would not allow this. Under the law the exact instructions of the will had to be carried out, and so another poorhouse was established. The litigation in connection with this case is reported in 111 Georgia, Page 493.

To the man in the street this may seem to be a criticism of the courts, but, as a matter of fact, it is very sound law. The money belongs to the man who bequeaths it and he has a right to say just what shall be done with it. The trustees are his agents and not free agents. The fact that they may have better judgment than he ever had in the matter of charity is not a pertinent fact from the point of view of the courts. The money belongs to the dead man. If he desired to spend it extravagantly, that is his right. The courts will not intervene in the interest of economy. In fact, about the only cause of intervention they recognize is evidence showing that the terms of the will positively cannot be carried out at all. Then, as a rule, the court will endeavor to come as close as possible to the purposes expressed in the will, and try to make administration of the trust fund possible. The only safe rule would seem to be

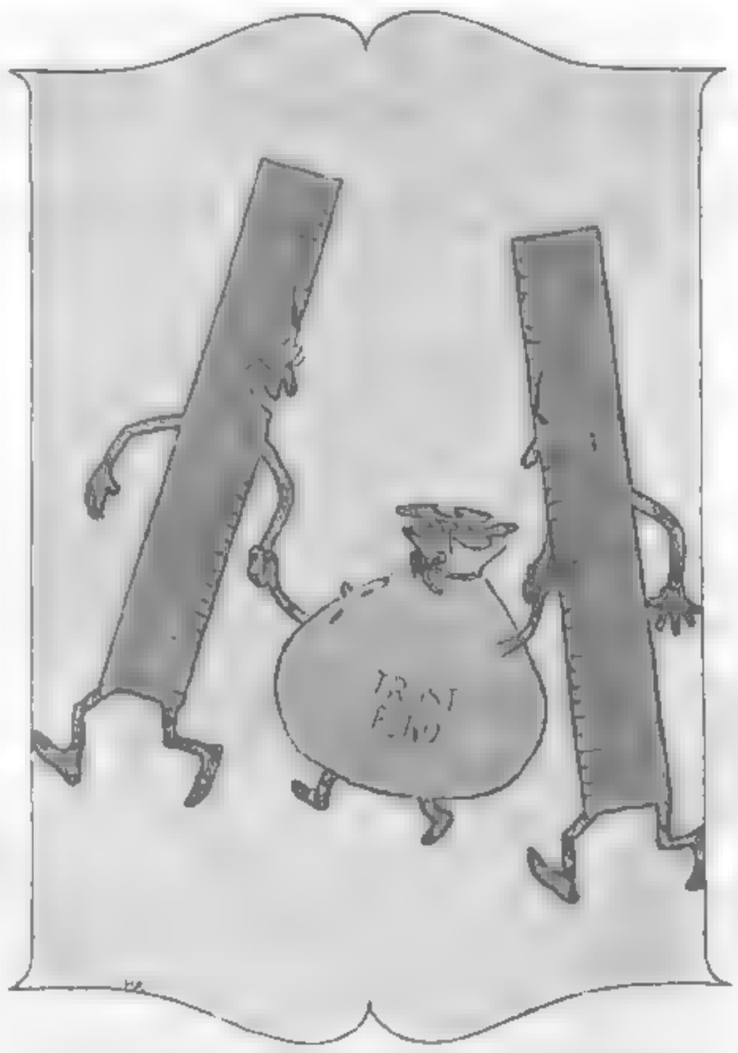
Both Large and Small Trust Funds Have Been in Existence for Hundreds of Years

that of giving the trustees very wide latitude. For instance, the Rockefeller Foundation, which was chartered in 1913, declares the following purpose: "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world." Its work, as a matter of fact, has been consistently directed toward a few specific purposes, but policies could be changed, if necessity should arise, without danger of entanglement in the red tape of the charter.

In 1884 there was filed in Bridgeport, Connecticut, a will leaving a considerable sum of money for the relief of "worthy, deserving, poor, white, American, Protestant, Democratic, widows and orphans." This is one of the most astonishing wills of its kind on record. Anyone reading the foregoing quotation from it can see at once what an enormous burden of administrative expense is actually demanded by the very terms of the document. Nor was this its only fault. One of the very first steps that had to be taken before anything at all could be done for the relief of widows and orphans was to get a court interpretation to guide the administrators in the selection of Democratic widows and orphans. At that time women did not vote, so that there was no absolutely safe rule by which an ordinary man could determine whether widows were Democrats, Socialists or Republicans. The court held that the widow of a Democrat was a Democratic widow and that the orphans of Democrats were Democratic orphans. But ponder the amusing spectacle of a man acting as administrator of this will, and therefore having the power to bestow bread and meat upon the needy, being required to ascertain the political affiliations of dead men before he could give aid to women and children. And then consider how much greater the difficulty would have been if the Democratic Party had gone out of existence. Other political parties have become defunct, therefore it was not impossible in this case. If that had happened the legacy would eventually simply have lapsed.

Where There's a Will There's a Way

THERE have been a great many wills providing charity for the needy persons of certain specified parts of cities and towns. Many years ago there was a will of this sort filed in Philadelphia devoting nearly a page to setting out the metes and bounds of the territory within which the beneficiaries must live. In such cases it nearly always happens that after a few years the landmarks disappear, streets are straightened, new ones opened, and eventually it becomes extremely difficult to find the territory so minutely described by the author of the will. Even if this doesn't happen, the nature of the town or city itself will change and make the purposes of the donor ridiculous. An English case of this kind is the most striking on record. The author of the will left a large sum for charity within a certain small parish. Not many years later there were only fifty residents of that parish, all wealthy and noted for their social activities. There was a British Parliamentary investigation of obsolete bequests lasting from 1818 to 1837, the report filling thirty-eight volumes.



The Effectiveness of the Administration of a Trust Fund Depends More Upon the Rules Under Which It Is Administered Than Upon the Amount of Money Provided

Among the bequests cleaned up was the one just referred to. The funds so cleaned up were devoted to live purposes coming as close as possible to the obsolete original purposes, the government itself intervening to take charge.

When narrow limits of space are prescribed in connection with the expenditure of trust funds, something amusing nearly always happens. For instance, there is a Pennsylvania case relating to a trust fund left for a certain town. The town became much larger and eventually divided itself into two towns. The people took it for granted that this trust fund would also be divided, each taking its share, but the courts held otherwise. The name of the town had been specified, and no town with a different name could have any part of the money. The case is reported in 15 Pennsylvania, Page 44.

Difficulties of this sort also arise in connection with the name of an institution. For instance, there was the legacy given by Sarah E. Acly of Rhode Island to St. Anne's Church. It was given because St. Anne's Church was doing certain work for deaf mutes. Later St. Anne's was absorbed by St. Matthew's Church, which carried on the same work, but the courts held that since St. Anne's no longer existed the legacy had lapsed. The case is reported in 25 Rhode Island, Page 628. The money reverted to the heirs of Mrs. Acly.

Quite a large number of churches in this country and in England still administer trust funds which require annual distribution of bread for the poor. That was once a very popular form of charity. St. Luke's Chapel in Hudson Street, New York City, has such a fund. It was bequeathed to the church in 1783 by John Leake, and the charity is generally referred to as "Leake's dole of bread." The bread line has long since been declared one of the very poorest forms of charity and scores of offers of trust funds of this sort have been refused by churches within the past fifteen years. Both in this country and in England some of the churches which still have such funds find themselves far removed from the poorer sections of the city and therefore not in position to select beneficiaries with discrimination.

Forgetting That Times Do Change

IN ENGLAND so many trust funds have become useless because there were no more beneficiaries that Parliament has had to take action on literally thousands of them. An example of a fund that outlived its purposes is that provided by Henry Smith who died in 1626, leaving a fortune for the ransom of captives held by pirates. Eventually, of course, there were no more pirates, but Henry Smith seems to have thought that piracy, like taxes and death, would go on forever. Parliament finally intervened in this case and directed the use of the trust funds for other purposes. One of them was to ransom "British slaves held in Turkey and Barbary," but none were found, so again revision was necessary.

An amusing counterpart of this bequest is the one left by Byron Mullanphy, of St. Louis, Missouri. He was a distinguished lawyer, judge of the circuit court and later became mayor of St. Louis. He died there in 1851. For some years he had seen brave, honest, ambitious men, on their way to win homes in the West, meet with misfortunes that left them stranded in St. Louis. As far as he could see, this condition was destined to continue indefinitely. He dedicated a large part of his estate to the assistance of such worthy pioneers as had suffered misfortune in their hazardous undertakings. The bequest was in the form of real estate, about sixty parcels, to be specific. Now it happens that selling real estate held for a public trust

(Continued on Page 194)

British and American Courts Alike Have Always Shown the Most Tender Regard for the Exact Terms of Last Wills and Testaments

THE PALEOLITHIC THUG

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

LISTENING to the knockers around here you'd get the idea that Bunk Berry never used his head for anything except his hat; but as secretary of the Pearl City A. C. and in a position to know, it always looked to me as if Bunk was a real thinker. I'll go farther'n that—I'll say most of Bunk's troubles came from thinking too much. If Bunk had ever owned the hen that laid the golden eggs, he'd have spent his nights thinking up some way to make her lay radium or winning lottery tickets. For instance, now, take the case of Wilbur.

That morning we were up in the office talking over the reason why half the gallery seats for the last show hadn't sold, and Bunk said, "Baldy, why do the customers pay good money to see a set of fights?"

"Because they don't know any better," I said, thinking quick.

"Wrong as usual, Baldy. They buy their tickets for the pleasure of watching some favorite bring home the bacon. And that's the trouble with us, Baldy; we can't seem to get our hooks on a nice clean-living boy, well liked by all and a good scrapper to boot; we been out of luck that way ever since Percy Courtney shot the prohibition agent. Now there was a boy to make money for a club. Everybody was rooting for him because he boxed like a gentleman and was supposed to be supporting his mother and five little brothers and sisters. That's human nature, Baldy; and if I could just lay my hands on some other boy like that, some two-fisted kid that's saving money to go through law school and that's always helping old ladies across street corners—well, I'd hire a safety-deposit vault in the bank and lay back and let it fill."

Just then there came a knock and Bunk yelled "Open it" loud enough to scare an iceman.

It opened. There stood a country kid about twenty or so—good shoulders, substantial hands, and all brushed and shined up to come to town.

By his side and a little in advance was a girl about the same age or maybe a little older. Her clothes were more up-and-coming than his and the expression on her face showed who was the boss.

"The Pearl County Rural Gazette," I said, without thinking, "is upstairs one flight and turn to the left."

She wasted about a minute looking through me, and then, swinging to the boy, said in a sharp way, "Speak up, Wilbur."

Wilbur looked scared at being called on so sudden; but clearing his throat a couple of times, he said, "Is this the Pearl City Athletic Club?" Bunk started something about its being the headquarters for the Anti-Jazz Society, but without waiting for an answer Wilbur went right on into his vest: "If this is the Pearl City Athletic Club, I come from Kinnikinnick Junction and I want to get to be a professional boxer, but in a gentlemanly way so as to earn enough money to go through dental college."

"That's easy," Bunk said, slipping me a wink. "All you got to do is first to box in a gentlemanly way and then get paid for it. The only question is whether you want to be billed as the Fighting Doc or Kid Pullem."

The girl brought the end of her umbrella down on the floor so sudden that Bunk jumped and I jumped a little myself.

"I haven't any time to waste talking nonsense," she said. "I don't know anything about boxing contests, but since I expect to marry this gentleman here, there is one point I want cleared up. Without trying to be comical, kindly tell me whether or not boxing is a gentlemanly and refined exercise the same as I have been told. Can a boxer always act gentlemanly or must he sink to the level of a brute beast? Is there such a thing as boxing like a gentleman?"

"I'll say there is," Bunk said, slipping me another wink. "Ask anybody who knows and he'll tell you there's no character in modern life more gentlemanly than a boxer. And there's nothing the public likes to watch more than two boys who show by every move that they're gentlemen at heart and engaged in a scientific exhibition for points only, and not in a brutal and degrading prize fight."

Bunk Started Stepping It Along and Was Making Considerable Progress, When He Ran Into One of Wilbur's Heels

There was a little more straight-faced kidding which the girl took serious, because she finally said, "Well, Wilbur, you know our agreement. If you can earn money by boxing in a gentlemanly manner, I have no objection. But if I ever find you have been acting the same as a gentleman shouldn't, then everything will be over between us. And, remember, I'm telling you this before witnesses."

Bunk's first idea, he explained later, was to lead Wilbur down to the gymnasium and let him mix it with Socks O'Leary. He thought that after about three minutes with Socks, Wilbur would want to go back to Kinnikinnick Junction and earn his living some other way. But while we were having the interview with the little lady, Socks was spraining his wrist against the sandbag.

Bunk had to do some quick thinking, because already he'd had money advanced to bring a welterweight to Milwaukee for six rounds against Battling Ajax the Albanian Cyclone. There was arguments for and against; but being as Socks was the only other welter in Pearl City, Bunk hadn't much choice. That was how it happened Miss Lingard, Wilbur's sweetie, took the noon train back to Kinnikinnick Junction alone, while Wilbur and me and Bunk boarded the 4:10 for Milwaukee.

"They asked for a welterweight, didn't they?" Bunk said to me in the smoking car. "Well, this boy's a welterweight; and according to Doc Christofferson, he's just off the farm and strong as a bull. Suppose Ajax does bump him; that'll be all right with the crowd, because everybody likes to see the local favorite clean up. Finish your cigarette and we'll go back and kid Wilbur some more."

Bunk certainly was there with the kidding, though Wilbur had got so all confused on account of having a match right away in Milwaukee instead of going back with his sweetie to Kinnikinnick Junction that he wasn't in any condition to defend himself. So all Bunk had to do was to look serious and talk sympathetic and apologize every time he spoke of Miss Lingard as Wilbur's mother, and Wilbur just opened out and published the story of his life.

He'd never done any regular boxing; but the blacksmith's boy had a set of six-ounce gloves, and using these, Wilbur had laid everybody in the neighborhood up for repairs. During the summer there'd been a college champion working for Wilbur's father and he'd showed Wilbur some of the fine points.

"He told me," Wilbur said, "always to box like a gentleman and never lose my temper or take advantage of anybody weaker than myself. I try pretty hard, Mr. Berry, to do the way he told me, but I got a very bad temper when something starts it and sometimes I let myself get carried away."

"Always keep your temper, my boy," said Bunk, patting Wilbur on the shoulder and winking at me behind his back; "and always remember to box like a gentleman. Watching those two points has put Battling Ajax where he is today."

There was a little trouble at Milwaukee because the outfit there had been counting on Socks O'Leary; but after Bunk had spilled considerable language about how good Wilbur was, and after they'd seen Wilbur stripped—and he sure looked 100 per cent—they said, "All right, but don't do it again. And, remember, the referee's gonna have instructions not to stop it till it's gone one full round anyhow."

We showed in the third preliminary and it sure was a real surprise the hand that Milwaukee crowd gave Wilbur.

As for Ajax, all he drew was a nasty razz.

"They don't like Ajax," one of the newspaper boys said. "He's a mean fighter; and besides, he's always getting into messes. Last month it was his wife he beat up; yesterday he busted a little newsie on Wisconsin Street. Anybody that can clean Ajax will be the fair-haired boy with this gang."

Well, the gong banged, and when I looked at the two boys coming together I couldn't help saying, "Bunk, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

When he was standing in his corner, Ajax hadn't been any beauty-contest winner, being all covered with hair and having muscles that looked like pads on a football sweater. But when he started crawling out into the center of the ring with his chin about six inches ahead of his face and maybe eleven inches off the canvas, and his left arm curling out like an elephant's trunk, he made me think of a picture in the colored supplement of the Sunday Express called The Cave Man's Foes, or Monsters of Early Days.

And there stood Wilbur with his hair parted in the middle and a pleasant smile on his face, not looking like a cave man at all, but as if he was a high-school student getting ready to tell when Columbus discovered America.

"Bunk," I said again, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Did I Box Rough?" "No, Wilbur, You Boxed Gentlemanly"

Well, that fight lasted four minutes and thirty seconds, and if I hadn't seen it I wouldn't have believed it. It took Wilbur just one round to straighten up that gorilla so they could box like human beings; and then Wilbur started.

I dunno whether Wilbur picked up his stuff at Kinnikinnick Junction or whether he was born with it; but he had it, all right, all right. When he punched, it was like the kick of a mule; when he ducked, he done it without advance notices in the newspapers; and as far as I could see, all he had to learn was some covering-up tricks and a little more about infighting. He boxed like a gentleman, but like a gentleman trying to get through in time to catch the last train.

Probably you know how a fight in Milwaukee is run off just as quiet and solemn as a church service. But not this one. Instead of holding down the gallery boys, the cops joined in themselves. And in the second round, when Wilbur caught Ajax under the chin so hard the Albanian Cyclone turned over and come down on his head, the roof went off.

"Baldy," Bunk said after we'd got Wilbur rubbed down and into his street clothes, "come and see me in New York a year from now and I'll show you the town."

There was something funny about Bunk's voice and he looked pale and excited. I wondered if maybe he hadn't drunk or et something that had gone to his head.

"Yes, Baldy, I got a million-dollar idea."

"Spill it."

"Baldy, why do the customers pay good money to get into a boxing show?"

"Well," I said, thinking quick, "they're willing to unbelt to see some favorite clean up."

"Wrong, Baldy; wrong as usual. Tonight for the first time I got the right dope. The crowd don't come to see somebody win, but to see somebody lose. Human nature. Look at the gang tonight. Did they know Wilbur from a sack of oats? Certainly they didn't. But they knew what they wanted and that was to see Ajax get smeared, and smeared good. Now if people are willing to pay money for the pleasure of seeing some unpopular character get his, then why not play the hunch consistent? Do you get me?"

I thought I got him, but it wasn't till a week later I saw what a really big idea Bunk had under his hat.

II

INSTEAD of taking Wilbur to Pearl City, Wisconsin, or letting him escape to Kinnikinnick, Bunk ran the boy right down to Racine and left him there with Paddy Meehan. Then Bunk hustled back to Pearl City and had a conference with a newspaper boy who wrote poetry, and after that begun making arrangements for the next show.

The Express come out saying that the wind-up would be ten rounds to a decision between Bobby Peters, of Minneapolis, and Killer Kinnick, of Baltimore, better known as the Paleolithic Thug.

"I heard of Peters," I said, "but who's this Thug boy?"

"A terror, Baldy, in the ring and out. Watch his smoke." And the same day Bunk turned down a good Milwaukee offer for a return match between Wilbur and Ajax.

Morning after, I picked up the paper, and the first thing I come across was this:

BOXER IN TROUBLE

Hitch in Wind-up for Local Club

Yesterday in Cleveland, Ohio, Killer Kinnick, of Baltimore, better known as the Paleolithic Thug, scheduled to meet Bobby Peters in the closing bout Saturday evening at the Pearl City Athletic Club, showed his boxing ability on the public streets in a manner not appreciated by the police. He had purchased a paper from a newsboy, and finding that it contained nothing about himself, tried to force the little fellow to give him his money back. On the lad's refusal Killer jammed his right fist into the youngster's mouth, knocking out several teeth. Indignation runs high at this unprovoked attack. Mr. Berry, president of the Pearl City A. C., is trying to arrange the matter by telegraph.

"Suffering rattlesnakes, Bunk," I said, "you don't want to let that kind of stuff out; it'll get the club in bad."

Bunk just smiled like a hyena and didn't say anything.

That afternoon President Ellison, of the Citizens Civic Duties League, had a letter published saying he considered boxing the manly art of self-defense, but the line had to be drawn against permitting any such character as Killer Kinnick, the Paleolithic Thug, to sully the spotless reputation of our fair city, and that he hoped the league would take vigorous action.

It Was the Roughest Rough-and-Tumble Ever Staged Between Paleolithic or Any Other Kind of Thugs

Bunk answered with another letter saying how Killer really meant all right; and if a little hasty now and then, it was just the result of nervous anxiety. He'd been suffering from nervousness ever since the war, when he got locked in a freight car and spent three days without food or drink while dodging the draft. So why blame him?

And in the same issue Bunk had a news item about how Bobby Peters had jumped into the river and saved two little boys from being drowned and it turned out they was the sons of an old comrade of the First Division; and how in Minneapolis, Bobby Peters was universally respected, being the sole support of his widowed mother, and boxing experts stated he could lick anything of his weight in the United States.

Following this, about ten substantial citizens bought their first seats for a club show, saying in about the same words, "I don't approve of prize fighting, but I want to see this brute Kinnick get his block knocked off."

Not being any dumber than the law allows, I begun to see through Bunk's little game.

"Take 'em off, Bunk," I said; "we know you. Wilbur is going to be the Paleolithic Thug, is he? Listen! In the first place, you can never get anybody that sees Wilbur to believe it; and in the second place, the boy won't stand for the stuff."

Bunk didn't answer direct. "I got a letter from Meehan this morning saying that Wilbur is a world beater, and there ain't a hundred dollars' worth of tickets left in the house. I paid that newspaper boy that writes poetry five dollars for Wilbur's new name. A darb, hey?"

Well, Wilbur come to Pearl City the day before and was stowed away in a hotel until about an hour before the wind-up; but what Bunk done to him in the private dressing room before the fight was aplenty. He begun with a couple of strips of black court-plaster over the eyes that gave Wilbur the expression of a safe blower after the explosion. Then with iodine he painted a little tobacco-juice trickle running down from the left side of Wilbur's mouth—to keep the gloves from poisoning him, Bunk said. Then he stuck a wad of gum between Wilbur's teeth.

"Chew it hard, and when you get into the ring spit a couple of times; it'll help your wind." And last he slipped a wad of wet cotton inside Wilbur's lower lip. "I'll take it out," Bunk said, "just as soon as the referee gets through talking. There's a chemical mixture on it that'll keep you from getting thirsty." And as Nature had give Wilbur strong black whiskers, and as Bunk had telegraphed him three days before to stop shaving, he climbed into the ring looking like one of those five-hundred-dollars-reward photographs that you see hung up in police stations.

But Bunk wasn't through with him even then. Just after the referee had said his say, Wilbur let out a wild yip and swung his two gloves at everything in sight, including the referee.

Bunk hauled the boy back to his corner, with the referee spluttering that if Wilbur ever tried anything like that again he'd have him ruled out of every boxing ring in the world. And up in the gallery a free fight started where a cop tried to stop a bunch of customers from booing.

"What happened, Bunk?" I said when the gong rung and Bunk slipped out of the ring.

"Aw, nothing," Bunk said. "Wilbur was starting to shake hands with Bobby and I stuck a pin into him a little ways. His reputation is made."

And it was. I ain't referring to the fact that he hung the K. O. on Bobby Peters in the third minute of the first round; I mean his reputation as a bad guy. It looked that night as though he'd be lucky to reach his dressing room alive. And the way the newspapers panned him next day was enough to freeze your blood.

Wilbur, though, if he was innocent, wasn't exactly simple. He hollered long and he hollered loud, but Bunk come right back at him.

"Suppose Miss Lingard finds it out!"

(Continued on Page 182)

WILLIE CHEATHAM LOOKS AT THE SENATE—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Selected From Willie's Journal

BACK in the summer of 1921 a small Southern boy reached his twelfth birthday, and on the twentieth of August was sworn in as page in the United States Senate. Willie himself records the fact that he "most fell over" when he was told of his appointment, and carefully reports in his journal that he learned this at the home of Josephus Daniels in Washington, and that he was glad he was celebrating it in the home of such "promanent people." Also that Mrs. Daniels put her arms around him and told him that in the Senate he was to keep his body, mind and heart clean

Of his taking office, so to speak, the journal shows:

"The way I was sworn in was that I had to hold up my right hand and swear to defend the Constitution of the United States

"When I got in the Senate Chamber there was a big platform which is called the Rosterum. The Vice President sits up on the highest part of it, and in front of it is the Cleark's desks, which are the Ass't Secretary of the Senate, the Journal Cleark, the reading cleark and the bill cleark. And on both sides the pages sit, about eight on each side.

"There is a boy on the card bench to take cards to the Senators that people have sent in. If the Senator will see the person the page holds up too fingers."

In my day this used to be an invitation to go swimming, but times have changed. Now its most frequent use, outside the Senate Chamber, is a summons for help behind a debutante's back when her dancing partner wishes to get rid of her. But to return to Willie:

"There is another page in the President's room to get the Senators out for the newspaper men, who get stories and other articles to put in the papers"

Just what the signal is for this purpose Willie does not say, but one may be fairly sure it gets at least two fingers, and more if necessary.

But from the start Willie was consorting with "promanent people." On August twenty-fourth, he records:

"President Harding came up about nine o'clock. He went into the President's room. All of us went by the door as much as possible so we could get some good looks at him. He signed all the bills the Senate passed this session. He shook hands with all of us and wrote his autograph on a lot of pink slips of paper and gave us one each. He also passed out the pens that he signed them with. There was not enough pens to go around and so I didn't get a pen."

But his sense of proportion was like his spelling, still indefinite. In the same entry in which he records that he bought some shoe polish for thirty cents, he writes:

"This afternoon at about 4:30 I got off and went outside with the other pages to see the unknown soldier's body carried into the rotunder of the capitol." But he wanted to see more, and so: "I climbed up on a railing to some stairs and saw in. I could see the casket that was sitting in the middle of the rotunder on the catafaltue that had been used only three times before, for Lincoln, McKinley and Garfield."

Growing Up

ONE can learn, one perceives, from Willie. I had been one of that silent throng in the rotunda: I had stood by while representatives of all the nations of the world had laid their wreaths and flowers before that catafalque. But I had not known that only our martyred Presidents had lain there.

But one can learn a great deal from Willie, really. Leaving the childish record of 1921, skipping an interval when he was a page in the daytime, studied the violin, went to night school and

William Stanley Cheatham and His Thirteenth-Birthday Cake

kept his mammoth diary, we find in 1924 a new Willie. He has fought and conquered his tendency to spell rostrum "rosterum"; he has grown tall, so that at the end he tries to hide his height by stooping, as Mr. Barry, the sergeant at arms, "wants all the pages to be small boys." His interest in food has continued, and he meticulously sets down his daily menu, but his writing has improved, and he has even learned to use a typewriter.

From the heights of his experience, too, he has begun to laugh at the new boys. The Senate is about to convene again and on Monday, November 24, 1924, we find:

"Well, as I have to go over to the capitol this morning, I got up a little earlier than I have been doing for the last three weeks. Tilley—a new boy—came along about half-past ten Tilley was carrying a large lunch kit like Railroad engineers use. Everybody had a big laugh at him, just to think of him coming down for a little while this morning, and then to bring a large unhandy lunch kit with a bottle of milk and all. The funny part of it is that we won't have to stay at the capitol any longer than about 11:30 and he having a great big lunch, enough for three families.

"When Mr. Barry—the Sergeant at Arms—saw me he said, 'Stand up, Cheatham, and let me see how much you have grown since I saw you last, about a week ago.' So I stood for him, but instead of streatching myself up tall, I slouched a little so I would not look so big, as he wants all the pages to be very small boys. Then Mr. Barry said, after looking me over, 'Why, you have grown a whole foot since last week; you had might as well go home now.'"

Supplying the Senatorial Swords

BUT they let him stay on, although Willie observes pessimistically that it may be only "temporerily." And they begin to get ready for the senators.

"First we get the record and calendar files out of the lockers in the cloak rooms where we put them after adjournement last June. Each file has a paper name plate pasted on the inside of the front cover. That is to keep them from getting mixed up, as some time a senator will get one out from one desk and put it back in another desk. We also get the reference books out of the lockers. They were put away last June also. The reference books are books that are kept in each Senator's desk at all times during the session of Congress, so a Senator can find out anything on Parlimentry law and Presidents"—precedents?—"that he wishes to by just refering to a book inside of his own desk. These Reference books go in the top of each desk, except the desk Senator Lodge had been useing, and it has no top, so of course the books for that desk have to be put in the drawer. The top of this desk is stationery, and does not lift up as the others do. It was used by Daniel Webster when he was in the Senate.

"The next thing I did was to put a penholder in the pen trough on every desk, and then I went around again and put the kind of pen point that every Senator uses into his holder for him. I had to do it entirely on memory from last session and a lot of them are all wrong, but I got quite a few of them right. However, some of those are right by accident only. I hope there won't be a lot of kicks coming the first few days of the session about the kind of pen points which I gave them."

There is a good bit more about pens. Thus we learn that Senators Harreld and Stanley use a Spencerian point, and Senator McKinley and two or three others lean toward Inflexibles. There is undoubtedly some psychological explanation for these vagaries, possibly Freudian, but I cannot discover it.

But now the day is actually here, December first.

"This morning I reached the Capitol at 9:30. Mr. Halsey and Mr. Field came along very shortly, and we got to work, and I'll say but we did work fast and hard. This being the first Monday in December, Congress convenes the second session of the Sixty-Eighth Congress today. Congress always convenes the regular sessions of Congress on the first Monday in December. Sometimes the first Monday does not come around until the fifth of the month, and even later once in a while, but this

President Coolidge and Some of the Page Boys

Senator Lee Overman, of North Carolina, Playing Marbles With the Page Boys

time it comes on the first day of the month. So it will give everybody a chance to earn their salary more thoroughly, even the Senators too.

"Well as the Senate meets at twelve o'clock, we had to get things straightened out, so things could be handled quickly as well as to make a neat appearance.

"Mr. Field came into the Cloak Room at that time and told me to look at every Senator's desk and see if there was a pen on each one. He said that some sight seers had been roaming around over the floor this morning, while there was no one on the doors to keep them out, and that he had counted four or five pens missing already. Of course that made me feel hard toward sight seers at the present, especially those who take everything they can get their hands on, for souverneers."

Then Willie prepares the desk of the Vice President.

"I took out both keys, which hang under the V. P.'s desk, and unlocked the two drawers. Each drawer has a different key. Then I took the brush out from under the left-hand corner of the desk, where it is kept, and brushed the top of the desk off good, so it looked nice and green when I finished instead of all white and dusty looking, like it was before I started brushing it. It is covered with a fuzzy green cloth and things stick to it. After putting the brush back in its place, I took the reference books out of the two drawers.

"They are some of the same kind of reference books that we put into the Senators desks on Friday. But the presiding officers desk has more reference books than most of the Senators have, as he has more use for them than the Senators have, because he has to decide all of the different questions that may arise and then make a ruling on them, and believe me that is some job, as so many trick things come up."

Why There Can Never be a Third Party

THEN he gets out the Gavel, for he capitalizes it, and places it within easy reach, and the silver inkstand, which is the only thing not locked up after the session each day and has apparently so far escaped sight-seers, and stands off for a little reflection:

"It sure would be a terrible thing if there should ever become a third party which was nearly as big as the other two, I mean by that, that if they should all become about the same size, as the Third Party would have to have a side of the chamber, which they could call theirs and as there are only two sides of the Chamber I don't see what they would do for the third side."

Opponents to a third party please take notice.

President Coolidge, When He Was Vice President, Receiving the Turkey for the Annual Christmas Dinner to the Pages of the Senate

Vice President Dawes as Host to the Senate Pages, December 23, 1925

But Willie later on has a good bit to say about the Gavel.

"It is the mallet that the presiding officer uses to call the Senate to order at all times of the day. It is just a solid piece of ivory about four inches high and two inches in diameter. It is round and used to have a handle to it as if it was just an ordinary ivory mallet, but the handle was broken off several years ago and now it has a dented circle all around it where it has been held between the fingers so often of so many presiding officers

"When the Senate convenes after an adjournament the Gavel is placed before hand on the left side of the desk so the Presiding officer can strike the desk with it and then step aside and let the Chaplin step up and pray. When the Senate meets after a recess, the Gavel is placed just to the right of the center of the desk as there is no prayer made then. The presiding officer just sits down and then calls the Senate to order.

"Once about three years ago Sen. Curtis was in the chair presiding. He was trying hard to get the Senators to come to order and in some way his little finger slipped under the bottom end of the Gavel and of course the gavel came down hard on top of his finger and I guess at first he thought he had broke his finger, but he did not quite do that bad. Hereafter whenever he is going to be in the Chair long he has Mr. Loefler bring him a wooden mallet with a handle on it so there won't be any chance of his finger getting hurt again."

Each Page Adding Dignity to the Senate

BUT to return to this entry: The Senate opens; Senator Cummins mounted the rostrum and "picked up the gavel and hit it on the desk." Then everybody "arrose" and the opening prayer was made by Doctor Muir.

"He prayed longer today than I have ever heard him pray before. At least it seemed that way to me. However, it was a good prayer. Well, I got my same old glimps of the opening of the session, just as I usually do when I have heretofore been a rostrum Page. The Rostrum Pages always stand up in front of the first row of Senators desks so as to give a dignafied look to them during the prayer."

That, I think, is one of the cruelest comments ever made about the Senate.

But now that we have the Senate in session, let us see what Willie thinks of some of the senators. He likes most of them, but some more than others. At the time this entry was made, Coolidge was Vice President, and Willie spends a considerable time on him:

"Mr. Coolidge sure makes a good vice president and

(*Continued on Page 134*)

THE FIRST LIE

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

I WAS one of those unnaturally good little boys. Virtue, it seems, came to me as easily as warts to other boys. Visitors to our house said of me that I was a quiet and thoughtful little fellow. Public mention was made of my piety. The simple truth was that I was afraid not to be good.

The first abstract idea which was scratched on my brain was that if I did anything wicked, like stealing apples or going in swimming without a bathing suit, I'd make the angels weep. I was told, and firmly believed, that all raindrops were tears falling from the eyes of those in heaven who were acutely distressed when little boys misbehaved. To this day I am a bit uncomfortable when it rains.

When I was eleven I spent most of my waking moments trying hard not to make the angels weep. To be honest, I was not a little afraid of the angels. It had been impressed on me that even angels can be pushed so far and no farther by the conduct of bad boys. When the angels stop weeping for you and begin to get mad, look out! They then turn your case over to the devils, who have cruel black faces, horns like goats and claws like tigers, and who have been known, on more than one occasion—names, dates and places given—to come, late at night, to the dark bedroom of a small boy guilty of wrongdoing and choke him till he was purple all over; or in extreme cases—if, for example, he had told a lie that day—they might carry him off bodily to a nameless but quite surely terrible fate.

On many a night I lay in my room, listening, trembling, waiting. My door and my window were locked. I thought I had been good, but I was taking no chances. When I was eleven it was so difficult to be sure what was right and what wrong. Supposesome devil, whirling through the blackness outside, had heard how in church that day I had irreverently laughed out loud when the mouse scampered across the fat lap of Mrs. Bannon, whose pew was next to ours. Had I sufficiently expiated that sin? Agonies of doubt and contrition kept me awake—especially if it was raining. I was in a dilemma, both horns of which were sharp. I knew I should leave my window open. Small boys who slept with closed windows, I had been warned, inevitably contracted a truly awful disease called Two Buckle Roses and coughed and coughed until nothing was left of them. On the other hand, to leave the window open was to invite the devils. So I kept my window tight shut, because, I decided, it was preferable to waste away honorably from Two Buckle Roses than to be found some morning choked purple all over, and thus be a lasting disgrace to my parents.

So I was a good child. I played sedately. I washed willingly. I never carried moribund frogs in my pocket. No chalked words on the back fences were ever of my authorship. Above all, I never told lies. To lie, I knew, was the cardinal, the unforgivable sin.

That virtue is always rewarded was a tenet of my credo. Mine was, and richly. Once a week I was permitted to visit my Great-aunt Ellen.

"But you must not be noisy," my mother always said, "and you must not fidget. Aunt Ellen is delicate."

There were always many flowers in Aunt Ellen's room, and there were flowers just outside her window in the garden of the big old-fashioned house, set among pine trees on a quiet hill outside the town. I thought her spacious room the most beautiful place in the world, and I thought her the most beautiful woman, with her calm face, as white almost as her hair, and her odd smile and her gentle way with me.

Always when I came to see her she had a fascinating new book to read to me in a voice so low it was really a whisper. I sat on a little stool at her bedside and listened, big eyed, as she read to me. She always chose books of adventure in strange and distant places. As she read, I knew that her eyes were as bright and interested as my own. The day I went to see her was always the happiest day of my week. I knew she would read to me about far-away lands and show me pictures too. Together we explored Java, with its temples and its dancers; we sailed a junk along the Yangtse-Kiang and viewed the magical pagodas of Peking, and the Great Wall; we climbed Mount Vesuvius; breathlessly we glided down the Grand Canal in our gondola; together we saw Cairo and Athens and Vienna and Madrid. But we lingered longest in Paris, finding our excited way through its streets, poking into every corner. Aunt Ellen loved Paris, and it was there we went oftenest. On her wall, where she could see it from her bed, hung a huge pink map of Paris, and she never tired of having me go to it with my eyes closed and touch some part of it with my finger and tell her what part I touched.

"Rue Monsieur le Prince?" she would say. "Ah, yes—an enchanting old street that Anatole France loved. It's in the Latin Quarter, and cuts into the Boul' Mich' near the Luxembourg Gardens, the loveliest in Europe. In spring the street is gay with laughing boys and girls from the art schools."

Or again: "Your finger is on the Café de la Paix, where the whole world passes if you wait long enough. Sitting there, while the orchestra plays, you can watch a hundred dramas—comedies, tragedies. Sitting there, you know what it means to live."

Once when I spelled out the word "Odeon" she sighed and said, "Yes, it is a great theater. They give Camille there—and she was the greatest Camille of all." She did not seem to be speaking to me.

I said to her, "Aunt Ellen, when I grow up, I'll take you to Paris."

She looked out through her window at the apple trees, which were just beginning to blossom. For the first time since I had known her there was no smile on her face.

"You will go," she said, "some day."

"With you?"

She shook her head.

"No," she said, "I can never go. I can never go—anywhere."

"But," I protested, "when I am big I'll be strong, and you can lean on me."

Aunt Ellen didn't say anything. She patted my head, and I saw that she had closed her eyes.

On my way home, I was wondering. I knew Aunt Ellen wasn't very strong, because she stayed in bed most of the time. But now and then she did walk in her garden, and on very mild days she went out for a drive. She had the last coachman and the last carriage in our town. Why couldn't she go to Paris? I puzzled over it. I had heard my parents say that Aunt Ellen had means. I wasn't entirely sure what this meant; but I decided she must be rich, for her house was so much bigger and finer than ours, and full of handsome things; and whenever I went there she always gave me all the ice cream and plum cake I could eat. Once she gave me some turkey, and it wasn't Thanksgiving or Christmas, but just an ordinary day in March, and this convinced me that she must be very wealthy indeed.

That evening I asked my mother why Aunt Ellen couldn't go to Paris since she wanted to so much. My mother looked across the dinner table at my father and I intercepted their glances. I knew they meant, "Shall we tell him? Yes, might as well."

"You see," explained my mother, "Aunt Ellen is ill. She has been ill since she was a little girl. She will always be ill. She must keep very quiet. She must not move about much, or be excited. If she does not take very good care of herself I'm afraid she cannot live. Her heart is not good."

"But," I said, "you always say she is so good hearted."

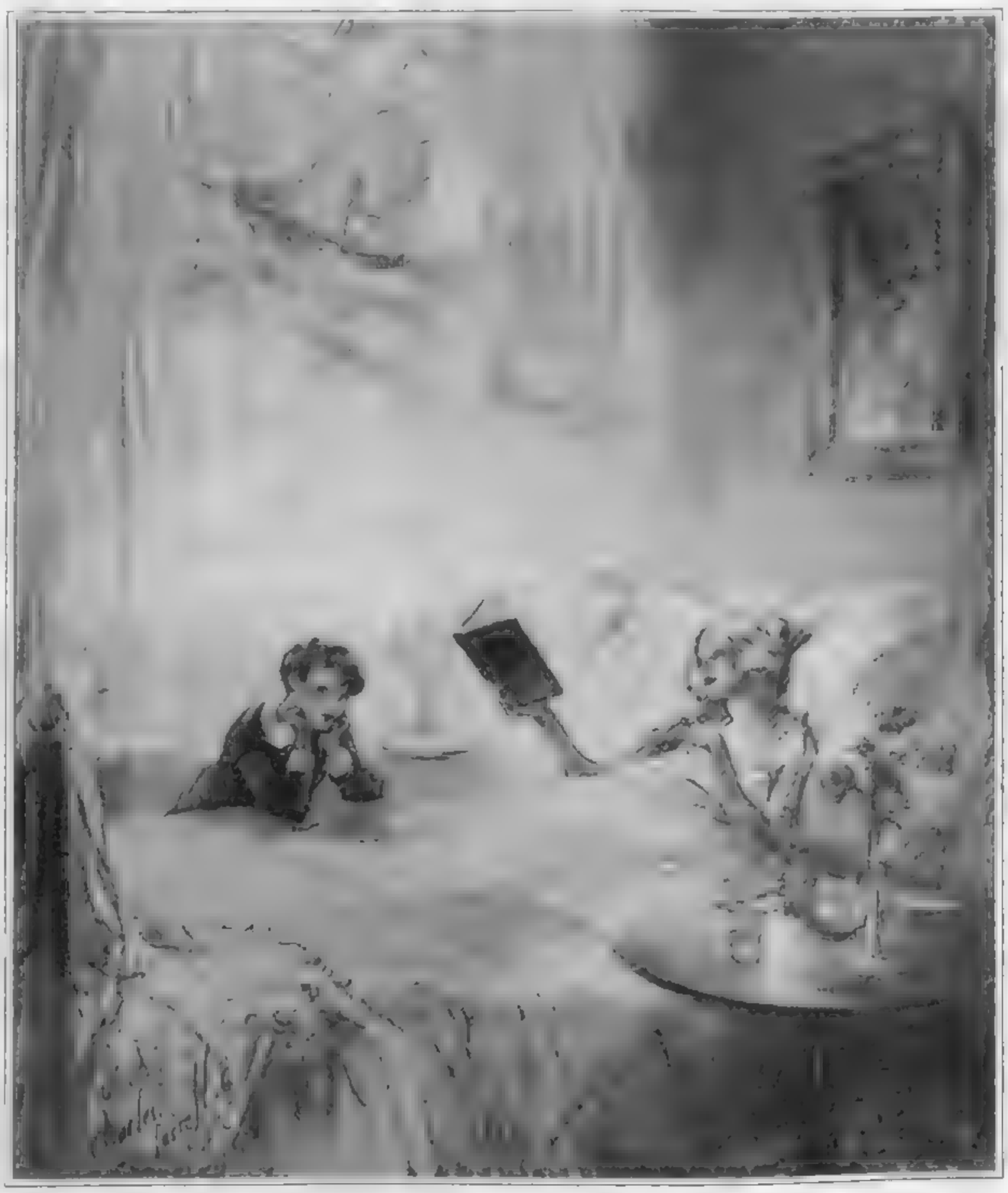
"She is, but not physically."

This was beyond me, and they saw by my face it was.

"Why not tell him the whole story?" my father suggested.

"It should be a warning," my mother began, "to little boys to take care of their health."

(Continued on Page 173)



Together We Explored Java; We Sailed a Junk Along the Yangtse-Kiang

FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS

"Ah, Goo' Mornin'," She Said. "I 'Ave Bin Watchin' an' Waitin' for Sombodee to Come to Talk Wif' Me"

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

THE tall young lady went up the gangway to the steamer as daintily as a dancer in a staircase dance; her Kaffir porters lumbered behind her with her cabin baggage; and she cast not a look behind at the two tall youngish men who followed her to the ship, they too with their burdened porters. Yet, at the head of the gangway, she had to check to show her ticket, and so on—all that silly mess of papers and countersignatures which keeps little homes for wartime officials who have survived the war—but the second of those who followed her had only to nod, and the pair of them passed, as deftly as fairies, into the beautiful and simple complication of the ship.

"This way, sir!" A quartermaster pointed, an entrance invited. The second of the two youngish men touched the other on the elbow. It was a friendly and guiding touch; but the other, without looking round, wheeled like a soldier at the word of command, and followed the direction of the pointing finger. The tall young lady did not look round; she saw none of this.

If they were not as like as brothers, those two youngish men, they might have been at least near relations on their fathers' sides. Each was tall, fair of coloring in the beginning, bleached as to the hair by much sun, warm in the hue by the same agency, about the same in height and breadth; and not unequal in a certain quiet forcefulness of character, in a fashion of level-browed readiness for events and capacity to meet them.

In their two-berth cabin, they spoke no word together until their baggage was deposited and the door had closed behind the stewards who carried it. One of them threw his easy smasher hat on the upper bunk, sat down on the settee, and put his feet on the nearest suitcase.

"Well," he said, "where's the dungeon cell?"

He spoke debonairly, yet, somehow, not as a friend should speak to a friend who shares with him the same tiny cabin for a three weeks' companionship.

"I didn't inquire," answered the other, still standing, but turning his head to look at the hat upon the quilt of the upper berth. "Dare say there is a dungeon cell; ought to be anyway. But it's for you to say whether we need one or not. At present, I'm asking you how you want to travel."

The seated man's eagle-keen face relaxed in a smile in which there was no mirth.

"First-class, of course," he answered. "What did you think?"

The other did not respond to the smile. He paused while he sorted his words and adjusted them to his meaning.

"You know quite well what I mean," he answered. "Am I to let you loose to browse around the decks with the other passengers as you please, Fallon; or has everybody got to know that I'm a Scotland Yard man taking you home to stand your trial? As for me, I don't care a damn. You can take your exercise on deck by my side, come down with me, go up with me, eat with me watching you and everybody looking at you like a nasty kind of snake in a zoo, or ——"

He shrugged his shoulders. "It's for you to say. If you want to behave and be a good boy, I'll go as far as to let you travel as if you were a bank clerk going home on leave. You'll stay on board with me at Madeira, of course; but nobody would know. You see, Fallon, I'm taking your word in this—once we're at sea!"

The other looked at him, no longer smiling. "I'm not Fallon, you poor fool," he said. "How many million times have I told you that—and that I'll never answer to that name? My name's Fearon—Fearon—Fearon! I've been telling everybody that for the last ten weeks. I'll travel as I can; but I'm damned if I'll travel under the false name you and those Cape policemen have cooked up for me. I know where I'm going!"

The detective inspector nodded. "Yes, you know!"

"You don't, though," snapped the seated man. He leaned back against the white-enameled bulkhead, padded over the settee to the height of his shoulders—passengers generally do not know why those cabins are so generously padded—and laughed a moment. "Stand my trial! Somebody's going to stand his trial, all right! A nasty little private trial before a commissioner or something like that, and you'll come out of it as a poor crumpled-up little ex-Inspector Get-Poor-Quick Wallingford, with the accents on the 'ex' and the 'poor.' So," he shrugged in his turn, "I've no choice. Do as you blooming well please."

The detective inspector did not move save to bow his head slowly in a long considering nod.

"You might even be right," he said mildly, "except for about ten thousand things. For instance, I didn't arrest you. The Cape police did that and I'm obeying orders in taking you from them and bringing you home. And second, you're Fallon; and you've three weeks, just about, to argue that with me for the sake of conversation; but you can be a duke for all I care. I'm as much under orders as if I was a soldier, and you're my prisoner."

The other sneered. "Soldier! You're my jailer!"

The detective inspector nodded. "That too," he agreed "But there's a difference, 'cos it's up to you, Fallon—well, Fearon, then ——"

He broke off and, where he stood, with his arm on the coaming of the upper berth, he looked for some seconds through the scuttle. He turned his head to his prisoner.

"We're off," he said "Left it till the last minute for your sake, 'ease anybody knew us comin' aboard. Can't you hear those engines?"

The seated man smiled. "Was your man Fallon a great traveler?" he asked. "In his character, ought I to be?"

"In his character, and with the money he stole, and his ways of skipping about—though I never knew him to use the Dominions before—you ought to be a very great traveler," answered the detective inspector. "But you're playing something on me; you heard those engines start."

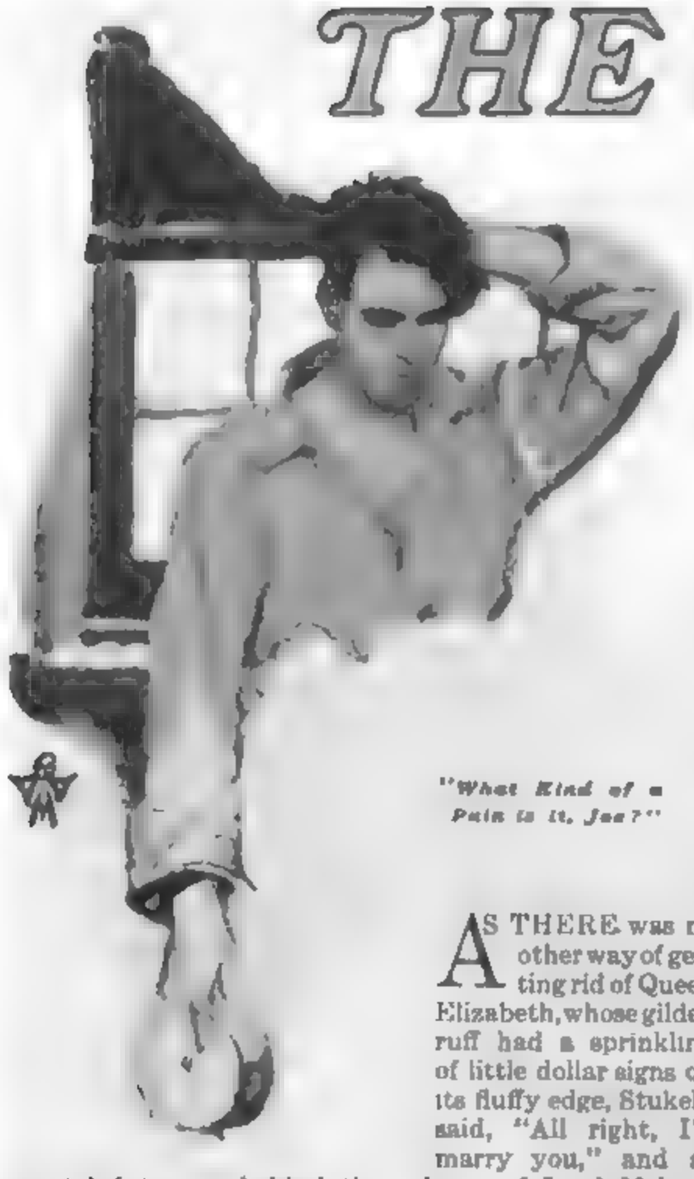
The seated man, Fallon or Fearon, nodded. "'Course I did," he said. "But I didn't know yet whether I was free to go on deck or whether you were going to put handcuffs on me and show me off as one of your specimens. I rather hoped you'd do the latter."

(Continued on Page 57)

THE ROMANTIC HOUR

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON



"What Kind of a Pain Is It, Joe?"

AS THERE was no other way of getting rid of Queen Elizabeth, whose gilded ruff had a sprinkling of little dollar signs on its fluffy edge, Stukely said, "All right, I'll marry you," and at once tried to run behind the column of Lord Nelson, which was awkwardly planted everywhere on the tilted slope of London, and painted pink. But a hazy grand chamberlain in black velvet began to take down his name and address. Stukely gasped, "Kent—Stukely George—St. Philip's Church, New—no, Gossetville, New York—I'm twenty-one years old. . . . I——"

Nelson's column now became a red triangle, and in that form a voice said wearily, "Aw right, babe!"

It was a great relief to sit up in a bundle of sheets and to let the gilded queen's prickly image slide back to its place among unreal things. Joe Fancher sulkily stretched his arms, already tanning with the first warmth of May, and said, "Yes, but I'll say one thing for you, ace—you us'ly wait till daylight before you have nightmares. Uh-huh! 'N' that's sorta commendable. . . . I feel right sad, fella, an' you'll kindly go watch 'em milk."

Stukely yawned, "Of course. . . . I was in London."

"You sounded more like you were in a dentist's tender care, kid. They sent my b'talion over to London to p'rade oncet after that war in France was oveh," Joe drawled, sitting down on the floor, suddenly very much the Georgian; "only I was in hospital, havin' 'at pneumonia."

"I never knew you'd had pneumonia, Joe."

"Kid," his sister's husband murmured, "all men are liars. When I was young I useda like to let on I never had been sick in my life. Yeh, like one of those Yiddish kings daddy useda preach about down in Gawgia, I useda kinda wave my chest round an' lie very much about myself. Uh-huh! I had pneumonia in France f'rocious an' pretty near died. Only grandmamma an' daddy dunno so much to this day. When you're eighteen you're r'mantic. . . . What's an æsthetic shiver, babe?"

"Huh?"

"Don't be so coarse, Stuke!" Joe said crossly, rolling his turquoise eyes. "'Huh?' You sound like me! Remember your daddy useda be the handsomest Episcopal preacher in New York, an' act like it. . . . What's an æsthetic shiver?"

"Where on earth did you pick that up?"

Joe dropped his fair head on his knees and said dolorously, "Had me a gran' bellyache all night. Been readin' a Frawg novel—very damn complicated an' refined. I take it 'at *frisson esthétique* means æsthetic shiver—huh? Lit'ry cheeses can do moh harm to language than ——"

"It's—it's the kind of feeling you get when you see something awf'ly—awf'ly artistic or—or pretty," Stukely explained, kicking his feet out of the sheets.

"Yes? . . . People shiver very diff'rent. When daddy useda preach out in Missouri State, Jasper Whibble's Uncle Dan would shiver extremely hard all evenin' until his wife got him down the bottle of ——"

He shivered; muscles hitched under the thin stuff of his pajamas and he sat in quiet movement, twitching like a dog asleep.

"Indigestion?"

"Nuffin' so 'ristocratic, ace. Just plain bellyache. . . . Gonna go back to bed. This time two years ago I couldn't of been so luxurious, kinda, or ha' taken time out to be sick. It's convenient we've got two hired guys," he drawled, and got to his feet in the usual oily movement that seemed never to involve a muscle; then his eyes darkened and he said "Yow!" with a deliberate emphasis, ripping open his jacket, to duck his brown chin in against a white chest and study his flat stomach busily.

"What kind of a pain is it, Joe?"

"Very damn plain an' awful uninterestin', babe. . . . Go watch 'em milk, an' be a good boy."

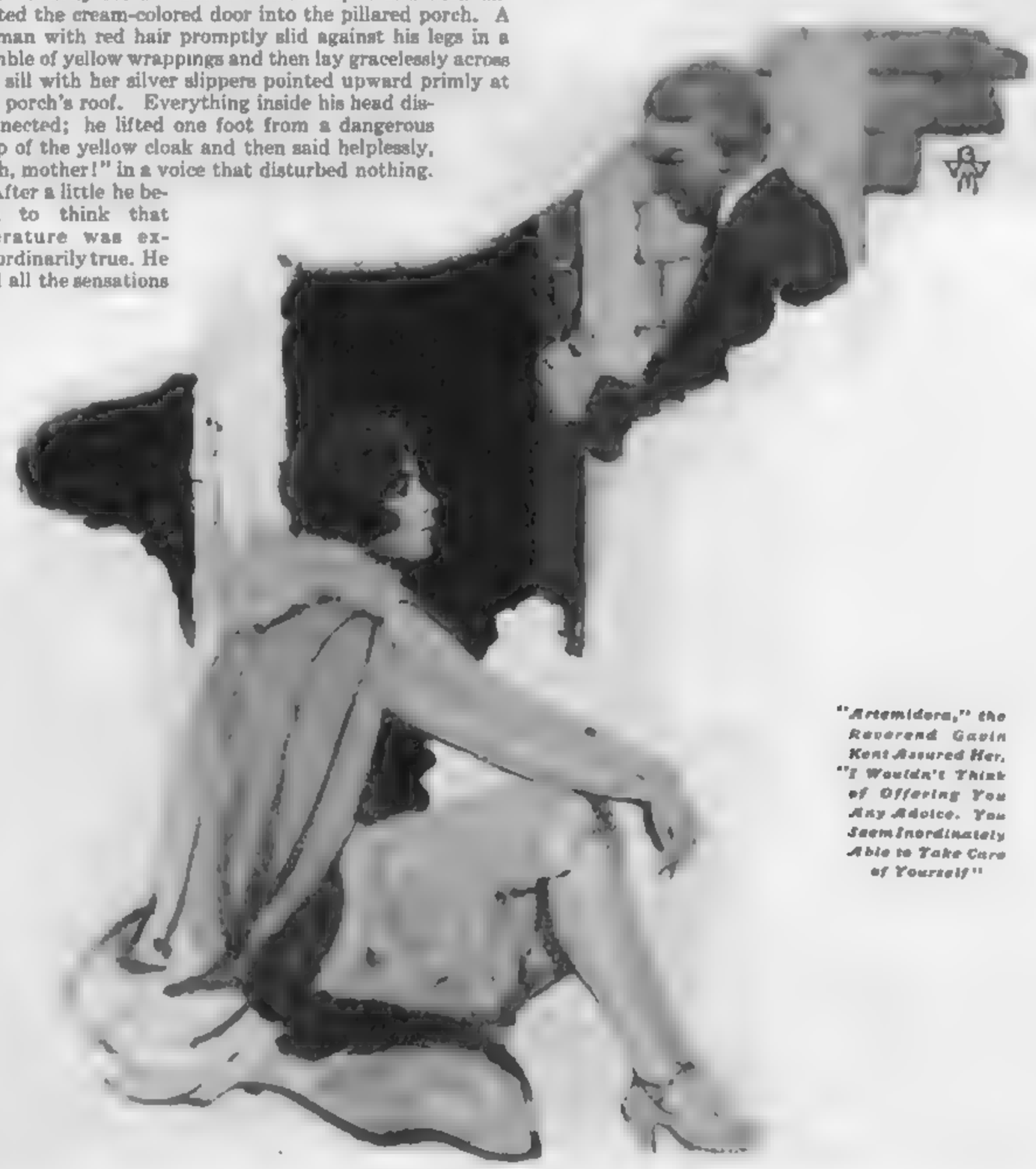
Stukely wriggled into clothes, frowning a little, and walked nervously around the tall stiffened figure in faded blue pajamas. It would be very rude—unfraternal—to tell Joe that three slices of lemon pie at the end of last night's bridge had something to do with that plain pain. Anyhow, it was his morning to superintend the milking of the Reverend Gavin Kent's thirty cows. A dairy farm was a dairy farm, and Joe was twenty-five years old. Stukely politely forgot the pie and suggested, "Soda?"

"I'm so full of soda all I need's a hot pan to raise me in, ace. . . . G' on an' don't fret y'self. On y' way, babe."

The dark boy lazied downstairs in the docile glumness of half-wakened minds and stopped in the green living hall to lace a forgotten moccasin. Robins were desperately quarreling in maples before the old farmhouse; the light made pale, differing patches on the innumerable books that lined this room. Somehow he always paused here to see if anything had happened in the night, and nothing ever had happened to the many worn chairs or the books and the piano, although once a cigarette had fired some papers on his father's desk, and these had placidly smoldered, scarring the white ceiling; and once Joseph Fancher, Jr., had been quite forgotten in his basket beside the fireplace and had wailed reports of his loneliness to his uncle in the dawn of a blizzard last winter. Nothing was wrong this morning. Stukely set a southern window open and then unbolted the cream-colored door into the pillared porch. A woman with red hair promptly slid against his legs in a tumble of yellow wrappings and then lay gracelessly across the sill with her silver slippers pointed upward primly at the porch's roof. Everything inside his head disconnected; he lifted one foot from a dangerous loop of the yellow cloak and then said helplessly, "Oh, mother!" in a voice that disturbed nothing.

After a little he began to think that literature was extraordinarily true. He had all the sensations that you read about in books. His brown hands were sponges—lumps of wood—ten times their size of everyday. His heart slowed after a choking performance inside his chest. His knees still seemed to be hollow; his tongue had to be moistened nine times before its dryness slacked, and sweat infamously wriggled on his neck, hunting the edge of his jersey. Y-you had to be calm, though. Twenty-one years old. . . . Not dead. All this yellow gauze with embroideries of silver iris stirred on her breast slowly and the face had color. She was just a woman. . . . It came to him that she might be drunk. And then that was impossible. Too young. She was asleep. Yes, she had gone to sleep for hidden reasons, sitting on the doorstep. Certainly. Nothing was too absurd to happen. Wasn't his father a successful dairy farmer, by accident of being Joe Fancher's father-in-law? Therefore, it was not at all absurd that a red-haired girl in a silver gown and a tremulous cloak of yellow gauze had gone to sleep on the doorsill of a house outside Gossetville, New York. He thought tremendously and dug his nails into his palms. People did that in books too. Meanwhile his tongue was wet again and so Stukely said "I say—look here!" ineffectively against the tranquil silence of this slim thing on the floor. The robins yapped in funny rising and descending scales of sound and a cloud shaped as a flying owl came from Poughkeepsie eastward with edges silvery in the amiable dawn. A pail was clinking down at the barns. This shallow valley brightened everywhere and the new cupola of Gossetville's post office became a golden bulb on the edge of the world. Suddenly he shivered in a wind from nowhere, and wondered why he shivered.

The Reverend Gavin Kent came pacing quietly around the northern pillars of the porch with his curls singularly neat and his black waistcoat flapping its tiny burden of cigarette case and match box gently, just so that



"Artemidora," the Reverend Gavin Kent Assured Her, "I Wouldn't Think of Offering You Any Advice. You Seem Inordinately Able to Take Care of Yourself"

the metallic noises reached his son's ear. The slim old man walked with his hands behind him and without hesitation, because his thick yellow glasses rode his arched nose and he could see things.

Seeing Stukely, he said in the least movement of his famous voice, "My dear boy, don't waken her. . . . Come out here."

Stukely rubbed his black hair smoother, and blushed, guilty of something that he didn't understand, and stepped clumsily past the silver slippers, pathetically small when he glanced down at them. He lumbered ten feet, down the steps of the porch, onto blue gravel of the driveway and licked his lips.

"This," said the Reverend Gavin Kent, "is frightfully awkward."

"Awf'ly," his one son admitted.

"Especially as the telephone's so close to her. If we phoned her father —— But," the retired rector of Saint Philip's Church observed, "he's always been the most incredibly bad-tempered, bull-headed idiot I've ever known. Although, of course, he's an admirable surgeon and a very kind-hearted person, in his way."

"Yes, sir," said Stukely. "Why aren't you in bed, dad?"

"Because," the old man stated with a certain complacency, "I never went to bed. I'd gone to sleep over a book, and Artemidora knocked, and I let her in."

"Who? Art?"

"Artemidora. Didn't you recognize her?"

Stukely had a frozen moment of pure rage. Why should he recognize anybody named Artemidora? Who could be named Artemidora? No, this was too much! On an empty stomach too!

He said, "Awf'ly sorry, but I never heard of anybody bein' named Artemidora, pop. Are you sure?"

"My dear fellow, it's little Artemidora Fergusson. She used to come to your birthdays when you were babies. They lived in Fifty-seventh Street and Mrs. Fergusson was one of the Melroses. But of course you wouldn't remember her. She died years ago. She meant well, but did nothing in particular about it. It always makes me frivolous to be up all night. Yes, poor Mrs. Fergusson was null and void and rather seaweedy. She floated around and never settled on anything. . . . Artemidora seems quite a pleasant child, but she swears dreadfully. . . . What lovely lines those are!" the terrible old man brooded, finding his cigarette case:

"Artemidora, gods invisible,
While you were lying faint along your couch,
Have bound the sandal to your slender foot ——

"Or is it 'slender feet,' sonny?"

Stukely stopped looking at Artemidora's slender feet over a shoulder and said insanely, "I don't think I ever heard that, sir. Sure I didn't. Lovely, yes, sir. But ——"

"It's a very elusive little poem," his father benignly mentioned, "but it has some charming passages. His other poems had more sound than sense."

"Did they?" Stukely muttered. "Well, what ——"

"In any case," the Reverend Gavin Kent intoned, lighting a match, "it's an impossible situation. Of course, she simply giggles. I dare say that's the better attitude. Only, of course, when I was your age all that a well-brought-up girl could do in the case would be to scream and faint at intervals of half an hour. Yes, it's really wiser to giggle. And perhaps if society at large—I use the word," he explained, with a scholar's precision, "to indicate everybody from milkmen's wives to—er—the unnecessarily rich—would make up their minds to giggle over these things instead of making a stupid fuss, we'd all be more comfortable. We allow our sense of propriety to ——"

An airy female voice said crisply, "Oh, hell!" and both of Stukely's feet left the gravel in a nervous bounce.

"Artemidora!"

The girl patted her mouth three times and said, "All right. 'Xcuse me. I'm naturally tough, y' know." She sat on the doorsill and beamed at the Reverend Gavin Kent with the drowsy smile of a fed baby, curling one silver foot under the other as she asked, "Where did you leave that breezy Western jackass?"

"Artemidora," Doctor Kent declaimed in his fullest barytone, "do be charitable! This is entirely your fault in the first place, and he's probably a nice lad—of the kind."

The Silver Skirt Came Fluttering Down the Treads. The Girl Said, "Lemon Pie! At Midnight! Men are the Most ——"

"Of the kind! Um-hum," Miss Fergusson grunted, patting another yawn. "All right. Yes, nice of the kind. Have it your own way. He breathes down your back when you dance with him. Of course, he's perfectly darling in a swimming suit. His legs ——"

The old man broke in rather anxiously.

"I don't think that one marries an anatomy, Artemidora. I—ah—agree with you that he's uncouth perhaps, but ——"

"I certainly," the silver girl interrupted, "wouldn't have thought of marrying him if he hadn't an anatomy. I hate people with bowlegs and things. Where did you chain him up?"

"He's sitting in his car, down the road. I really think you'd better call up your father and explain to him that ——"

"My dear boy," Miss Fergusson yawned, "I wouldn't call father up for anything on earth! I'm fed up on dad. No, I'll stay here. Norah's things ought to fit me. 'N' then you get me into some hospital. I don't care where. If I go back to Saint Phil's, that's in New York, and father'll come and sit on me. . . . Don't tell me I'm undaughterly either. He can amuse himself lecturing Ginevra and Maurice. They're dumb bunnies and it'll do 'em good."

"Artemidora," the Reverend Gavin Kent assured her, "I wouldn't think of offering you any advice. You seem inordinately able to take care of yourself. That boy's eye, in my young days, would have been treated with a piece of raw beefsteak or a leech. But your whole performance is perfectly conscienceless and you should be spanked. You encourage this boy and then you elope with him and then ——"

"He can go straight back to Harvard. He's a good driver and ought to be able to make Boston in four hours, if he half tries. He's an unqualified yokel and I wish I'd broken his nose."

"You'll shock Stukely."

Miss Fergusson patted her next yawn and looked at Stukely with eyes of some indiscernible color, then observed, "Shouldn't have known him, he's grown so. How old is he?"

"He's still a year older than you."

"Is he? Twenty-one? Big brute," the girl reflected. "Well, the program is to get me into another nurses' training school in Chicago or one of those places. Aunt Emily'll give me some money, and father can have his fun getting Ginevra married off to a bacteriologist with pink ears."

"Artemidora, I refuse to believe that Doctor Fergusson wanted you to marry a bacteriologist with pink ears."

Yes, her eyes were gray. Stukely saw that much when she sat staring at Doctor Kent for a time with her fingers spread over her chin. And her hair was a welter of coiling copper bands around her head, with something silver lost in the red profusion.

"Dad's asked him to dinner four times this week."

The old clergyman blew smoke and affably intoned, "Perhaps your young egotism translated that fact into another, my dear. Perhaps Doctor Fergusson merely wanted to talk bacteriology—a very interesting department of science about which most people know nothing. The upshot was that you ran away with this—er—breezy Western jackass and blacked his eye, which ——"

"He tried to kiss me!"

"If you run away with healthy young men, Artemidora, that accident is quite likely to overtake you."

"Don't be sardonic," the girl ordered. "You're a darling old thing, and heaven knows that you've saved my life, but don't call me an idiot! Of course, I am! But then you've never lived with a gloom like dad, with a hospital next door and had to hear about the internes making mistakes in diagnoses every dinner. . . . And his ears are pink, and shiny. They look varnished."

Stukely rubbed his ears.

"Very well, Artemidora. I've advised your young man to go about his business. It's the inalienable right of pretty

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A Child Actress of the 80's

By IZOLA FORRESTER

THE first memory that I have of the stage and its invironment is of my mother in her dressing room, and of myself sitting beside her on a long shelf watching her make up before her mirror. This was in Boston, in the spring of 1882, I think, when she played Henriette in The Two Orphans. Dressed in a white muslin negligee trimmed with cascades of lace, with little knots of black velvet ribbon under each fold and a band of black velvet about her throat, she seemed to me even then infinitely beautiful and different from all other women. Beside her lay the ruffled lawn cap, the white lace fichu, the delicate lace-edged apron. I watched her while she rouged her cheeks with a rabbit's foot and darkened her lashes with a hairpin dipped in black cosmetic.

Somewhere under the stage I could hear violins tuning up. Outside her door came the voice of the call boy, "Half hour, half hour!" I never hear the muted violins before an overture that they do not bring tears to my eyes and a queer choked feeling in my throat for no reason at all, except that they mean her and those days when her love and presence filled my life. Not tears of sadness, but just something that calls and finds an answer within. Trumpets in the blood, the French say.

On each side of the tall narrow mirror were gas jets inclosed in wire masks. It was years before I realized what these were for. I had always thought they had been placed there purposely and solely to support various utensils for theatrical light housekeeping. We would hold delightfully intimate tea parties after the performance, with other members of the company dropping in socially, and my final glass of milk was always warmed slightly over one in cold weather.

In looking back, I know I liked her large Saratoga trunk better than anything in her dressing room. It was like a magician's trunk to me, from which my mother produced all of that paraphernalia of home life behind the scenes. No matter how bare or uninspiring the outlook might be when she took possession, once the trunk lid was raised, cushions, hangings and photographs transformed it into a place of familiar comforts and keepsakes.

Miss Forrester, From a Photograph Made for Her Father in 1884

It had two large deep tills. Two years later my baby sister used to be nursed and put to sleep in the top one while our mother went on the stage. The personal props which she carried were our first toys. I have an old silver dagger, hand-chased, which belonged to the elder Booth, marked with curious indentations along its sheath where Beatrice cut her first teeth on it. There was a long sandalwood box inlaid with mother-of-pearl given to my mother by Charlotte Cushman when she played her first engagement with her as a girl of fifteen. It was filled with stage jewelry, a crown of paste rubies and pearls for royal rôles, and many pairs of earrings. I loved the gypsy ones best, of silver edged in bangles that tinkled when she moved her head, and the jumble of necklaces that always needed untangling.

Memories of My Mother

ASSOCIATED, too, with this early memory is the mingled fragrance from the trunk the moment the lid was raised, a curiously fascinating blend—her favorite powder, her favorite perfume, heliotrope, the leather odor of her Rosalind jerkin and high boots of soft, leaf-brown suède laced at the sides, her black-lacquered make-up box filled with grease paint, with the trays beneath for wigs, and layers of costumes with sachet bags of faded satin filled with down from milkweed pods I had gathered with her at our home in Pascoag, Rhode Island, laid between, which were sprinkled with violet and heliotrope. There were wonderful hats, which I loved to try on; poke bonnets with the front filled with soft satin roses, and curious little pancake effects which were worn perched high on an elaborate chignon, and a large cavalier-brimmed beaver with a dashing, trailing plume of royal purple. This she wore as Marco in The Marble Heart.

There always seemed to be some kind of half-finished sewing or knitting lying on the dressing-room shelf, something which she was making between scenes for me. During rehearsals she would sit quietly at work, while I played by myself, dressing up with bits of her wardrobe taken from the trunk. There were long silk stockings of varied colors which I could pull on and pin to my waist for make-believe tights, scarfs of tulle and Columbine skirts of tarletan, Zouave jackets, crimson and orange, spangled in gold. Best of all, I liked to try on her long blond wig, the one she wore in Ophelia. It reached nearly to the floor on me, and over it I could pull with my two hands a closely netted cap of pearls that was Juliet's chief beauty to me.

She was twenty-two then and I was four, but I can easily shut my eyes and bring back the sweet, vivid memory of her. Long dark-brown hair, lustrous, soft, falling below her waist in deep ripples. When we were at home on the farm she always wore it plaited in two heavy braids down her back. I would steal up behind her as she sat studying a new rôle under the trees in the orchard and twist her braids about her throat to make her lean back her head and kiss me. I remember, too, the satin softness of her long white arms. I have fallen asleep wishing for her when she was away on the road and wakened to find her arms close about me and the wonder of her face asleep beside me on the pillow. And sometimes I have wakened in the dark, to feel her tears on my face and her hair falling around me like a veil, when she had to leave me behind.

She was slender and of medium height, with a peculiar grace of bearing, a stateliness that was half foreign and seemed to separate her from other women. Her skin was very fine and white. I have held her hands in mine and wondered how they could be so clear and white. When we played through the South, the year following the earthquake there, I saw magnolias for the first time and thought their petals matched my mother's skin. Her eyes were dark brown, long in shape and heavy-lidded. It seemed to me as if they always held an expression of sadness, or perhaps it was only a dreamy aloofness. She never scolded me or appeared to be in a hurry. I remember the joy of her smile, but she rarely laughed aloud, and this seemed strange to me.

The worst rebuke I could receive from her was when she drew me close in her arms and gazed reproachfully into my eyes as she said, "How could you, dear?" I have melted into contrite misery at the mere thought of having hurt or disappointed her.

From the time I was four until I was thirteen I played with her either in stock or with traveling road companies, mostly dramatic repertoire.

East, west and south we journeyed, covering the same routes year after year. It always surprised me when people whom we met were sorry for me. They could not conceive of the thrill and charm the roving life of the stage held for a child. The daily contacts with new scenes and associates, the ever-changing scenery, each day a new adventure, and over it all the peculiar glamour of belonging to the profession, a world apart from everyday monotony. One caught the spirit of it concretely in getting on a train bound overland out of the New York station, hearing the conductor ask as you mounted the little steps to the sleeper, "Company?" You nod and are passed along, specialized from common clay, glorified by his recognition in the crowd.

First Appearance on Any Stage

THE earliest memories are curious, punctuated, high-lighted by little things that appealed especially to the imagination of a child, like points of candlelight on a Christmas tree in the dark. I know that I made my first appearance as Little Harry in Uncle Tom's Cabin. This was in Fall River, Massachusetts, in 1882. William E. Sterling played Uncle Tom, a deep-voiced, heavy-set man, who said amusing things with a serious face. His wife, Marie Wellesley, played Marie St. Clair. Eight years afterward we were in their stock company for a year in Minneapolis at the Standard Theater, but my one vivid memory of Miss Wellesley is delivering the race speech in London Assurance. She played Lady Gay Spanker, and seemed to me delightfully vivacious and sparkling in it. My mother and she were close friends. Hattie Starr played Topsy and taught me the song and breakdown:

Ise de gal what never was born,
Aunt Sue raised me on de corn;
'Specs Ah growed up some dark morn,
Ching-a-ring-a-ring-a-ricket.

Le'l' Miss Eva, kind and fair,
Says if I'm good I will go there;
But I tell her I don't care;
Ching-a-ring-a-ring-a-ricket.

Madame Janauschek

Some years afterward she wrote the famous song, The Alabama Coon, and I still have a diminutive crocheted petticoat in rainbow tints that she made for me between scenes in the dressing room. The young lawyer was played by Wallace Reid's father, Hal Reid, a tall, cheerful young man with curly blond hair in a tangled roll on his forehead. I do not know who was Simon Legree, but he looms out of the past as a terrific person in high black boots and broad-brimmed felt hat, cracking a blacksnake whip over the crouching Uncle Tom. It seemed to me as if everyone made a good deal of noise, and the audience looked like oval spots of light, ring on ring, like bubbles blown upside down from a pipe, with no apparent bodies.

My favorite actors in this company were three trained dogs, bloodhounds with haughty eyes and heavy undershot red jaws, Sultan, Cæsar and Monarch. They were starred in The Old Cross, or The Dogs of the Forest, and also in The Danites.

On an old playbill there is a notation below the cast which reads:

"The wonderful dogs, Sultan, Cæsar and Monarch, for which Buffalo Bill makes a standing offer of $5000, or $3000 for Sultan alone, take part in the play. To see these wonderful dogs is worth the price of admission."

On the morning before rehearsal the dogs were taken for their airing by a boy named Reddy. I loved to feed them lumps of sugar and ride on their backs, hanging to their huge brass-spiked collars, followed by children along the streets. At night, in the ice scene, when they were released to trail the runaway slaves, I dreaded hearing them bay and having myself and my mother chased by them even when I knew it was not real danger. But it didn't seem friendly. One night I took some lumps of sugar in my hand just as we were going on stage. I had saved them from the hotel bowl at supper, and when the dogs were plunging and straining at their chains I hid the sugar under the shawl I was wrapped in until we were at the middle of the stage in the midst of the heaving ice cakes. The dogs are let loose just as Eliza and her child reach the opposite shore in the upper right entrance. As they leaped on the stage, baying, with great open red jaws, and the violins deepened their tremolo, I held out my hand to them with the lumps of sugar in it and they were delighted. They understood at once and all stopped baying, leaping up to get the sugar. My mother hastened off stage, but there was laughter out front, and I heard Mr. Sterling asking hoarsely what ailed the dogs.

I think that Reddy must have saved me from punishment somehow, but the next morning he gave me my first lesson in realistic acting.

"When you're out in front," he said seriously, "you mustn't think of anything in the world but just acting, and dogs mustn't either."

The company had a long route ahead after New England and I was sent home to the farm where I was born, at Pascoag, Rhode Island. It was a small village then, dependent on mills for its prosperity, and lying about thirty miles, I think, northwest of Providence. I remember we lived on a hill two miles out of town and overlooking a valley with a river and wide tumbling horseshoe falls. There was a sawmill within hearing, and I loved to run down the road and find it. The big circular saw hummed its way through traveling logs and sent showers of sawdust into the air like tangible sun motes.

Ideal Life Under a Matriarchy

THE place had about ninety acres, with a large square house. It had been painted russet red, but this had worn off, leaving weathered silver-gray clapboards overgrown with roses and honeysuckle vines. It had three ells built on as afterthoughts, one used as a woodshed, one as a storeroom and one as a tool shed. There was a cornerib, built high on rock piling, where guinea hens and turkeys took refuge from the sunlight. It stands today on its hilltop, overlooking three states, with rambling stubbly fields leading back to an old family burial plot, and beyond this thirty acres of white pine which has not been cut since Centennial year. I used to sit by the open kitchen fireplace with its two Dutch ovens, and Windsor chairs on either side, and listen to all the important events that had happened there, and wish that I had been born a few years earlier.

In the pine woods one crept under the hemlock branches and found arbutus in the spring, hiding under pine needles. You had to trace it by its fragrance, I discovered. At one place was a stone altar on a granite ridge. Steps had been hewed in the rock, and one could climb up to the top and see where the stone was hollowed out. People said the Indians had made sacrifices there. I don't know about the truth of this. It made a good bird bath and drinking place. If one sat perfectly still in those pine woods, deer would come and go like stealthy shadows, and gray squirrels came fearlessly up to one, and mother partridges and quail paraded their progeny through the hazel and alder underbrush.

When I was very small, there lived in this old house a regular matriarchy of female relatives, my great-great-grandmother, Betsy Benchley Mills, a step-great-grandmother, Caroline, and various relatives who came and went like characters in a play; an Aunt Fanny, from Richmond, Virginia, who always spoke softly and dressed richly; a Great-aunt Amy from North Providence, who arrived laden with bundles, gifts for everyone, and seed corn and squash. The kitchen would be marvelously littered up when Aunt Amy arrived, but I loved her dearly. She usually brought me stuffed animals that she had cut out of flannel and buttonholed around, amazing zoölogical specimens that could never have been found on land or sea.

There were many cousins, too, but these are shadowy in memory except a gallant figure in lavender trousers and a flowing cravat, Cousin Eugene, from Boston; and a tall spare Cousin Maria Angell, whom I always regarded with mingled doubt and gratitude. One day I swallowed a codfish bone at dinner, and she seized me promptly and rammed a long forefinger down my throat and saved my life. Another time I took a flat-bottomed rowboat and went out after water lilies in the pond when I had been sent to gather pine cones in a basket for kindling. I fell out of the boat, but my starched pink petticoats kept me afloat like an opened parasol until the hired man rushed down and rescued me. It happened that the first hands I fell into were Cousin Maria's, and she took the family law into them. It was the first thorough and conscientious spanking I had ever received, and I did not care for her afterward, although I am sure she was an estimable lady.

As far as I could see, all husbands appeared to have passed on. The old home remained, a legacy to which all had a claim. Great-great-grandmother was ninety-five and sat all day in a high-backed winged armchair in the south chamber upstairs. She was very thin and fragile, like the old white porcelain set of dishes in the parlor china closet. She had been a Quakeress. Perhaps I should say she was a Quakeress, for she always spoke to me with "thee" and "thou," and dressed in dove-gray silk with long gray-satin streamers to her little lace cap. The cap seemed to me wrong for a Quakeress to wear, even at ninety-five; it was so becoming and so airy looking on her soft white puffs. Her feet I never saw. They were always covered by her long full skirts as they rested on a little haircloth-covered footstool. She wore a white lawn apron, fresh each morning, with pockets, and these were filled with pink and white round peppermint lozenges and dried arrowroot. On the little three-legged candle stand beside her was her knitting. All she did daily was to knit and read her Bible alternately. She knit stockings for the entire family, around and around, without ceasing, from herself down to me. Mine always had a little green vine running up one side and I used to wonder how she ever put it there.

Fig. Tommaso Salvini

Miss Forrester's Mother as Billie Piper in The Danites. In Circle — The Author at Twelve Years of Age

Foreigners in the Family Circle

SOMETIMES I would open her door very softly and look in at her, and she would look over her brass-rimmed spectacles and smile at me. She kept her silver-rimmed ones for the Sabbath. When I came in she would give me some of her candy and arrowroot and let me talk to Jolly Roger, the old pink-and-gray parrot that swung in a ring near her. On the small panes of her windows were scratched quotations from the Bible. "Trust in God," they said; and "Fear Not," and "God is Love." I asked Great-grandmother Caroline how they got there, and she said that Great-great-grandmother Betsy had written them on the glass with the point of a diamond. I wondered where the diamond was, but did not ask.

Hidden in the ruffled chintz around her chair were deep pockets filled with rolls of lace and ribbons and patchwork pieces, but I never saw her touch these. Once I asked her if I would have a chair like that when I was ninety-five, and she laughed for the first and only time while I knew her. A little while after this she gave me a doll's chair exactly like hers, made out of covered cardboard, and it even had pockets in its ruffles. The stitches on it were so small you could hardly detect them. I believe they found her asleep in the chair when I was five years old, and she never wakened.

Her son had been my great-grandfather, Abram Standish Mills, and even then I realized that nobody on the Mills side of the family approved of the theatrical profession. It was when I was five that I found out about certain mysteries in the family: Why my grandmother was not there all the time, and why we three, she and my mother and myself, seemed like altogether different people from these older members of the family.

It was one day when I was lying in a patch of sunlight on an oval-braided rug in the south entry with Spring, the brown-and-white setter, for a pillow.

I heard great-grandmother say, "You know, I never did take to foreign folks, Martha."

There were words passed back and forth, but I did not catch them. I only wondered who the foreign folks were. I always liked Great-grandmother Caroline. She had sandy hair wound into a tight knot at the back of her head, and pale-blue eyes with amber-colored lashes. She hummed hymns as she worked around the house, and when she was annoyed she only said "Thunderation!" under her breath. She seemed to me almost aggravatingly placid when grandmother was home.

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ASK FOR MR. SMITH

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

AFTER a long period of fears and uneasy speculations, I now have come to believe that I am a success in my chosen profession. I am, beyond a doubt, definitely advancing toward the coveted goal. I am slowly emerging as a high-class and recognized scenario writer, a fashioner of photoplays in Hollywood, and the reason I know this is that I have just been fired again. This makes the fifth time I have been cast adrift without pay. Five leading studios have, at various times, led me to the front gate, and five general managers have told me in so many words that I would never do; that I might qualify in other lines of human endeavor, but that as a scenario composer and shaper of subtitles, I certainly seemed to be the world's flattest tire.

In the ordinary marts of trade, it is a reflection upon a man's character and skill to be dismissed from the service by a chill-voiced employer. A dejobbed bookkeeper, for instance, is naturally expected to, and does go gloomily home to inform his sobbing wife that they are ruined because he has been given the gate. A motorman who has been forcibly removed from his platform and had his crank handle taken away from him for running down too many flivvers a day has grave trouble landing another job, and a dismissed ship's captain must find it exceedingly difficult to pick up another berth, with no letter of recommendation, and only bitter words behind him.

Opposed to all this, a discharged scenario writer stands in a vastly different light, and the history of the business proves that no continuity man can ever amount to anything until he has been let out by at least four of the leading studios in Hollywood. Wherefore, I say, I am sitting pretty. My day is dawning and my next job, when I get it, will probably pay me at least fifty a week more.

To be sure, I am still grieved about Isobel -full name, Isobel Keller—and I can plainly see I made a mistake in not speaking my mind when the impulse first seized me.

Isobel was my assistant during the brief tenure of my last position, and nobody ever had a better one. She is tall, fair, quiet, efficient and self-possessed, and her conversation is worth hearing, especially when she is discussing the proper way to wind up a tough outdoor sequence. Her eyes are brown and friendly, and she still wears her hair the old-fashioned way, which makes her a rather startling figure in what has been laughingly called the film capital. It was purely by accident and good luck that she became my aide, and we worked together smoothly upon several pictures for Mr. Mather, the head of the studio bearing his name.

Mr. Mather is not a brilliant man or an idealist, but he is a successful producer. He makes motion pictures to make money, and has no other object. His grizzled head is not in the clouds, and he cares less than nothing about making a good picture, or a picture that may possibly lead men and women on and up to nobler things. Consequently, he has certain definite standards and unshakable opinions, and is regarded in the trade as a shrewd, farseeing fellow.

I was employed by the Mather studio for six months without achieving monumental success, turning out a steady quantity of work, some of which was used. I gathered, in time, the impression that Mr. Mather was dissatisfied with me, regarded me as a mediocre scenario writer and felt that his organization might be able to stagger along without me. I was surprised when the company decided to make a drama based upon the book, Coral, which is not the Mather style, or anywhere near it; and even more surprised when Mr. Mather sent for me and gave me the assignment.

"Do your best with this," he suggested, after outlining the project and telling me who was to shoot it and who would play the various parts.

"How long have I?" I asked.

"Two weeks," he said briskly. "We're in a hurry."

"Then," I said, "I would like to have Miss Keller again. She helped me before and I feel that I can work best with her."

"Very well," said he. "I'll see that you have her. Get at this thing immediately and rush it through. And I don't mind telling you, Parkman, that if you fall down this time, your job is gone. You have had plenty of opportunity with this studio, but you haven't come through."

I Saw Him the Other Day, on the Boulevard, and He Was Looking Jolly and Prosperous, Sitting Back in His Large, Blue Limousine

"I will this time," I said confidently, because I happened to be familiar with Coral, and loved it. I likewise knew about the great man who wrote it and whose life has been an inspiration to lesser souls. In fact, because I was the only employe of the studio who knew anything of Henry James Colburn, the novelist, I believe I was selected to do the continuity, despite what Mather thought of my feeble abilities.

I already knew the character of Coral, and when I found that Mather contemplated a drama of the South Seas, with Perry Crowder playing the lead, I wondered over the mental process of producers. Perry is broad in his methods, and leans to mugging and pulling chairs from under people. I was further shocked to learn that the opus would be directed by Robert Peel, a man whose methods are devoid of subtlety.

Bob Peel never in his life read a line by Henry James Colburn or any other good novelist. He peruses sporting newspapers, and could not possibly read anything over five hundred words long. It is his directorial custom to have things read aloud to him by his suffering assistant. All film dramas made by Mr. Peel are about the same in texture, and he could make The Flood, Uncle Tom's Cabin and Little Women with the same cast, following the same formula, winding up each with the son patting his mother's gray head.

I realized, considering all this, that I had been given a touchy job.

Miss Keller and I began the Coral assignment at the studio and presently moved over to the sunny offices of Bill Sutherland, the movie sales agent, who has plenty of idle desk room and whose offices on Hollywood Boulevard are always silent as a tomb, because Bill is never in them. Here was an ideal place to work and think, and Mather approved of the idea, especially when I assured him it would contribute to the speed of the enterprise. Miss Keller agreed too.

We plunged into the first treatment, which is always the hardest going.

"This may be my final outburst," I said, the morning we started. "Unless we ring the bell, Mr. Mather has hinted that my name may be stricken from the roll."

"Then let us do a fine job," she said heartily. "This isn't such a tremendous task and you have certainly tackled harder things in the past."

Isobel is a smiling, sunny soul and is four years younger than myself. During our days of business association, I have often found great comfort in just looking at her, particularly when things were going wrong, but I have always conscientiously refrained from gestures of a sentimental sort.

I have never at any time tried to hold her hand, and I have never invited her out to lunch, though I often thought of doing so. Contemplating a lonely evening, I occasionally was tempted to ask her if she would go to a theater with me, but I invariably put the thought aside.

The notion often occurred to halt the job of dictating long shots and close-ups and to ask her suddenly, out of a clear sky, "Miss Keller, what would you think about marrying me and struggling along?"

I could always imagine the look of intense astonishment that would follow. As a wife I knew Isobel would be a success, because she is a success as a young, unmarried citizen. She has certain definite and lovely qualities. Her character is a strong, vigorous one. Her personality is charming. Her manners are perfect and she has a delightful smile, which doesn't entirely fade even when she is speaking to objectionable persons and studio pests.

However, my affairs in Hollywood have always been precarious. I have not yet arrived, though I am sure to eventually, and my financial standing is shaky almost to the point of epilepsy. I have so far supported myself in modest living conditions, but I am sure I could not support a wife in any comfort, not at least until the demand for my peculiar gifts grows warmer.

The book Coral was a leisurely South Seas romance and filled with the strange, colorful material that has made a world name for Henry James Colburn. I could imagine other studios making the picture, but not ours; I could fancy other actors playing the leading rôle, but not the wide-mouthed Perry Crowder; and while I knew of directors who might fashion the exotic incidents of Coral into a stirring movie, certainly Bob Peel was not among them. Bob is a respectable man, but he is mentally unwashed. His education was sketchy. His travel has been limited to one trip East as far as Albuquerque, and he has no more of the spiritual in him than a car of pig iron going south.

I fought with the problem for two days, losing valuable time and fretting with the details of an opening sequence, and at ten o'clock on the third morning, the door of Bill Sutherland's office opened and a gray-haired man walked in.

I glanced up and said "Hello" to Mr. Pinkerton Smith, whom I knew but slightly. He bowed.

Pinkerton Smith is a literary specialist who has arrived. He is not precisely a novelist, yet I suppose one would call him an author, for he writes articles, books and tales of the South Seas; and of nothing but the South Seas. He is an unquestioned authority, a successful expert, and, having plenty of time, he has been idling in California for many months, buying a bit of real estate now and then, and visiting the studios, where he is received respectfully.

"Good morning, Henry," he said cheerily, though he scarcely knows me. "These are nice offices of yours."

"They are not my offices. They belong to Bill Sutherland."

"Nice anyhow," he said.

He then discoursed aimlessly for a moment, looking out of the windows and chatting of this and that. I expected him to go, but he lingered. An inspired flash came to me. Here stood a man who knew the South Seas. Here was a fellow who personally knew Henry James Colburn and who had traveled with that famous one in the far-away islands of the world. Would it not be a splendid thing to have Mr. Smith help me in the preparation of my important script, my script which would either make or break me? It would.

"Mr. Smith," I said eagerly, and he must have seen the change in my manner, "you happen to know Henry James Colburn?"

"Certainly. Left him in Paris a year ago, where he's been laid up with rheumatism. Fine fellow. Why?"

"You know his book, Coral?"

"Do I! I gave him a good part of the stuff. His fourth chapter is a talk I made to him one afternoon on a train running out of Chicago."

"Mr. Smith," I continued earnestly, "I am now engaged in trying to do the book over into a motion-picture scenario. It is important that I produce a fine continuity. Do you think that you could spare the time to make a few suggestions?"

"No," he said immediately and firmly. "Certainly not."

I sank. Gone was the sudden dream.

"I'm sorry," I said. "Might I ask ——"

"Because I detest motion-picture work. I am a recognized author, and scenarios give me a pain. Sorry, Parkman, but I couldn't do it—really."

He paused and seemed to be upon the verge of departure, but he did not go, for at that moment, at that exact instant, when he was telling me how sorry he was, the door opened and Isobel Keller entered. She was clad in a summery thing of pink and a dashing hat with a buckle. He glanced at her.

"This," I said, looking at Isobel, "is Mr. Pinkerton Smith, Miss Keller."

They bowed. The telephone rang immediately. It was Mr. Mather and he asked if I could come at once to the studio for a hasty conference on costumes, and excusing myself, I rushed off, leaving my secretary with Mr. Smith, whose intention of immediate departure appeared more or less to have dissolved.

In thirty minutes I was back at my borrowed office. Mr. Smith looked up as I entered, and his aspect was a bit more genial. "Parkman," he said, "I have been talking over this stunt of yours with Miss Keller. It presents a number of very puzzling angles."

"It does," I agreed.

"I had no notion that scenario work was so interesting. You asked me a while ago if I thought I could help you. Looking into the thing more thoroughly, I find that I certainly can, because no man alive knows Henry James Colburn as I do. No living man knows the South Seas as I do—not even Colburn himself. I will be glad, Parkman, to give you the benefit of my advice and knowledge."

"Thank you," I said enthusiastically. "I shall be happy to pay you anything you think proper."

"No pay, Parkman," he assured me, with a light gesture. "This is the sort of job that allures me from the artistic side. This novel, Coral, is a remarkable work and to put it upon the screen interestingly, keeping in all the rare Colburn touches, is a task that repays itself by merely being well done."

"Right you are," I said cordially.

I thanked him again, and when I happened to glance across at Isobel I saw that she was listening with eager girlish intensity to everything he said.

Of course, I am not a complete imbecile, though it has been audibly doubted in some of the studios. I perceived in a moment, as any man would, that Mr. Pinkerton Smith was not fascinated by the artistic task of transmuting Coral to the silver sheet, but by the brown eyes of Isobel Keller. Smith is no longer a young man, and never was handsome. He is pudgy and slightly florid. His hair is a shade of bathhouse gray, and wavy, and he leans to a semisloppy mode of dress designed to lend emphasis to his sterling independence of character. He affects a certain boyishness when dealing with women, and it may be that this juvenility deceives, but it never fooled me.

I had heard, with others, that there was, somewhere in the remote fastnesses of the East, a Mrs. Smith, a retiring background figure, who no longer stood in Mr. Smith's path as he strode relentlessly up and onward to glory. Some said Mr. Smith had divorced Mrs. Smith and that she was now running a boarding house in Baltimore, while others declared he had merely pushed her aside, as one pushes anything aside that irritates one or interferes with one's constitutional liberties and personal freedom.

Mind you, I knew no facts, and I hope I am not a low-minded fellow, given to puddling in the less savory details of other men's family affairs.

Mr. Pinkerton Smith, as far as an observer could tell, was now a gayish dog of an author, and gave lively parties at his detached bungalow.

He transfixed little groups of wide-eyed women by telling them oracular facts about their souls, and the color of their auras, and so he was popular. However, his personal affairs concerned me not at all, and I was delighted to hear him grow enthusiastic over the Colburn book. But I was not fooled in the least.

"When do you wish to begin?" I inquired.

"At once," he said. "Let's jump into this."

We immediately plunged into Coral, with Isobel taking copious notes, and as we throbbed along she offered suggestions, a word here, a word there, all of them excellent.

Coral is, as a book, a romantic tale, with a beautiful woman for its heroine, and for its hero a beach comber, unbelievably dissolute, who rises to real heights before the end. It has pages of moonlight nights and motionless seas. Natives beat tom-toms. Shadowy figures creep through the dense tropical tangle, carrying long knives, and assuring each other that they will carve a white man before morning. Men are murdered, ships are wrecked and the beautiful heroine marries the reformed beach comber just as the latter dies, with a word on his lips about his old home in Surrey.

Informed people say that Coral is really Colburn's finest work, and when I thought of Mr. Mather, and Bob Peel, and Perry Crowder, who is getting fat, I concluded that here was a novel that would have to be hugely changed in the making, and let the book readers howl to heaven later.

"As I see it," I remarked to my conferee, "we will have to go at this from a comedy angle."

"No," Smith said, looking at Isobel and apparently concentrating. "There is little of comedy in Colburn that would be suitable on the screen. You must remember, my boy, that a novel is one thing, but your magic lantern is quite another."

"True," I said. "And you might remember that there is little in Perry Crowder that isn't comedy. You must bear in mind that the man who plays our leading part does comedy better than anything else. As a straight actor, Perry is a sad sight."

"Nevertheless," argued Mr. Smith, lighting his pipe, "there is an epic sweep to this tale that would be utterly ruined unless we handle it seriously and skillfully. Colburn is a deep man."

"Maybe, but these gentlemen at the studio are not so deep."

There was one reference in the book to a native god in the form of an idol, and I had seized hold of the god, and for my own purposes made it into a portable statue, cumbrous and large, but still movable. My hero came home, in my tentative outline, and found this god in his sitting room, where it had been carried by the villain. Instantly the tribes arose, vowing vengeance upon the thief. The hero and his faithful retainer, realizing that possession meant death, began a series of rapid adventures, and each incident was a deliberate gag, or bit of hokum, without the slightest sense to it, ludicrous and faintly insane, but, as I beheld it, mildly funny.

They dumped the statue into a near-by river and went happily home, only to find the thing back in the sitting room when they arrived. They burned the image, or tried to. They hurled it from mountain tops, tossed it into volcanoes, placed it aboard departing steamers, sank it at sea, blasted it with dynamite, buried it in the earth, left it here and left it there, and in forty different and ineffectual ways tried to be rid of it, always without success. Invariably it turned up safe, sound and grinning, with the hero tearing his hair, and possibly, I thought, with the audience smiling.

All this I submitted hopefully to my collaborator, reading from my notes.

"No," he said definitely and firmly.

"Why not?"

"It won't do. You are off on the wrong foot, Henry. This tale is not a comedy, and, in fact, its very grimness is what makes it great. You cannot chuck comedy into it without destroying the texture. This statue business is simply farce, and not very good farce. It certainly is not Colburn, and it isn't Coral by many miles."

"One moment," I begged

"No," he said firmly, "what we want to do is to stick close to the book. Make your picture from Colburn's material and forget this slapstick nonsense. After all, who are you to be touching up the work of a great artist? Am I right, Miss Keller?"

He glanced at our secretary.

"I think you are," she said.

"You see," he smiled.

I protested feebly and indicated that we would have to consider the caliber of the men who would make the photoplay. I showed Smith that Mr. Mather produced commercial pictures and nothing

"This," I said, looking at Isobel, "is Mr. Pinkerton Smith, Miss Keller"

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VINEGAR

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

Something Clicked in His Brain. The Rehearsed Speech Slid Back Into His Throat, the Cheerful Grin Dissolved Into an Uncompromising Glower

STRETCHING out a sullen arm to throttle his chortling alarm clock, Mortimer Dill found himself once more in the clutch of an ancient foe. Instead of waking joyously to the challenge of the newborn day, he greeted it with a sleepy scowl; for a moment, as the clock subsided to its clucking undertone, he poised it overhead, all but yielding to the impulse that urged him to toss it peevishly through the window. Mastering this in the very nick of time, he compressed his lips and swung himself resolutely out of bed, now fully aware of his danger.

His frame of mind, he realized, was even worse than usual. Normally he woke to find himself in a merely passive state of discontent, a mood that looked forward to the day's activities without pleasure, to be sure, but without any very definite hostility or rebellion. Today he was not only fast in the grip of congenital gloom but he was distinctly aware of a desire to stay there, of certain dismal pleasure in his melancholy and a corresponding distaste for its cure.

The crinkled glass above the golden-oak bureau beside the window reflected a visage wholly dedicated to melancholy. He contemplated it with a defiant sympathy even while he diagnosed it as an alarming, confirmatory symptom. Dog-gone it, when that face undertook to look grouchy it certainly made a first-rate job of it!

He reached for the brilliant orange envelope in the corner of the frame, his hand moving reluctantly, as a hand driven rebelliously to the medicine bottle. For a moment he even dallied with the thought of skipping the dose this morning, of going downstairs feeling exactly as he did now, of carrying this agreeably atrabilious humor to the office and out on his daily round of calls. The idea tempted him so insidiously that he was frightened. He snatched at the envelope and tore it open.

A sheet of bright bond paper unfolded under his sullen gaze—paper the color of a buttercup in the sun. Typewritten words greeted him:

"Hello, there, Pickles!"

Mortimer Dill's brows drew together. It was a pity he'd filled out that line in the questionnaire, even though Glad-Man Grinnegan had made a particular point of knowing his nickname. Ever since his first day at school it had annoyed him to be addressed as Pickles. Of course, just as Mr. Grinnegan's prospectus explained, these daily Gloom Chasers worked better if they called you by your nickname, but there was something about Pickles that sort of rubbed you the wrong way, even after answering to it for practically all your life. Mortimer Dill's eye moved on to the body of the letter.

"Get outside of this Joy Jingle, old socks; it's guaranteed to be good for what ails you. Got it out of a book by a bird named Browning:

"Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world!

"There! I guess that's poor, eh? I guess this bird Browning wasn't one of us Glad Guys himself when he got that one off his chest, eh? I'll tell the cross-eyed world he said a paragraph, and I don't mean perhaps!"

Mortimer Dill suppressed a sour desire to say "Huh!" You had to swallow these Gloom Chasers in a receptive spirit or there wasn't any sense in paying Glad-Man Grinnegan five dollars a month for sending them. Just the same he had his private opinion of any poet who could get all keyed up because it was seven A.M. The thought came to him that this bird Browning wouldn't have been so dog-gone glad about it if he'd had to go out and sell paper to a lot of piking little printers. He put it sternly from him and read on:

"Come on, now, let's give those old Grin Muscles their daily dozen. Look in the good old glass and let's see all those back teeth! Come on, now! Make 'em stretch!"

Mortimer Dill obeyed. Twelve times he confronted the reflection of his rear molars. Usually it was an effective exercise, but today the twelfth performance was as perfunctory as the first. He shook his head. This was serious. If the Gloom Chaser didn't work —— He read on hastily:

"All set for today's Grinogram? Here goes: There was an Irishman working on a skyscraper and he fell off the thirty-second story. As he was going past the fifth floor the foreman yelled, 'Look out, Pat, or you'll get hurt.' 'Be jabers,' says Pat, 'I'm all right so far, annyhow!'

"There! Roll that one up in your cigarette and see how you like it!"

Mortimer Dill went conscientiously through the motions of the big grin, but the anecdote somehow centered his attention rather on Pat's unreported arrival at the ground level than on his enviable cheerfulness en route. It occurred to him that none of the Irishmen of his own acquaintance were addicted to saying either "Be jabers" or "Begob," favorite exclamations in so many of these Grinograms. He continued to Mr. Grinnegan's hortatory climax:

"Come on, now! We're going out and Win with the Big Grin. Fix that face right! Remember that you can't catch flies with vinegar!"

As he shaved and dressed Mortimer Dill discovered with mounting alarm that it was impossible to force himself into accord with this wholesome philosophy. Even a third reading of the Gloom Chaser failed to induce anything but a clumsy counterfeit of the big grin. The face in the wavy mirror conveyed, notwithstanding the revelation of all four wisdom teeth, an unmistakable suggestion of that final word: "Vinegar!"

Mortimer Dill was frightened. He actually liked the acidity of that face; the muttered word left on his tongue and lip a grateful, biting tang.

He realized that the case was very serious this time. If he went to work in this mental state there was no telling what would happen. He felt himself capable of anything—of telling A. W. Lerner, for instance, exactly where he got

off instead of accepting his overbearing attitude with a suitably appeasing and deferential big grin. Some of those customers, too, dog-gone 'em! Dill was startled by the intensity of that sudden desire to tell a few of them something more pungently vinegary than any anecdote about Pat and Mike.

It might be better to take a day off. He decided against the idea after some thought. A. W. Lerner would only be nastily sarcastic about his health, and there were two or three orders that ought to be about ripe too. Besides, this mood would probably wear off anyway. He could take the Gloom Chaser along and read it over a few more times on the way down.

He descended through a thickening aroma of last night's cabbage. Miss Paige was visible at her place opposite his own as he came down the final flight, and the sight of her, as usual, ministered to his depression. Even without preliminary exercise he would not have found it difficult to assume a big grin as he greeted her, and he made one ready now, with only a slight resistance on the part of his facial muscles.

It was, however, wasted on Miss Paige. She did not lift her glance from its unfriendly contemplation of the folded newspaper beside her cup. The fine line scored between her eyebrows deepened a little and the voice that echoed Mortimer Dill's good morning conveyed, unmistakably, a suggestion of vinegar—vinegar, to be sure, of a delicate, ethereal bitterness, but vinegar notwithstanding.

Ordinarily this would have been no more than a challenge to Mortimer Dill. Morning after morning, ever since that first memorable encounter at this very table, he had responded to this curdling of look and tone with his very biggest and gladdest grin; not once had he given Edna Paige a chance to guess that at heart Mortimer Dill was nothing but a natural-born gloom, a crape-hanging kill-joy fit to be classed with A. W. Lerner himself. He was not entitled, he knew, to any very large measure of applause on this account. Notwithstanding Miss Paige's baffling failure to thaw in the relayed sunniness of Glad-Man Grinnegan, there was about her something that made it, usually, almost an easy task for Mortimer Dill to be sincerely cheerful in her presence.

He was dimly conscious, this morning, that good humor demanded a distinct effort on his part. The voice in which he informed her that the morning was at seven and the hillside pearled with dew lacked spontaneity, and the effect of the announcement upon Miss Paige was disappointing. The eyebrows drew visibly nearer together; the corners of her mouth turned sharply downward; she moved her head in a brief, dismissing gesture and continued to give her attention rather pointedly to the paper.

Mortimer Dill was aware, now, of a definite endeavor on the part of his features to rearrange themselves in the comfort of a scowl. Dismissing the unworthy thought that he had as much right to that paper as anybody else, he returned manfully to the attack, achieving a prefatory chuckle that had only a mildly hollow sound.

"Heard the one about the Irishman that fell off the thirty-second story and ——"

Miss Paige's indisposition to anecdote was so patent that he left the question in the air. Again he felt his face attempting to sneak into a frown. He triumphed with a mighty effort over the familiar provocation of lumpy oatmeal.

"Dora Delight's at the Palace tonight," he ventured. "Care to go? I hear this new picture's a knock-out."

"No, thank you." If anybody else had used that tone Mortimer Dill could have described it as just plain snooty, and even when it emanated from Miss Paige it generated a perceptible heat at the tips of his ears. He compressed his lips. A little later, when he felt that his voice was again amenable to discipline, he risked a perfectly innocent question. It was manifest that the slight intensification of Miss Paige's frown was due to something she was reading; there couldn't be any harm in asking her about that.

"Anything wrong?" She laughed in a key singularly unamiable. "Oh, no—not from your point of view. Of course you've got to stand up for those petty thieves at City Hall no matter what they do. Honest John Smalley is just running true to form again, that's all."

"Smalley's all right." Mortimer Dill felt the grateful rasp of his voice upon vocal cords that had been resigned to buttery smoothness. "He's giving the city the best administration it's ever had. The whole trouble's with a few soreheads who ——"

"Oh, indeed!" Miss Paige lifted a glance in which something glittered like a joyously unsheathed sword, but it was her tone that chiefly influenced Mortimer Dill. His ear translated it more accurately than her choice of words. He had a dim memory of a spiteful little girl with pigtails who had chanted, in just that very key, a singularly provocative refrain. He seemed to hear Miss Paige saying it.

"Is—that—so-o-o?"

"Yes, that's so!" He elaborated the affirmation with pungency and force, and was borne on the flood of his eloquence to a reference to women in politics that brought Miss Paige gracefully to her feet.

"I'm awfully sorry that I can't stay and listen to the rest of that speech, Mr. Dill. Sometime, when there's no hurry, you must go on and tell some more of your high opinions of my intelligence."

Mortimer Dill's madness lifted as the screen door slapped, but horror froze him in his chair for just the few, fatal instants that made disaster absolute. He reached the porch in time to see Miss Paige on the platform of a moving trolley; its flat wheels pounded a dooming message:

"Now you've done it—now you've done it!"

Mortimer Dill did not deceive himself. He knew, beyond any possibility of illusory hope, that the departing trolley bore out of his life, forever and forever, all that might have made it worth the living. And as he realized that the loss was irreparable he seemed to discover, for the first time, its dreadful magnitude. Never till now had he understood that Miss Paige was far more than merely desirable; only now that she was forever out of reach did it dawn upon him that she was—was necessary.

Despair submerged him, a despair so profound that it drowned all lesser feeling, drugged him against the minor misery and indignity of the crowded platform on which, presently, he rode downtown: a toy for the conflicting whims of momentum and inertia that quarreled playfully over him like two puppies worrying a rag doll, that flung him forward against other men only to jerk him back to be jostled by those behind. Nothing less than an exquisite physical anguish could have penetrated to his darkened spirit. He cried out as a heel descended on his instep, and thrust savagely at the pulpy chest of the fat man who had suddenly embraced him.

"Take your silly hoof off my foot!"

He saw now that this particular fat man was living evidence in rebuttal of the fallacy that good humor can be

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"You Get Over There and Sit-Down, Hear Me? Sit-DOWN!" Backed, Inch by Unwilling Inch, Mortimer Dill Sat

SHAPES IN LIGHT

By Joseph Hergesheimer

THE bungalows of the Ambassador were so built that they occupied two corners of the groundr opposite the hotel; and practically all the time that I was in Huerta, Pola Negri was living in Reposa, across the lawn. There had been the telegram from her waiting for me when I arrived; and, reading it, I told myself that we would see a great deal of each other. I asked Jesse at once if she were working, and when I heard that she was doing nothing for the moment beyond conducting the decoration of her house, I had a vision of long absorbing hours and talks with her. However, this did not materialize; except for a single dinner, I didn't see her at all. I telephoned to her rooms and no one answered; I telephoned again, and a voice replied with the most incomprehensible and jangled sounds that ever assaulted my hearing. It must be Polish, I thought; but at the same time I could hardly bring myself to believe that human beings—that Pola—were addressed in such dissyllables. Then, across the strip of sod that separated us, I telegraphed, asking when she would be in her rooms. Pola replied at once, setting a time when I would be away. I telephoned her secretary later, and she told me that Miss Negri would be in at five. I was to go out at half past four. And then I had another telegram from her asking me to dinner.

A Transplanted Star

I WAS glad to get it and find that I would be free, for the simple and comprehensible reason that she interested me enormously; I liked her looks, her manner always entertained me, and she was an exceedingly distinguished actress. The latter I knew partly by memory and partly by instinct; for the pictures in which I had seen her had little opportunity for the range, at once narrow and important, of her virtuosity. Pictorially, in the United States, except in rôles obviously false, Pola was limited. Like all people with an endowment of more than mere talent, she could only be and play herself; it was useless to pretend that she was something else; it was futile to believe that she was animated by motives humorously foreign to her appearance and being. She was not good in American settings, except in Southern and historical California, Louisiana; along, perhaps, the sultry lower Mississippi; she belonged, in what she did, to another background. She was a part of stories different from American local tradition.

Yet she had given up Europe, where it was probable there were many rôles suitable in psychology for her, and—very wisely, of course—become a citizen of the United States; she had been welded into the moving-picture industry the word was not mine—of America. A foreign substance, I told myself, that would never be one with the native alloy here. And precisely that was her strength, her validity, the source of what power she had; pressed into the conventional mold of popular approval, of mob ideals, she would have emerged in a renewed but totally worthless shape. For that reason I liked to be with Pola when she was unoppressed by the necessities of her public character; when she could be, broadly, herself. At the moment of writing this I was struck by the enormous discrepancy between what public characters actually were and what was allowed to be on view: privately, they were a thousand times more pungent, more authentic, more admirable. What the public saw was no better than a careful and dishonest dilution of the truth, a story written in words of one syllable for children.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks

PHOTO FROM UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION

Charles Chaplin

Lillian Gish

Everyone knew that life in nothing resembled its representation in moving pictures; a man had but to listen to his own speech, examine any of his genuine thoughts, in order to laugh at the solemn decrepitude of moving-picture titles. Art, I knew well enough, was a selection among reality; moving pictures were an entertainment and not life; but it was precisely as an entertainment that, in holding Pola Negri within the narrow confines of a rigid, a stupid, preconception they were dullest. This, however, was national, and not primarily the fault of the producers of pictures; their principal conception was involved in the responsibility of giving the most people what they most wanted. There was so much money involved in what at bottom was a hazardous investment, and then hazardous investments were required to pay proportionately large dividends.

I found Pola's house, different from Aileen's, without difficulty; a tall white affair with tall columns along the portico—the purest American Georgian of the wooden age—and rang what was obviously the bell of the principal entrance. Nothing happened, and, after a decent interval, I rang again, but without result. Blinds drawn over the lower windows showed a trace of light, but there was no sound from within; and I began to wonder if again I was to miss Pola. Then suddenly her voice—no other could be mistaken for it—came through the wall of the house. It said, "The other door, please"; and, on the side beyond, a maid admitted me.

The Jewels of Pola

I WAS late again, and a number of people had gathered in a long handsome and formal drawing-room in the French taste. Pola was highly elaborate with jewels and pale clinging materials; on her wrist was an emerald which, I was convinced, could not have been weighed in a jeweler's balance, but carried to a grocer's scales; there were other emeralds, and pearls in ropes. She was very impressive, but, I saw at once, semipublic in character; her humor was in eclipse and she moved in a state of dignified cordiality. I lamented this, but it couldn't be helped; the drawing-room contributed its adroit praise and supporting decorum. I heard almost no one's name, but I recognized an official from the Famous Players-Lasky Studio; Ronald Colman was there, the Hungarian—or was he Polish? author of Fata Morgana—almost all playwrights now were Hungarian. There was a tall boy with light hair and tails to his coat; and, at dinner, I sat between Pola and Miss Jeanie Macpherson. Miss Macpherson was with Cecil de Mille, a very important part of his independent enterprise; but we didn't talk about moving pictures; the atmosphere of the occasion was entirely removed from them. It was a dinner of social solemnity. The food, however, could not have been better, the trout were miracles of crisp brown delicacy, and the wine, the wines, the introductory cocktails and concluding liquors were like a dream of the most ample and fastidious past.

After dinner, we descended to a long room, like a billiard room without its tables, where, it was disclosed, we were to see Pola in the picture she had just finished. It was called A Woman of the World, and thrown on the screen was the announcement that it had been suggested by The Tattoood Countess, a novel by Carl Van Vechten. What was to follow I looked forward to with a special anticipation, since it was the first of Carl's books to be made into a moving picture and, from experience, I felt that I would be amazed by the result. The title, it had been discovered, contained elements subversive to the general good of the public, and so the name, The Tattooed Countess, had been changed. In Carl's book, too, the countess had not been far from fifty—it was the story of a woman returning to the place of her birth, perhaps in Iowa, after long sophisticating European years—and it was reasonable, with

Aileen Pringle on the Veranda of Her Hollywood Home

so much invested in Pola's evident youth and charm, for that to be changed as well. It was; the countess miraculously became young, in the full ascending tide of her magnetism; and, confounded—by the inherent probity hidden beneath a regrettable Continental smartness—the district attorney, who had virtuously announced that he'd make it impossible for her to stay in a decent town, ended by successfully, and personally, begging her to remain.

With Pola neatly established in marriage, the play of light on the screen faded and brightness was returned to the room. I was wondering what I would say when a volume of praise drowned that painful necessity; instead I waited to hear Pola's opinion. It was a picture, she asserted, that would be very valuable for her, particularly in small towns which in the past had not been entirely in sympathy with her visualized characters. But afterward, showing me the special aspects of her far from insignificant library, Pola had a brief return of her repressed vital humor.

Nonsense!

WE SAT for a little, while she asked me about an American publisher for a book she had written concerned with moving pictures—it had already appeared in three languages abroad—and, while I was explaining to her the charms and advantages of Alfred and Blanche Knopf, who had me in their care, I was watching Pola's still, white face. The stillness, I realized, was no more than a film of powder, a thin mask that at any moment might be smashed by the passions of feeling behind it. A tragic face, for all the sparkle lurking in it, since inordinate feeling was a bitter and consuming flame; and I understood with what strange dreads, with what black depression, Pola secretly paid for her gifts.

When we returned to the drawing-room it seemed to me that she was already tired of the social mood she had created for herself; the evening had clearly begun to drag on her; and I asked Miss Macpherson if, as I had heard, she was living at the Ambassador. She was, and shortly after, in her car, no less gratifying than the others I had locally come to know, we returned to the hotel.

I was, the following day, even more than commonly puzzled by my apparent inability to reach a practicable conclusion about what constituted an admirable moving picture. A picture that made a great deal of money was the obvious answer; but even that wasn't conclusive. Since they had to do with human conduct, moving pictures could not be regarded in the light of coffee or cigarettes; the opportunity for beauty, it seemed, would not be suppressed; a pantomime by Chaplin, Lillian Gish in a transcendently fine passage, shed a radiance on the rest which showed them to be often tawdry, frequently ignoble. And what complicated my position was the fact that the pictures I liked were almost always highly successful. They made money, as a rule, and brought their producers an instant and universal recognition. Everyone was as eager as possible to discover pictures he could enjoy without actual indignity to his intelligence.

I discussed this with Aileen—we were waiting for lunch to be brought to my rooms, and playing dominoes; and, in place of generalities, I confined my remarks to her. How often do you have a part you can believe in and that offers you the scope of your imagination and experience and belief? I saw you a few nights ago, in the Metro lot, in a scene that was supposed to be at a hunting lodge, a scene utterly moving; but the truth about it was that, except for the effects of light and the portable music, it was nonsense. We were all very much more interested in the sandwiches and coffee you had brought in your car. The sandwiches were actual, but your tears, running finally in black arabesques over your cheeks from the stain on your eyelashes, were as mechanical as the cameras. I don't mean that you didn't cry beautifully, but there was nothing to cry about. It was absurd.

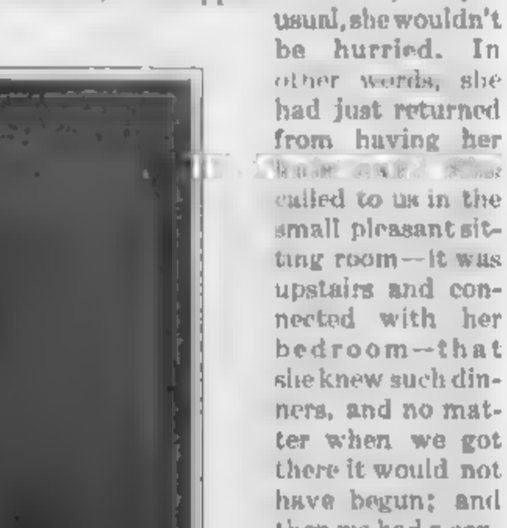
You can't put a four on a blank, she pointed out, and there is lunch. Aileen had ordered scallops. When they arrived I tried one, and she explained that there were none in California; in California, scallops were something else; and I began to complain about that.

Since you knew it, why did you order them? I demanded. And I am going to give up this witless desire to make a moving picture. I am going to tell Sam Goldwyn that and pay my own expenses West. I am no more than a sort of grab bag into which directors put their hands and come out with ideas. To hell with it!

If I took my pot of tea in the other room, we could play dominoes, Aileen replied; although of course it won't put you in a better humor to be beaten again. We played until the dusk blurred the pips on the ivory pieces, and then we heard laughter ascending the stairs.

Farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks

IT WAS Hedda Hopper and Carmelita Geraghty, who had come for tea; Veronica Balfe appeared; and we had champagne with a great deal of ice in tall glasses. The dominoes were put away and I turned to Carmelita, who was wearing orchids and the widest hat in the world. I had met her in New York, for a few moments only, but I had kept a clear memory of her engaging vivid youth. No one could have been younger or more entrancing; and because I wasn't young and nothing was involved, no one could have been more charming to me. Mrs. Balfe, discovering that my cigarette lighter would not work, mended it with a skillful rapidity; she showed me where the fresh flint had been carried; and Hedda made her characteristic refreshing comments. Soon, with four such active feminine interests collected, the conversation swept away from me; and, sustained by a long cigar as extravagant in quality as the rest of my present experience, I listened to the mingling of voices, at once gay and decided.



Carmelita Geraghty

That night I went to the dinner given by the Writers' Club for Douglas and Mrs. Fairbanks on their departure for Europe and the world in general; Jesse was going as well, and took us in his car; we stopped for Aileen; and, as usual, she wouldn't be hurried. In other words, she had just returned from having her hair [illegible] called to us in the small pleasant sitting room—it was upstairs and connected with her bedroom—that she knew such dinners, and no matter when we got there it would not have begun; and then we had a consultation about some flowers I had sent her. The only place they could go was on a shoulder. She tried them there, but in the end we decided against her wearing them at all. The dresses of the present were literally not capable of supporting even a small bouquet.

When we reached the dinner—Aileen was right—no one had yet sat down, and we moved slowly with the throng through the entrance to the dining room. We were

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Pola Negri

THE COUNTRY OF OLD MEN

By
C. E. Scoggins

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM LIEPSE

I Saw His Fierce Dark Eyes, the Thin Blades Whipping Together as if I Had Nothing to Do With It—Needle-Pointed and Six Inches Longer Than the Blades of Foils

VII

THUS suddenly left alone, I hesitated and sat down again. It was pleasant there. In the dim patio I could see and smell the formal masses of flower beds radiating from the fountain. Faint crosses of light marked the four-shuttered windows, but no sounds came to me but the whisper of the night wind and the steady peaceful splash of water. Under the solid sweep of an arch and over the gray shadow of the opposite wall I saw the stars, clear, steady-burning lanterns in the silver sky.

Who was this Ramon Zuñiga, that his name should scatter this friendly family like a shell of poison gas? No friend of theirs, of course; well, he was no friend of mine either. Poor drunken Henry Dowling—what chance had he to buck a man like that? Zuñiga could have killed him and never a word said about it. Oddly enough, I didn't feel sorry for Alice; she was a better man than her father. Her clear childish voice scolding him because she thought he was drunk: "Stand up, papa! You're all right, old-timer. Get up on your legs and walk like a man!" Brave, holding the bloody basin while I washed his battered skull. Tricked into laughter by the idea of a rabbit having a watch or a vest pocket to take it out of. The practical way she'd started to get supper: "You like fried eggs, old-timer?" This baby who was hardly tall enough to see over a brazier—this brave little Alice who had never heard of Wonderland.

And somehow—I don't try to explain it—it all seemed good. This woman-child doing the best she knew, finding the courage to buck circumstances that were hard beyond her childish comprehension. Yes, and this unexplained hostility of the Del Valle family; it was a clew to another of those invisible, intangible, immeasurable currents that swirled about me as they swirl about every living soul. Dimly, sitting there, puffing my pipe and gazing at the changeless stars, I had a picture of human life as a vast interwoven network of those currents, courage and hate and love and hope and fear, weaving—what?

"*Caballero*, a word with you!" That was Rufo, sudden and silent as a shadow; his voice was a tense whisper.

"A hundred," I said indulgently.

"Not here. Have the goodness to follow me."

His feet went silently before me; he opened a door and let me in and shut it quickly. When my eyes had adjusted themselves to the bright light, I saw he had replaced his riding boots with rope-soled canvas slippers. The place was a sort of armory, stone-floored and lighted by four big oil lamps. There was a rack of rifles and shotguns and pistols. In another were the shining slender blades of rapiers and the square slender rods of foils.

"Señor," demanded the boy, "what have you to do with—him?"

"With Ramon Zuñiga?"

"That name is not permitted in this house!"

I didn't grin at his dramatic manner; he would have been mortally offended. Myself, I was too practical to take these feuds very seriously, but he was a Latin and dramatic to the core. Besides, he was only a boy; only eighteen or so.

"So I observe," I answered dryly. "Naturally, I did not know."

"What have you to do with him?"

Briefly I told him what I knew of Ramon Zuñiga. The boy's hostility relaxed; his dark eyes glowed approval.

"You unhorsed and disarmed—him? You are a brave man!"

"Ignorant," I amended. "Is this man so terrible?"

"Next to the Galician beast who sired him, he is the greatest robber, thief, murderer in all Vizcaya!"

In Vizcaya, named for the proud highland province of Biscay in Spain, to call a man Galician is an insult in itself. *Gallego* is a common epithet; I took it as a figure of speech; but it seems that the Zuñigas were actually of Galician blood. It was days before I even heard the name of Teófilo Zuñiga, that venomous paralytic, the Galician father of Ramon; it was many a day before I learned how far the roots of this feud went back into the past. Thirty years?

Yes, and three hundred more.

"Oh," I said, "an outlaw?"

"Not he! If the laws do not please him, he has them changed. He is the richest man in the country. And the lands that make them fat," cried the boy Rufo, gesticulating with a sinewy brown fist, "were ours—of us, *los* Fernandez and *los* Somellera and *los* Del Valle!"

But I didn't remember where I'd heard the name of Somellera. Doña Trini, Rufo's aunt, was a Somellera; Trinidad Fernandez del Valle, widow of Fernandez Somellera—that was the way she'd introduced herself; you know, they speak their own names, complete, when they meet a stranger. A sensible custom, too, when you come to think of it.

"H'm!" I said very thoughtfully indeed. I hadn't used very good judgment in picking a man to antagonize, it seemed. "Tell me, does this Zuñiga own much of the timber in the valley?"

"No. His claws have grasped at things of value—plantations, coffee, *fincas*, mines."

I nodded; Alice had said he'd taken Dowling's mine. Very likely Dowling had neglected his assessment work or something.

"The timber is held to be of little value?"

"Value? It is there for anyone who spends the sweat to cut it."

That was reassuring. Maybe my path wouldn't cross Zuñiga's again. I hoped not. I hadn't come here to buck anybody. I liked the Del Valles and I felt sorry for Dowling, but timber was what I was after.

Rufo, pacing like a restless young panther, took down a rapier and started lunging with it at a leather button on

the wall. I complimented him on his accuracy. It isn't so easy to strike a mark with the end of a three-foot needle as you might think—before you try it.

"You fence, señor?"

"Very badly. I had a few lessons in Guatemala."

"You have seen many countries, *verdad?*"

His eyes were wistful. He put up the rapier and came and sat on the bench with me. Indulgently I named them for him: Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, a little of England, too much of France, a bit of Germany ——

"Spain?" he said wistfully.

"No."

"But the United States, of course?"

"Of course."

"And I," he said bitterly, "have seen Tolobaya, Ciudad Vizcaya, and San Carlos once in the bathing season!"

That was his world, a reach of ninety miles. He asked naïve questions: Were there actually cities so big that trains were needed for travel within their limits? How many thousand feet high was the tallest building in New York? Had I fought in the Great War? Fierce people, the Germans, *verdad?* There was a German coffee planter north of Tolobaya, and he always spoke very fiercely. Had I seen airplanes with my own eyes? The army was said to have two of them at Ciudad Vizcaya, but nobody had seen them fly. Were Frenchwomen very beautiful? There had been a French family at San Carlos, but neither the señora nor her daughters had been beautiful. Did Frenchmen like skinny women? And of course he asked about the scandalous reports concerning American women. Did they receive men alone at night? Did they go out with men unchaperoned? That always seems incredible to Latins. They treat sex as if it were a dangerous explosive. Well, maybe it is; but when you come to think of it, there's nothing much that can be done about it.

"Some day," he vowed, "I too shall travel and see the strange things over all the world!"

I give you my word I envied him, this handsome boy with his fresh young curiosity about the world; soberly I borrowed a thought from Don Fernando's philosophy:

"When you have seen them, they will not be strange."

He spoke no more of the forbidden name, except to ask me not to let his father know we had discussed it.

"*De chico*—when I was small," he said, "he made me swear never to speak that name, never to permit anyone to speak of it in my presence, never to think of vengeance. He is my father, but he loves peace too much!"

"Your father is a very wise man."

"It is easy to be wise," cried the boy Rufo, "when you are old and have no longer any feelings—here!"

There were plenty of feelings in that proud young chest he struck so fiercely; you could see that. . . . All night the murmur of the fountain was confused with the soft hesitant sound of Rita's voice, and I woke wondering about her eyes. Gray, but without a hint of blue; gray, almost black, with little amber lights that came and went. Before coffee I saw her moving in the patio, her graceful figure like a note of music against the silver fountain and the blue-gray shadow of old walls. But when I dressed and went out she only answered my greeting and went away. . . . Eh, well! Ben Murchison—steady, patient old Ben Murchison—was waiting for my report about that timber.

VIII

RUFO betrayed himself, I guess; or else my *mozo* talked. At coffee it was evident that nobody suspected me of undue friendship with Zuñiga. Doña Constanza spoke of the morning as if I deserved the credit for it; Rita's eyes rested on me sometimes as long as a second at a time; even Doña Trini was gracious. Afterward Don Fernando asked me to ride to the coffee *finca* with him. Latins, you know, have no conception of the value of time.

Well, it's easy to waste time out there. What's a day more or less in a place that hasn't changed much in a million years? The hills are never in a hurry. Ocean and sky and growing things follow their steady cycles, returning so surely that it never seems a change. The air, warmed by the sparkle of the rising sun behind us, was fresh and sweet; the feel of earth was great and deep and strong.

"Señor," said Don Fernando gravely, "we were at fault last night. We were rude, discourteous. I must explain to you."

"It is not necessary, sir."

"You have lived long in Latin countries?"

"Eight years."

"Then you know Latin hate, the fire of Latin blood. Myself, I have grown old and learned to be content with honor; but my family—Rufo my son, Constanza my wife, Trinidad my sister—still cherish the bitter thought of vengeance."

"And Doña Rita?" I asked; I don't know why; maybe it was because of that strange sleeping violence in her eyes.

Don Fernando shrugged his shoulders, spread his hands.

"Who knows," he said, "what a young woman thinks? You see them grow up, señor, and one day suddenly they have slipped beyond you. My other daughters I have understood in part; they have married and borne children as a woman should. But she—I do not try to compel her. The truth is, I am afraid. . . . My sister, señor, has much excuse for bitterness. You know the history of my country?"

"Of Vizcaya? No."

All I knew was what Ben Murchison had told me, this yarn of his about the politician named Suarez or Juarez, the beautiful young lady and the young feller who had been executed for a joke; you couldn't call that history. Anyway, that had been thirty years ago.

"She—she has suffered, señor, all that a woman can suffer. The name you spoke will always bring it back to her."

"I am most deeply sorry. Of course I did not know."

"Naturally; you are a stranger. That is why I must explain to you. We are lonely people and a guest is a pleasant thing. You know my house is yours. Yet I must warn you. You will find—him a powerful enemy, and to be my guest will not help your case with him."

The coffee *finca* lies seaward from the hacienda. The ground, here rough and barren, fell away steeply; I saw the terraced green of coffee trees, a cultivated tract surprisingly small by contrast with the bulk of hills and the blue sweep of the Pacific climbing far below. It seemed incredible that the curving white line I saw was the froth of

(Continued on Page 78)

She Sang the Song I Always Thought of as Gus Hardy's Song. It Took Me Back to the Night When I Had Heard It First

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 20, 1926

The American Voice

NOT one in five of us has any conception of the beauty of the mother tongue which is ours by inheritance. It is spoken ill by high and low alike so much oftener than it is spoken well that most of us have but few opportunities to form correct standards of agreeable speech, to train ourselves to distinguish between bad and good, or to school our vocal apparatus into producing the pure resonant tones which delight the fastidious ear.

Over-sea visitors, with charming candor, frequently tell us that we talk through our noses. Some of us do. We share with them not only this defect of speech but a dozen others. Nasality is not an American or even a New England monopoly, any more than universal purity of tone production is characteristic of Old England. Good tones and bad can be heard in every part of the Union and in every layer of society. The worst that can be said of us is that we must like the nasal twang or we should refuse to tolerate it. It is, perhaps, an acquired taste, but it is so firmly rooted that it will take a long time to get rid of it. Consider the voices of the vocalists whom Tin Pan Alley most delights to honor. Many of these singers appear to have attained the wave crest of popularity simply through their ability to use their noses as if they were double-barreled megaphones invented to outbray the foghorn. And yet we listen to them with no thoughts of murder in our hearts.

Much of the nasality observed in the American and British speaking voice is to be found in vowel sounds which precede the true nasals, *m*, *n* and *ng*. Our undisciplined vocal organs allow the breath to escape through the nose while the vowel is being sounded, instead of making it all issue through the mouth until *m*, *n* or *ng* is reached. This common fault may elude the untrained ear, though the ingenious can put together a simple apparatus which will infallibly expose it.

An equally prevalent fault which makes our voices less pleasant than they might be is the production in the back of the throat of tight, flat tones instead of rounded ones placed well forward under the resonating chambers of the nose. As well pack Mr. Kreisler's violin with sand or cotton and ask him to draw from it his magical notes as to expect richness of tone from a set of vocal organs contracted like a clenched fist. Effective public speakers are frequently guilty of this vocal misdemeanor; but as the voice they employ is as penetrating as the bark of a dog on a winter's night and reaches their most distant listeners, they are content.

Much can be done to train the ear by listening critically to public speakers. Does Mr. Toastmaster clip and slight his final *b*'s, *d*'s and *g*'s? Does he hiss every *s* that should be buzzed? Do his final *t*'s sound like so many blow-outs? Does the orator of the evening bark, under the delusion that he is merely speaking? Are his final *p*'s and *t*'s so much alike as to be indistinguishable, and does he make his nose carry the traffic that should be routed through his lips?

By these signs shall ye know him for what he is.

Sinners though we are against purity of tone, we are in no danger of dying of loneliness. Consider how fearful and wonderful is the voice of the London cabby, fathered as it is by gin and mothered by fog. Analyze the tones of the Cockney or of the English rustic of any one of a dozen counties. Talk with American students in Paris who have been forced to apply to some member of the French Academy or to the director of the Comédie Française before they could find an instructor with an intonation of perfect purity. Ask any German singing teacher how well the run of his countrymen speak.

In the past we have been too much engrossed in mighty tasks incident to licking a raw continent into livable shape to consider our speaking voices or to give much thought as to how our speech sounds to others. And yet, the day is not far distant when we shall perceive that the nervous wear and tear of daily life can be materially lessened by not having to listen to human voices which lacerate like violent contact with rusty barbed wire.

Purity of tone and correct articulation will some day become the fashion. They will be taught in schools and colleges. Fine speaking will be more highly esteemed than indifferent singing, for our ears will tell us that there is sweeter music in it. Once the fashion gets a foothold it will spread like some beneficent epidemic, for the passion for self-improvement is just as strong within us today as it was nearly a century ago, when De Tocqueville wrote about it in his book. We need only to be shown.

The effects of conscious effort along these lines will be as practical as they will be pleasant. Insignificant men will loom larger as they speak better. Clergymen will cure themselves of the clerical sore throat which comes not from much preaching, but from misuse of the vocal organs. Political speakers will be easier to listen to. The national ear will become better trained and more discriminating. Plain girls with no knack for dress will find that mellowness of speech and purity of tone will heighten their attractiveness almost as much as beauty and smartness. Colloquial speech, in short, will become a fine art.

On the Outside

THE League of Nations has postponed the proposed conference on disarmament. This is not to be construed as a rebuff to us. It is to be interpreted merely as the expression of the right of action of the League to do its business as it finds best. Gradually thoughtful observers are coming to the conviction that the affairs of Europe are best managed by the European countries, and in their own time and way.

We remained out of the League of Nations. In all manner of ways we were implored to enter: Our objectivity was needed as a balance to the excessive nationalism of the European countries. We had the power to lead the way; our sense of equity was indispensable. We were the source of capital and credit, and could use these to compel Europeans to play their diplomatic games straight. With us, the League was an assured success; without us, only an experiment in interstate politics. All this and much more.

The League of Nations has achieved a measure of success, and probably this has been greater without us than it would have been with us.

We remained outside the conference that eventuated in the Dawes Plan. American nationals worked on the plan in their private capacities and were of immeasurable assistance, but in the final analysis the European states concerned made their decisions and have carried out the plan without official or contractual assistance from this country. Probably it is good for Europe that it has been so.

We were not present at the Locarno Conference. Without our presence or assistance the European countries made a recent series of treaties that represent a long step forward in postwar reconstruction. Compelled to face realities without the superpower United States, the European countries proceeded to study and solve their problems as domestic problems of their continent, not as world problems. This is the position that should have been taken years ago, and our absence from the conference was probably the deciding factor in determining the correct approach of European countries to European problems.

It is to be hoped that these experiences have taught us that we are not the schoolmaster of the world. The banker perhaps, but not the schoolmaster. Neither by training in international affairs nor by achievements in the solution of large political problems at home have we earned the right to regard ourselves as the political or moral or economic leader of the world. Europe will continue to do better, now that it has learned that it must work out its own problems, now that it has learned that we intend to let it work out its own problems. This all may be a shock to some internationally minded Americans and also to some Americanly minded Europeans, but it is the safe and constructive course of action for both continents. In the course of events, another proposal for an international conference on disarmament will be launched, probably by the League of Nations. In the light of the experiences of the past three years, possibly the best way of achieving results in disarmament in Europe would be to have a conference attended by European participants solely.

Delegates of the Minorities

THE elected representative who allies himself actively with a bloc ceases to represent his constituency and becomes nothing but an agent of the interest the bloc has espoused. The true theory of the relationship between the member and his constituents is that his duty is to the country at large and not exclusively to the district for which he acts. In other words, he is a representative.

It would be impossible for a member who considered himself nothing but the delegate of his own constituency to approach national questions with a broad and unbiased viewpoint. How much more difficult must it be for him to perform the sacred obligations of his office when his affiliations make him, not the delegate of his constituents, but of one class or one school of thought! Affiliation with a bloc arbitrarily fixes his attitude on most important questions.

The multi-party, or bloc, system is fast rendering unworkable the various forms of democratic government which exist in Europe. In the United States the clique idea was gaining ground before the last election, but fortunately the result of the polling was conclusive enough to remove any grave danger of the domination of policy by group politics. In Britain, however, the mother of parliaments is suffering from the activity of members who consider themselves minority delegates and vote accordingly. They are members who were elected through the interest of the trade unions, the cooperative associations, the temperance workers, or some such group, and regard themselves bound by their obligations to these interests above everything else. A writer in the Contemporary Review bewails the fact that, as a result, the free debate with its active clash of wit and opinion is becoming a thing of the past. He reports that the most spontaneous debate he has heard in some time arose over a measure known as the Rats-and-Mice Bill. Here was a subject on which every member was free to hold an opinion of his own, and the House accordingly proceeded to debate the bill with all its old-time freedom and vigor.

Edmund Burke summed up the question for all time when he said: "Parliament is not a congress of ambassadors from different and hostile interests. But Parliament is a deliberative assembly of one nation, with one interest—that of the whole."

THE LAZY MEMBER

By WILL PAYNE

IF YOU turn far enough back in the album you will come across a boy or girl sitting at a desk in a schoolroom. Observing attentively, you will perceive, with some surprise, that the youngster has your features. The eyes are brighter, the cheeks are smoother; if it is a boy, maybe the ears are dirty. But they are your eyes, cheeks and ears. Undoubtedly the youngster is you. If you cannot, in some fashion, bring that youngster back to life, remembering how he felt and thought, it is no use talking to you about children and you have no business talking to anyone else on that subject. The child back in the album is the only youngster you will ever really get inside of.

Probably you will recall that while sitting at a desk in a schoolroom he was discontented. It is a study period. A book lies on the desk. For half an hour or so the youngster is expected to bend his attention diligently on the printed page and to fix in his head certain dry facts. Nine youngsters out of ten hated it in my day.

Perhaps it is autumn outside, and gorgeous foliage, visible through the windows, conveys demoralizing reminders of all the hazelnuts, hickory nuts and butternuts to be gathered. If it is winter the frost patterns on the pane make one tingle for sleds and skates. Spring, with the windows wide open, is worst of all. Out-of-doors was the greatest distraction to the youngster far back in my album. But city children, with no proper out-of-doors, could think of a hundred things they would rather do than sit at a hard desk and drill into their craniums some excessively uninteresting and unimportant rules for dealing with fractions.

"Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school," Shakspere wrote more than 300 years ago; but in slightly different terms Plupy Shute was writing the same thing yesterday. Probably juvenile King Tut scrawled the same sentiment in hieroglyphics.

Perhaps adults are more interested in the subject of education than they used to be. When I was snailing to school the people of the United States spent $1.56 a year a head on public schools. They now spend more than $15 a year a head. The expenditure for each pupil enrolled has risen from $7.91 a year to more than $68. Gross expenditure is now well above $1,500,000,000 a year. Grown-ups may be somewhat more interested. But are youngsters more interested? Are they getting any greater value for their $68 a head than they used to get for $7.91?

With that question in mind, I have been looking around the public schools of a progressive American city of about 50,000 population. The schools of this particular city bear a fine reputation and may safely be taken as favorable examples of modern public education in this country. Outwardly, at least, there is much difference between them and the Pierian spring to which I was led with a halter. The buildings are handsomer, better lighted, better ventilated, and far less liable to incinerate their inmates if a fire breaks out.

Inwardly, also, there is some difference. The superintendent and I reach a grade school as the first-year and second-year Aristotles are coming out for recess. A shout is directed at the superintendent: "Good morning, Captain Lynch! Hello, Captain Lynch!" Small faces shine. Obviously they are glad to see him. I and my seven-year-old schoolfellows would as soon have thought of saying "Hello!" to the Deity as to the stern and awful being who directed public education in our town. If we saw him coming, and had a chance, we got out of the way.

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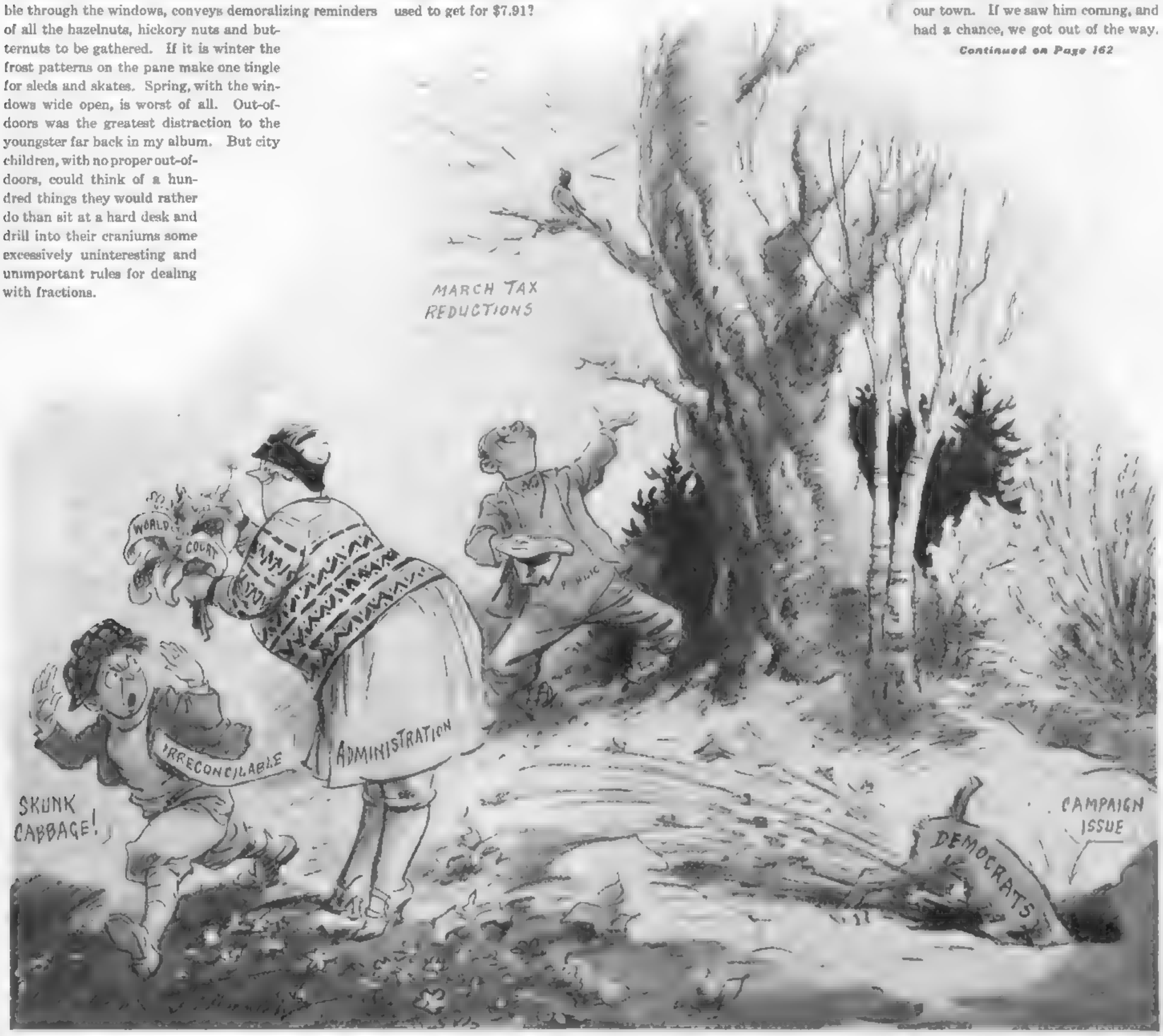

HARBINGERS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

April Hopes

FATHER is hoeing a place for his peas,
Out on the lot, where the west wind is blowing.
What though no greenery gladdens the trees?
Father is hoeing!

White and red radishes cheerily sowing;
Stooping anon, and then rising to sneeze;
Tamping the dirt with an air that is knowing.

Pools in the road are beginning to freeze;
Clouds to the north bear a promise of snowing;
Out in the gloaming, with cricks in his knees,
Father is hoeing. —*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

Press Agent—"Tell Your Readers That Miss Kilcy is Never So Happy as When Engaged in Her Household Duties. Turn Your Broom the Other Way Round, Dearie"

Paging Mr. Bluebird

WHEN the six o'clock closing bell in the Mammoth Department Store resounded through the aisles, Maisie Ford wearily shut her sales book and started for the employes' lockers in company with Mr. De Vries, floorwalker and self-appointed ribbon-department Romeo.

"I'm all in," complained Maisie. "I'm so tired that I could do the Rip Van Winkle act for a couple of thousand years. Day after day, from nine to six, selling ribbons to color-blind women—it's a hard life, I'm here to say. My arms are just aching and my head is splitting."

Then she heaved a gigantic sigh and added, "I should have married Harry Smith when I had the chance. I'd have had a nice home and luxuries by now, with nothing to do but go to the movies and sleep."

Six o'clock chimed out dolefully on the little clock in the kitchen of Mrs. Harry Smith's flat. For a brief moment Mrs. Smith rested in a creaking rocker. The Smith babies, three of them, had been washed and fed and were now in bed. There was only supper to prepare, some ironing to do and the family mending.

"Up since seven o'clock this morning," muttered Mrs. Smith, addressing the little clock on the mantel. "Eleven hours of washing, ironing, cleaning, cooking and bed making."

She walked to the window and looked out over the city for a moment.

Then she heaved a monumental sigh and said, "I should have stayed in the Mammoth Department Store. I'd still have my nice job, with lots of time to myself and nothing much to do. Gee, but Maisie Ford is lucky she didn't get married." —*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

Once I Was a Bachelor

OH, ONCE I was a bachelor
Untrammeled as the air;
I lived on fried potatoes
And I seldom cut my hair;
My home was where I parked my pipe;
My bank was in my pocket;
I always had a dollar watch,
Because I couldn't hock it.
A wild and woolly bachelor, I wandered wide and free,
And then a tiny Creature came along and married me.

So long I'd been a bachelor
It had become a habit;
So when a dollar came along
And I reached out to grab it,
But found a smaller hand than mine,
And defter, beat me to it ——
Oh, when I was a bachelor
All blithesomely I blew it!
But now a tiny Creature shuts it in a prison dank,
A dark and dismal dungeon that they call a Savings Bank.

Oh, once I was a bachelor
And didn't give a darn;
I never meekly held my hands
While Someone wound the yarn;
I turned my collars if I liked;
I bathed in summer weather
And wore the same old outing shirt
For days and days together ——
A wild and woolly bachelor, as happy as could be;
Now listen to the awful things that happen unto me:

Every day a shoe shine;
Twice a day a scrub;
Every night a toothbrush;
Every morn a tub;
Twice a week a shampoo ——
Glub! Glub! Glub!
Once I was a bachelor;
Now I am a hub.

(Continued on Page 70)

1856

1926

PAYSAGE (J. B. C. Corot)

DELICIOUS TOMATO SOUP!

The most pleasing way to start the meal!

The charm of bright color to tempt the appetite! The tonic, invigorating tomato flavor to give a happy glow to the whole meal!

The deliciousness that makes you enjoy every spoonful and realize that this is a soup you're always sure to welcome!

Pure tomato juices. Luscious tomato "meat". Strained to a puree, with country butter added and the deft seasoning for which our French chefs are so famous.

Campbell's Tomato Soup! The universal favorite! The soup which is so skillfully blended that it is everywhere considered a masterpiece!

Of course, the most delightful Cream of Tomato Soup is prepared with Campbell's. See directions on the label.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

PLUPY'S LIFE IS DESPAIRED OF

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

WENDSDAY, Feb. 3, 186— i aint fealing verry well today. i dont know what is the matter. i have a headake and specks fli befoar my eyes. then i have a pain in my throt so far up under my ear that i aint sure whether it is ear ake or soar throte. i felt a little better after breckfast but i dident eat mutch. but the coffee made my head better. tonite after school we pluged stewdcats and they chased us and caugt me and washed my face and put a lot of snow down my back. when i got home it had all melted and i was wet throug. mother maid me change my cloths. i dident eat enny supper but drunk a lot of water. mother sed my face was red as fire and asted me if i was sick and i sed no i was all rite.

Thursday, Feb. 4, 186— my throte was auful sore this morning. but i dident say ennything about it. i dident sleep mutch last nite. i kept thinking about faling in evrything i had undertook and wurrying about it. i missed in everything today in school and was put in the woodbox. i fell asleep and the first i knew was when old Francis pulled me out and waked me up. i gess i talked kind of funny because he sent me home and maid Tady Finton go home with me. mother put me to bed.

Saterday, Feb. 27, 186— it is more than three weaks sence i wrote ennything in my diary. i have been sick with scarlet fever and canker rash. father says i looked like a cramberry pudding or the tattood man in red paint. he sed i had moar red marks on me than Skinny Bruce had freckles. he sed i done my darndist to clime the golden stair. that the only thing that kep me out of Abrahams bosum was doctor Bill Perry. he sed doctor Bill kind of pitied old Abraham and dident want him to be overloded. i am too week to wright mutch.

Sunday, Feb. 28, 186— tomorrow is the 1st day of March. i set up in bed today. peraps by the end of nex weak i can get up. father says i am only about haff as heavy as Barnums living skelington. he says if he cood keep me as thin as this he cood maik money by having a show.

Monday, March 1, 186— most everyone had scarlet fever. all xcept father and mother and aunt Sarah. father says they was two tuff. old Missis Smith of Kensington helped talk care of us. i had it wirse than ennyone. then came Cele and then Annie whitch they think never will be the same. then Keene. she wasent as sick as i was or as Cele was but she was the crossest. Georgie was sicker than Frankie and the baby whitch wasent verry sick. i cant wright enny moar today.

Tuesday, March 2, 186— we are all peeling. i am the wirst. we all look as if we had been papered and it was peeling off. it wood be auful if they wasent enny skin under it. when my skin drops off we put it in a paper and mother burns it. father says we all look kind of moldy. father had to promise the doctor that he woodent come neerer than the entry. and so he sets out there and reads us stories and tells us the funniest things evry nite. he talks mother and aunt Sarah to ride so they wont get sick.

Wensday, March 3, 186— today i set up in a chair by the window. gosh i look like a spider munky. Cele and Keene are up and dressed. Keene says the reson why i had it so bad was becaus i had led so disipated a life drinking and smoaking and going with the Chadwick boys and Plug Atherton. gosh i wood like a sweet firn cigar rite now.

Thursday, March 4, 186— i had my cloths on today. they are two big for me but not long enough. father says i have groan a foot. he says peraps i may shorten up into shape bimeby. ennyway i am pretty smooth now and things taist good now. father he says if i grow enny moar lengthways he is going to put a flag on me and nale me to the front piazer and waive me to the breeze.

Friday, March 5, 186— i am still better and sit in a chair by the window. i can eet haff of a apple if i peal it and scraip the pulp out with a gnife and mother or Aunt Sarah always sets round to see that i do and then taik away the core. gosh they are most starfing me to deth. father says if i dont get fatter befoar summer he is going to ty a fish line to me and use me as a pole to skip for pickeril with. i waulked down stairs today holding on by the bannisters. i et sum chicking broth without enny meet and only 2 teeny crackers in it. i wonder how they expect a feller to get well when they dont give him enuf to keep a flee alive. father says if it wasent for my feet and legs i wood maik a good garter snaik.

Saturday, March 6, 186— doctor Perry came today and sed we cood all go out and if peeple want to come in it wood be all rite. so i went up to my room and dressed up and put on my boots and hat and scarf and was going down staires to go out when mother stoped me and sed for hevins sake what do you think you are going to do and i sed i am going out and she sed you are not and i sed the doctor sed i cood and she sed the rest of the children are well but you will have to wait until you are stronger. then she maid me go back and taik off my boots and hat and scarf and set down in the chair by the window. i never have enny luck. darn it all to darnation.

Monday, March 8, 186— had a little peace of stake today and tost but no potatoes. i gess they meen i shall never be well enuf to go out. today it snowed all day and nobody cood go out. so i dident feal so bad. Bug and Pozzy and Whack and Luke Mannix and Bob Elliott and Gimmy Fitzgerald and Ham Welsh and Honey Donovan and Frank Elliott had a snowball fite in our yard with sum stewdcats that room on the street. it was a bully fite. there was a stewdcat naimed Strang whitch cood plug a snowball like litening but Frank Elliott hit him rite between the shoulders and he maid a noise jest like the fire whissel in Amesbury. Stubby Grunt Gooch was naimed that becaus when Frank Elliott hit him with a snowball like that he wood gruntt auful. he sed that it wood leve a black and blew mark on him. tonite i had milk tost but not so mutch as i wanted. i cood have et ten times as mutch. father he sed tonite by looking clost to me he cood tell me from a gnitting gneedle.

i am getting prety tired of being kep in and not having enuf to eet and i aint going to stand it mutch longer. i can have a hoal apple now but not the core. but what is one apple for a feller whitch can eat a dozen cores seeds and all.

Tuesday, March 9, 186— today Bug and Pozzy came up. their mothers maid them promise not to come in but they come and had a fite in the yard to cheer me up. neether licked. Bug got a split lip that bled and Pozzy got a peace gnocked off his forehed that bled two. so they called it even. it aint menny fellers whitch will do that for a sick feller.

father sed tonite he had sent for Barnum to come and see me becaus his living skelington had dide. but he dont beleeve he can maik a trade because he can see me with the naked ey.

(Continued on Page 119)

It Was 8 Days Befoar I Was Out of Danger and Well Enuf to Have Doctor Perry Talk to Me and I Wish You Cood Have Herd Him

Premium Ham with vegetables
—a favorite way to enjoy the delicious Premium Ham flavor!

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

"Premium" is more than just a name to designate ham. It stands for a process—a *particular way* of selecting choice fresh meat, then curing and smoking it according to a special formula to get that juicy tenderness, that mild distinctive flavor!

To make sure of getting this delicious flavor, many women buy the *whole* Premium Ham—identified beyond any doubt, by the Premium markings shown above. This gives them a generous supply of choice meat which can be easily cooked and served in dozens of appetizing ways. And another advantage—buying the *whole* ham means a desirable saving in the average cost per pound.

Swift & Company

Premium Hams and Bacon

Notice how skilfully the artist has merged the rich coloring of the Persian motif with the dainty background, in designing this pretty "Wiltshire" Pattern. It is Gold Seal Rug No. 574.

An Ideal Rug for the Sun Porch—

WITH its rich colors and easily cleaned, waterproof surface a Congoleum *Gold Seal* Art-Rug is a constant pleasure in the sun porch. For though you naturally want your sun porch attractive and colorful you must consider as well the chance of rain driving through an open window or door, and the certainty that plants will drip!

That's just why Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs are ideal for the sun porch. They combine all the beauty and artistry of expensive woven rugs with the very obvious advantages of a sanitary and easily cleaned surface. And this, at a price that is amazingly low for such unusual value!

The patterns are really the loveliest you have ever seen. Motifs from rare Oriental rugs, floral effects that will delight any woman, conventional designs neat as a new pin—patterns to suit any room.

For nearly fifteen years *Gold Seal* Rugs have been giving satisfactory service in American homes. No other low-priced floor-covering can boast of such a record.

Be sure, therefore, to look for the Gold Seal on the floor-covering you buy!

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Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City
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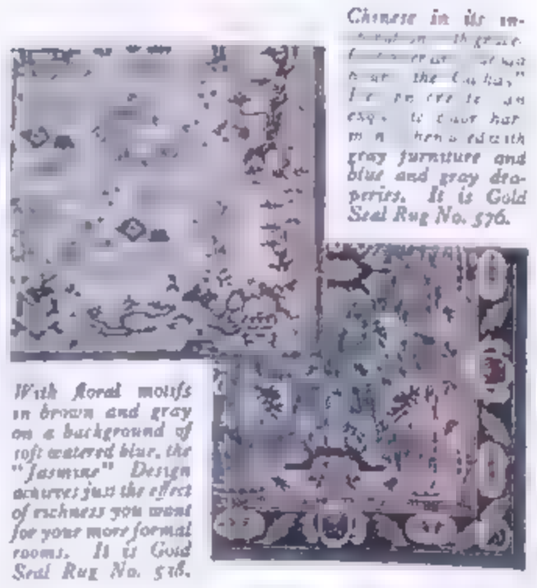

Chinese in its inspiration in the graceful [illegible] the Cathay" [illegible] an exquisite color harmony when used with gray furniture and blue and gray draperies. It is Gold Seal Rug No. 576.

With floral motifs in brown and gray on a background of soft watered blue, the "Jasmine" Design assures just the effect of richness you want for your more formal rooms. It is Gold Seal Rug No. 578.

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL WHEN YOU BUY

THE FIFTH ESTATE

THIRTY YEARS OF GOLF

By Jerome D. Travers and James R. Crowell

IN THE record of achievements marking the first quarter of the twentieth century—and I read recently that they far excelled any history has ever set down for a like space of time—the growth of golf in the United States must be given high rank. I mention that fact here, not with the idea of analyzing the prodigious expansion of the game in twenty-five years, but merely because it pertains indirectly to an interesting stage of golf development which came in the three years from 1912 to 1914 inclusive. It will suffice to say for the present that the little handful of golfers who tramped the courses at the dawn of the new century had spread out in 1912 to an army estimated at 600,000. Today the number is believed to run between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000.

Harry Vardon Putting on the Eighteenth Green at the Oakland Golf Club, Bayside, Long Island, About 1903

The specific point I have in mind is that golf at this period was rushing on to the apex of interest. A sufficient number of American men and women had heard the call of the links by that time to make the sport a permanent fixture in the life of the country. Golf had at last become an institution. The West had taken it up with all the enthusiasm which the West can generate when once its heart is won. Gallantly the South was answering the call. Methodically the East was rearing a huge structure on the foundation laid some twenty-five years before. Everywhere golf interest was buoyant; it required only a spark to set off a conflagration which would mean that the apex had been reached, no matter how extensive might be the future enrollment of adherents. And that spark flared up in this three-year period through the medium of a calm-visaged, stoical young man who dropped into this picture from a clear sky suddenly, dramatically, spectacularly.

Chicago's Place in Golf History

BEFORE relating the story of Francis Ouimet's epoch-making accomplishment of 1913, for it is of the Woodland golfer I speak, I feel it would be well to describe one or two interlocking events which preceded his historical feat and which laid the groundwork for the pyrotechnical effects accompanying it. This will take us back one year, to the Amateur Championship played on the links of the Chicago Golf Club, at Wheaton, Illinois. In the eighteen years the tournament had been held under the auspices of the United States Golf Association, it was the fourth time the event had been played over that excellent course and the seventh time it had taken place in the Middle West. The Chicago Golf Club, one of the pioneer members of the association, had furnished the winner of the first championship played under the supervision of the national organization, Charles B. Macdonald, and Chicago and surrounding territory had meanwhile become a great stronghold of the sport.

Time hallows the names and deeds of men who flit across the pages of sport history. In 1912, golf had lived long enough in the West to have produced its line of heroes. Enrolled on the honor list were the names of David R. Forgan, the winner of the first Western Amateur Championship, played in 1899 at the Glenview Golf Club at Golf, Illinois; William Waller, Phelps B. Hoyt and the two famous Egans, Walter E. and H. Chandler, who had set a truly remarkable golf mark. Without regard to their play in lesser events, let me put down the record of what these two celebrated Illinois golfers accomplished in the Western Amateur and National Amateur Championships:

1899—Walter, runner up Western.
1902—H. Chandler, winner Western.
Walter, runner up.
1903—Walter, winner Western.
H. Chandler, runner up.
1904—H. Chandler, winner National and Western.
1905—H. Chandler, winner National and Western.
Walter, runner up Western.
1907—H. Chandler, winner Western.

H. Chandler Egan, Winner of the National Title Twenty Years Ago, Still Playing Great Golf

Warren K. Wood, Mason Phelps and Albert Seckel were others who had won their spurs on the links in that section, and these players, with Robert A. Gardner, Edward P. Allis, 3d, D. E. Sawyer and J. D. Standish, Jr., among others, were the stars that shone in the Western firmament with a brilliance which cast a menacing shadow over the Eastern orbit. Then there appeared a new luminary in the constellation, and it was destined that he was to add rare luster to the stellar radiance. This was Charles Evans, Jr., of the Edgewater Golf Club, known to his friends as Chick Evans.

The name of Chick Evans had already become one to conjure with when the candidates for the 1912 Amateur Championship assembled in Chicago. He had won the Western Championship of 1909, finished second the next year to Mason Phelps and repeated his victory two years later. His fame had penetrated to the East. We knew him to be a wonderful all-around player with just one flaw in his technical skill—putting.

Poor Putts

A MASTER of the iron and an expert with the wood, Evans possessed the ability to reel off round after round of stroke play in figures which made the game look ridiculously easy. But at match play it was a different story. The nerves which seemed so impassive in the medal rounds, and the technical skill which was so superb, refused to function as they could. Particularly would his putter go off on a tangent. Putts which he would sink with regularity when in quest of low scores were hopelessly missed under the tension of confronting an opponent.

When the Easterners who went to Wheaton to compete in the Amateur Championship reached Chicago they found the golfing host engrossed largely with a discussion of Evans' links wizardry. Oswald Kirkby, Fred Herreshoff and I had engaged a cottage near the course to live in while the tournament was in progress. One of our early visitors was Ned Sawyer, who brought us tidings of the rare form the Edgewater star was in for that event.

"He's clicking off the low 70's every time he goes around the course," said Sawyer. "I don't think he's been over 72 in any practice round. If he can hold this pace there isn't anything to the tournament."

Warren K. Wood was equally bullish on the Evans outlook.

"It looks like a hopeless job for anybody to try to beat Chick this time," observed Wood. "He has hit an unbeatable streak. Even his putter is working right for him."

All this comment was not highly reassuring to the Eastern aspirants for the honor, but several of us had been through too many tournaments to concede victory to any single player before the matches had been played. Kirkby,

an irrepressible optimist and a rare good chap to have around when a fight is brewing, could see only the brighter side of it. The night before the tournament, when we were sitting in our quarters near the Wheaton links, away from the eternal babble of prechampionship gossip, he directed a few pointed shafts of good cheer at Fred and myself

"Say, if you believed everything you heard around Chicago, we might as well hop the Twentieth Century and beat it back to the bright lights," he soliloquized. "But nobody's going to shoot a handkerchief at me to stop my tears. You don't see me crying, do you? Where do they get that stuff, anyway? Say, is this a golf tournament or a post-mortem? If every player in this tournament had a broken arm except one, I wouldn't bet on him to win. Golf ain't that kind of a game, it ain't."

PHOTO. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C. COURTESY OF THE GOLFERS' MAGAZINE, CHICAGO

Edward Ray Giving an Exhibition of His Prowess on the Links of the Whitemarsh Valley Country Club

The facts I have mentioned about the growth of golf fit in at this point. Interest was almost at its apex. The victory of Harold Hilton, the Englishman, the year previous at Apawamis had hit the front pages of hundreds of newspapers and directed to the game the attention of thousands of persons who had never paid much attention to it previously. And here was Hilton again on the job to give an international aspect to the championship. Add to this the sectional interest aroused through the performances of Evans, and the strong possibility that the title would remain in the spot where it was being competed for, and you have the explanation of why the championship carried an exceptional appeal.

Evans' Dual Role

THE international and intersectional phase manifested itself almost from the outset. With the qualifying field nearly all accounted for, Hilton's card of 75 had the imprint of a winning score. Evans was still out on the links; but coming to the final hole, the Edgewater player needed a four to tie the Britisher's round. The eighteenth measures something more than 400 yards, a good 4. When Chick made a poor shot from the tee the gallery groaned and gave up hope. His ball lay in such a position that he could not play straight for the green, but had to aim to one side of it. His second was a good shot, though it still found him far from the hole. His third was a beautiful pitch to within twenty feet of the cup, and his fourth went down for the tie score. Evans, playing in stroke competition, had made a superb putt at a most critical moment. And here was another illustration of that uncanny ability to frustrate his one great weakness when playing for a low score.

Evans' playing in those days had a Jekyll-Hyde twist. He seemed to possess a dual golfing character, one for medal play in which he was supreme and the other for match play in which he was unreliable. In seven starts in the Amateur Championship, up to 1914, he led the qualifying field five times, but not once in this period was he able to win the title itself. The precision of his play invariably suffered an attack of paralysis in match competition—particularly his putting. In later years he overcame this psychological handicap, as his victories in the Amateur Championships of 1916 and 1920 would indicate; but in the period of which I speak now the trouble was at its most acute stage. He was quite frank in discussing it with his fellow golfers.

"I've tried everything under the sun to improve my putting," he told me. "I don't think there's any style of putter made I haven't experimented with. I've practiced by the hour. I've changed my stance, changed my swing, the position of my hands, my grip and everything there is to change, but it won't work. It gets worse as it goes."

I suggested to him that he try changing the one thing which was undoubtedly responsible—his continual thinking and worrying about his inability to putt.

"Sure, I've tried that too. I've concentrated by the hour. I've thought of nothing else but the shot I was making. I've wished the ball into the cup. I've talked to it, jollied it, bullied it, cajoled it. But it simply refuses to go in."

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Jerome Travers Driving

Evans isn't the only great player who has suffered because of weak putting. If Harry Vardon, six times winner of the British Open Championship and one of the greatest golfers of all time, had been able to putt as well as he played the rest of the game, it would have been unnecessary to hold tournaments to determine the world's premier player. Vardon would have been it without question.

The Martyrdom of Practice

JAMES BRAID, contemporaneous with Vardon and J. H. Taylor, and who, with them, almost monopolized British honors at one time, was both a poor putter and a poor driver at the outset of his professional career. Martyrdom to practice brought about his salvation. He practiced putting incessantly. He became an excellent putter. He spent hours making tee shots, and finally he evolved into a long and accurate driver. It came to him suddenly. He told me when I played with him in England that he was never able to explain exactly how it happened that he went along for months as an inferior driver and then in a twinkling jumped cleanly over the fence. He had added thirty to fifty yards to the length of his drive.

In the 1912 Amateur Championship at Wheaton, Chick Evans started on the campaign of temperament mastery which was eventually to see him enthroned as the title holder. He went through the preliminary rounds with flying colors for the first time. I too had been playing at my best form, and the final round found us pitted against each other. The intersectional flavor to the contest was now at its crest—the East versus the West for the chief honor the game has to offer. The Western host of fanatics was jubilant. Evans had at last conquered his shortcomings as a match player. His supporters were certain nothing could stop him now—nothing except a sudden recurrence of his old trouble.

We came to the final hole of the morning round with Chick 1 up. On the eighteenth green I holed a thirty-five-foot putt for a half. That one shot had a salutary effect two ways. It sent a glow of satisfaction through me that I had succeeded in making such a difficult shot at so vital a moment. It put me in fine fighting trim for the afternoon round, and I think it jarred the confident spirit in which my opponent had been performing. Before the ball traversed that long journey over the green and clucked into the cup, there had been every

(Continued on Page 72)

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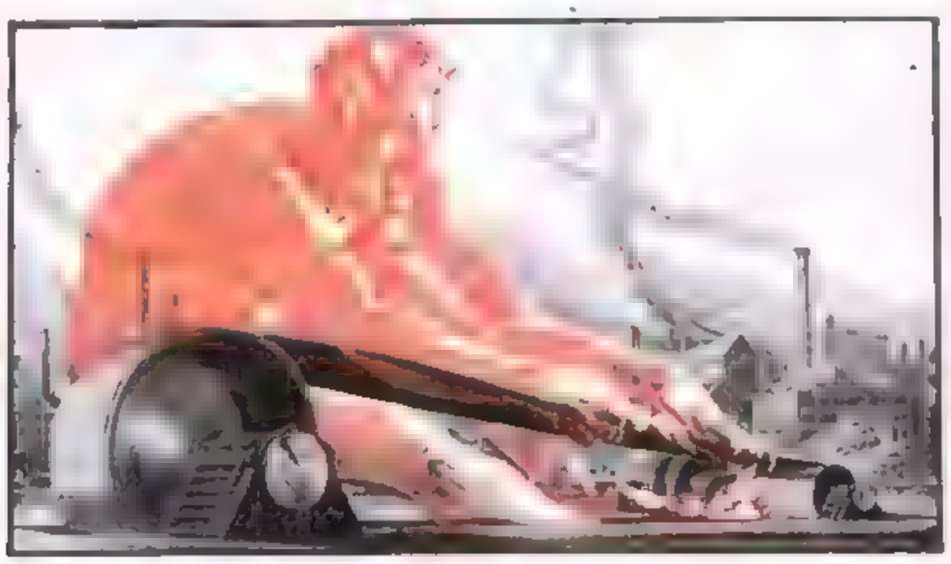
A Scene During the Ray-Vardon vs. Guimet-Guilford Match on the Belmont Spring Country Club Course

Why protect against hazards, and not against certainties?

An insurance policy that is worth looking into



FRICTION—The unseen destroyer of plant machinery

125 kinds of insurance are carried on industrial plants in the United States. They cover hazards, imminent and remote, which are encountered in production and distribution.

Fire — Accident — Liability — and many other hazards are covered by most companies.

Fire alone takes an enormous annual toll from property, but its aggregate losses are much less than the losses through depreciation.

Why protect against hazards and not against certainties?

The most important insurance which plant management can provide is the protection of equipment against the certainty of destructive deterioration.

Correct lubrication will reduce wear and tear. Often through correct lubrication the wear on machinery can be reduced until the only occasion for replacement is the opportunity to install improved and more efficient equipment.

Correct lubrication is your protection policy. Correct lubrication means high quality oils—correct in body to meet the lubricating requirements of your machinery. Such correct oils can be prescribed only by men thoroughly familiar with lubrication practice and knowing the exact lubrication problem to be met in your plant.

It is widely acknowledged that the world's highest standard for reliability in lubrication has been established by the Vacuum Oil Company.

With the cooperation of your men we will gladly assume full responsibility for prescribing correct lubrication for your plant. On it depends minimum wear, fewer repairs, delayed replacements, fewer interruptions, smoother production flow and increased profits. We shall be glad to get in touch with you.

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

A few cases in point—

FROM OUR FILES OF REPORTS OF PERFORMANCE RESULTS

Recommendations of the Vacuum Oil Company have resulted in retarded depreciation in every industry. A few examples:

FILE NO. 8195—A steam engine in a silk mill, after 30 years' continuous operation, shows so little wear (.004 inch cylinder wear) that it runs like new. The average life of engines of this type is about 12 years.

FILE NO. 9114—In a municipal power plant, important working parts, formerly replaced every 2 years, lasted for 10 years. Resulted in insuring the longer life of the machine as a whole.

FILE NO. 3325—At the end of 13 years' operation in a baking company the prime mover's cylinder walls show so little wear that the original tool marks are still visible.

All these reductions in depreciation were attended by faster production flow, directly affecting profits.

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils *for* **Plant Lubrication**

More than 200,000 men and women took this easy step toward health last year

By Carrie Blanchard

"I received bales and bales of coupons. They came by the hundreds in every mail."

FIRST, let me tell you how I happen to be talking to *you*.

For twenty years I have been a food demonstrator. My work was to prepare and serve Postum to visitors at Battle Creek, and to travel around the country doing the same thing at Expositions and Food Fairs.

I met lots of people—about 25,000 a year. Men, women, and children. Notables and common folks I served Postum to them. They liked it. "Mrs. Blanchard, that's the best drink I ever tasted." Thousands have told me that.

That set us thinking. If people became so interested in Postum when I told them about it face to face, why shouldn't I reach an even larger number through the newspapers and magazines?

That is how I happen to be talking to you now.

All of us have heard something about the harmfulness of caffein—how the use of it tends toward nervousness and sleeplessness—how it acts on the heart—how it borrows energy from the body's reserve. I think we often know such things without applying them to ourselves.

I wanted everyone to find out the effects of caffein on *themselves*. So I originated the thirty-day test, and told people about it as I am telling you. I received bales and bales of coupons from those starting the test. They came by the hundreds in every mail.

Last year over 200,000 men and women made the thirty-day test.

They made Postum their mealtime drink for thirty days. I told them how to prepare it. They learned how delicious it is prepared my way—how fully it satisfies the natural desire for a hot drink.

At the end of thirty days, they measured their own physical gains—how much better they felt, how much better they looked. *And four out of five decided never to go back to caffein.*

I know how many made this decision, for I checked up the results among thousands.

It seems to me, with all these advantages on its side, that you must want to make the thirty-day test of Postum, too. I know you would, if I could serve you a cup right now! I'm sorry I can't do that. But I *can* make you an offer that I hope you'll accept this minute, before you forget!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

Let me send you one week's supply of Postum, free, to start you on the thirty-day test. I will include my personal directions for preparing it in the most delicious way, both with boiling water, for yourself, and with hot milk, for children.

I want you to carry through for the full thirty days. You can't expect to throw off the effects of a life-long habit in a shorter time, but in thirty days you can see *results*.

If you would prefer to begin the test today, you'll find Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

For one week's free supply, send me your name and address, and mention in the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup, with boiling water or hot milk), or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

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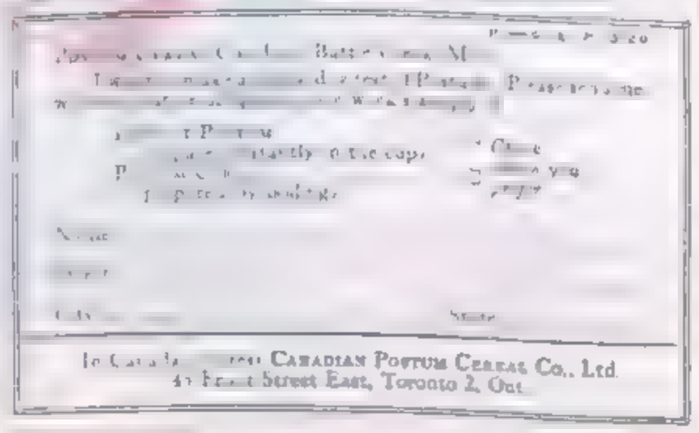
FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!



To Canadians: Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street East, Toronto 2, Ont.

Postum is a product of the Postum Cereal Company, Inc., also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-Thick), Post Bran Flakes, Instant Postum (a soluble powder), Postum Cereal (for boiling), Postum made in the cup by adding boiling water, Postum made in the cup by adding hot milk, Post's Tavern Blend Coffee.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Second Sight in Business

WHEN a new company was formed in New York, six months ago, the matter of personnel was one of the principal problems demanding solution. Officers were selected very carefully, and almost tiresome consideration was given to the filling of each job, so anxious were the founders to build a team that would work successfully from the start.

Finally, however, each principal position was filled, with the exception of that of assistant to the president.

For this job a man was needed who was familiar with the details of the business, who knew engineering and accounting, who understood purchasing as well as selling and who had the courage and judgment to act in the absence of his boss. Three men were considered for the job.

The Other Fellow's Job

Candidate Number One was a man of forty-seven, with extended experience in the service of the firm which was sponsoring the new organization. He knew both the engineering and the accounting sides of the business. He was tactful, courteous, cautious; and he never ventured an opinion until it was requested.

Candidate Number Two, a man of forty, had most of the office background that Number One possessed, plus practical field experience. Number Two was known for prompt decisions, many of which later turned out to be right. He had a way of expressing very positive opinions of things which sometimes antagonized his associates. Due allowance was made, nevertheless, for the fact that his field viewpoint was highly valuable.

Number Three was only thirty-one, had been in the particular business involved only two years, and had divided his time about equally between field and office. He had a habit of suggesting radical changes in the way of doing things, but whenever he made a suggestion he backed it up with a typewritten brief of facts which showed hours of study and an intense interest in the matter at hand.

Number Three got the job and still has it. The interesting question is how he was able to convince the deciding powers that he knew enough about the business to be considered in the same class with Numbers One and Two. His briefs helped, of course, but privately I am crediting his commercial clairvoyance.

Two weeks before he got his new job I went to lunch with Number Three. On leaving his office he told the office boy where he would lunch and what time he would return.

Just as we were finishing our coffee the office boy came to the restaurant and found our table.

"Mr. Davison wants to see you at two o'clock," said the boy. It was then 1:50.

"Come along back to the office," said Number Three. "The boss only wants me for a minute. I know exactly what it is about. We'll finish our chat at my desk."

Back in the office he opened his desk, selected two manila folders from a stack and promptly at two he pushed open the oak door that led to Mr. Davison's office.

I happened to know that Mr. Davison had been out of town for a week, and that Number Three had not heard from him during his absence. Out of several dozen pending matters, Number Three had selected two as the subjects concerned. Was he right?

Two minutes later he was back, smiling. Correct, as usual.

"How did you do it?" I asked.

"By thinking like Mr. Davison," said Number Three. For months Number Three had been "thinking like Mr. Davison." Number Three had been saving time for his boss by taking in necessary data a few seconds before the necessity for them arose; by computing probable costs on a given order a few hours before that order was to be discussed; and by getting all his facts together before he brought up any question for discussion. Mr. Davison was one of the men who selected the new assistant to the president, and Number Three's commercial clairvoyance seemed to demonstrate the sufficiency of his experience with the business.

The same trick can be used in dozens of different jobs. Advertising, for example. Suppose the advertising manager's assistant sees a memo coming through from the sales manager saying that a new product is to be brought out for sale to hospitals. No trance is necessary to show the assistant that advertising in a hospital magazine will be forthcoming. Which one?

If he is commercially clairvoyant he will make up a study including every paper that reaches hospitals, with circulation, cost a page, comparative data on editorial excellence, printing and reader interest. Probably he will go farther and show how the circulation of each publication is divided with reference to the sales territories of his company. Then when the manager says "Now, I think we're going to need some dope on hospital papers," the assistant can say, "I just finished it. Here it is."

Thinking like the boss is a great little accomplishment. Its practical application builds prestige much faster than just years of experience. That is natural, for the commercial clairvoyant gets more business experience in a year than the average man accumulates in three.

—CHARLES LOOMIS FUNNELL.

No Chance?

WE HAD just been studying the growth of large corporations, in college. The professor added:

"The most dangerous development, to my mind, is the narrowing down of the young man's ambitions. In those formative business periods he felt there was no limit to his opportunity. Today, in our era of concentration, he is apt to feel that every opportunity has been preempted by powerful soulless corporations, and he therefore starts his life work in one of them, hopeless of progress or success. This contracting horizon of opportunity will unquestionably grow more serious as a mental hazard to our young men in business."

Work followed upon college and in the course of it there fell to me the duty of interviewing a great many young men and girls with reference to positions. I was anxious to see just how serious a mental hazard this corporation bogy really was, and indeed very often in answer to the questions: "Where are you employed at present?" "Why do you want to leave?" the reply came: "It's a big corporation—no chance for advancement."

"Well," thought I, "this is bad enough; I wonder how the men—for they are men with human ambitions, failings and feelings just like you and me—how do they who are managing these big corporations look at the situation." But everywhere I hear among the great merchants, giant manufacturers, large financiers: "We have the money to build stores, plants and banks, but where can we get the men to run them?" "An excellent plan, but who can we find to put in charge?" "Good idea, bound to succeed; give us the proper man and we could put it across." The cry among the captains is for men—bright, industrious, ambitious young men. These grizzled-headed campaigners realize nothing succeeds like youth and that they must keep young fighters around them to carry on America's great enterprises.

One of my elderly friends from abroad was visiting me, having come here to study American newspapers.

"America amazes me," he said one night; "as a country she believes implicitly in youth. I go into the offices of the leading American newspapers, the greatest in the world today, stupendous organizations, and find the most responsible positions held by young men, some of them very young indeed, scarcely thirty. Such a thing is impossible, incredible, to exist in Europe. There seniority prevails in promotion, and you find ancient bewhiskered gentlemen tilted back in their desk chairs writing very hypercritically about every subject in heaven or on earth from God the Father to John the beggar in a quite superior condescending manner. Our newspapers lose their fire and dry out. You have the right idea here; you give your young men chances, and they seem to take them and what's more, succeed in them."

I don't think most of us young men and young women actually realize what fine opportunities our country offers us. To begin with, the woman's chance to work at all abroad is nil or decidedly limited. The young male European, unless his family has a business which has been handed down for generations, mounts but slowly and painfully—and usually not very high—up the ladder of success. Infinite studies of textbooks, formulas and theories, together with a doctor's degree or two tacked behind one's name, are only a beginning. All opinions must be colored by a wisp

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The Professor's Love-Making

By CLAUDE S. WATTS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

MATRIMONY may be a girl's main chance, but she never can tell if she can trust a man to stick for the long, long pull together. She never can be sure that just when she has become most dependent upon him he won't prove most undependable. Therefore, isn't she little old Helen Wisdom if she takes measures to insure her independence in an emergency? It's all right and proper to pray for sunshine, as the old song says, but always be prepared for rain!

At any rate, I got me a job, much to the family's consternation and to Marty's utter flabbergastedness. In fact, the amazement over my aberration seemed to be quite general. My friends wanted to know if they should give me coming-out or going-away parties, and even the man who hired me indicated that he rated me one of the dotty sisters after I had admitted that I didn't have to work as a matter of daily bread and butter.

"Do you want to earn money for a trousseau?" he inquired.

"No," I said, "I'm taking out life insurance."

He tried that on his mental player piano. "Have you had any experience?" was his next bid.

I thought he looked like he could use a smile, so I gave him one of my brightest. "You'd be surprised!" I replied.

"Hr-r-rump!" he coughed. "I mean, what have you done, and what can you do?"

"I am quite sure I can dig up answers to questions, foolish and otherwise," I said, that being the kind of job I was applying for—researcher in an information bureau.

This isn't a treatise on how to get a job, so I shall merely remark that my to-date brief experience in the business world has led me to believe that it isn't only chorus girls who are employed because they are good-looking, and add that I was also fortunate in being able to tell my prospective boss that I had an automobile, which would make it possible for me to do a lot of running around without dipping into the cash drawer for street-car fares.

Of my two assets I'm inclined to think that the second I have mentioned was the more important and might have been sufficient in itself to connect me with the pay roll.

So my advice to one of my sex seeking employment is to put your best foot foremost—if there is anything good attached to it, all the better—and by all means drive your own car. Of course, knowing something about the work you contemplate undertaking may help some. If you are stenographically inclined you should be able to spell most words of one syllable and some of two.

I could develop this line of thought almost indefinitely, but it's high time somebody besides myself knew what this story is about, so let's step on the gas and get back to Marty, my beau lover, and the fuss he made when he learned I wasn't kidding him when I told him I was to begin punching a time clock.

"Why in the name of all that's good and holy," he said, "should you want to go to work?"

"I want to make sure that I'd be able to take care of myself if I were suddenly cast away on a desert island," I answered, giving him the approximate straight dope because I knew he wouldn't believe it.

Marty snorted and suggested I tell that to Sweeney, or some equally credulous person, and we had a right spirited argument, which he might have won if I had forgotten all I had learned about the male of the species. "You're giving me the rawest deal anybody ever had," he said finally, after he had proposed to me again and I had told him I didn't see how I could take him and my new job on at the same time, but that I'd file his offer for further consideration. "You expect me to string along while you're meeting a lot of new men, and if you find one you like better than you do me ——"

"You Expect Me to String Along While You're Meeting a Lot of New Men, and if You Find One You Like Better Than You Do Me ——"

"You certainly take the irk out of work when you tell me I'll be meeting a lot of new men. I hadn't thought of that before, Marty. Now I know I'm going through with it, for that's the kind of diversion I need more than anything else."

And that brings us up to the professor.

In this organization of ours—please note that like every good hired hand I take a proprietary interest in the business—each researcher has a regular assignment, or beat, as it would be called if we were newspaper reporters. Mine includes the observatory. I was given that, I was informed, because it was easy. All I had to do was take the letters of anxious and curious-minded readers, copy their questions pertaining to astronomy and kindred subjects, and go see Dr. Albert Jeremiah Brown, who rates as one of the greatest living authorities in his line and can answer offhand all the questions that anyone could dream of asking. They handed me a heavy line about the learned doctor. I was given to understand that intellectually he was a whale in an ocean of tadpoles, and that I should approach his presence barefoot, so to speak, with frequent pauses to genuflect and bump my head three times on the floor.

Naturally I formed a mental picture of him as a Mind rather than a Person, what body he had, wizened and stooped under the burden of the dome in which he stored the wisdom of the spheres. Maybe he'd have long, straggly gray whiskers, and maybe he'd have the shaven, cadaverous countenance of an ascetic. In the matter of age I guessed that he'd be anywhere from three to thirteen years older than Father Time himself, and not nearly so well preserved because he wouldn't have had the exercise that comes from swinging a scythe for an aeon or two.

Imagine my surprise, then, when I was shown into his office at the observatory and the only person there was a mere child of thirty or thereabout, big, broad-shouldered and healthily tanned, and I heard the words, "Doctor Brown, this is a new young lady from the Universal Information Bureau."

He Doctor Brown? Impossible! He might be the doctor's youngest son, or his assistant, the sturdy youth who held the telescope or turned it, and did the other heavy chores about an observatory, but he couldn't be Copernicus Galileo himself. I thought I was being spoofed because I was new on the job, but they couldn't fool me.

"Where is the professor?" I asked. "I was sent out here to see him."

"There is no professor here," he said stiffly. "I assume you were sent to see me. I am Doctor Brown."

"You—what? I do—can't believe it! You don't look old enough!"

"That is a handicap under which I have been laboring ever since I took my doctor's degree some twelve years ago. I assure you, however, that I am gradually overcoming it." He did not smile as he said that, but went on stiltedly, with an expression as solemn as that of a stuffed owl, "I endeavor also to discharge the functions of my position as efficiently as I might were I of a more venerable age."

Doesn't sound human, does it, but that's exactly what he said, and I couldn't help giggling. "You certainly act and talk old enough," I said.

He frowned in a dismaying fashion, and I thought he was about to squelch me for being fresh, but I guessed him wrong.

"What happens to all the young ladies from your office?" he demanded. "You are the sixth who has been sent out here within less than a year."

I giggled again, nervously. "They get married, I think."

"Ah! Does the Universal conduct a matrimonial agency as an adjunct to its other service?"

"Not that I know of."

"Ah! Perhaps young ladies take positions in your office as a preliminary training for marriage. May I inquire if such is your purpose?"

No giggle that time. "I should hope not!"—indignantly.

"Ah! I assure you I am not seeking to intrude into your personal affairs, but I also assure you that the frequent changes which the Universal makes in its representatives is somewhat annoying and not at all conducive to efficiency. We no sooner get one of you young ladies broken in so that she understands our work here and doesn't have

(Continued on Page 44)

T H E · S T A N D · O F · T H E · W O R L D

NEW 90-DEGREE

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Thus once again Cadillac strikes out far in advance, renewing its traditional right to the title, The Standard of the World.

(Continued from Page 42)

to bother us with every silly inquiry she gets, than she is superseded and it is necessary to go through all that again."

"I'm very sorry!"

"I understand that it is not your fault, but I trust that the experience will not repeat itself within the near future."

"Say, listen, professor—I mean, Doctor Brown, I assure you I'm not going to get married. I'll take an oath, or sign a pledge, or anything you want me to do." I thought that might get at least a smile out of him, but he merely looked at me blankly for a moment and then said, "You may proceed with your questions."

I had almost forgotten what I had gone out there for, but that brought me back with a bang and I fumbled for my list, cleared my throat and read my first question, "How long is the summer day in Sweden?"

Now I expected that he'd have to look in some reference book, or at least hesitate long enough to wrinkle his brow and think. He didn't. He shot the answer right back at me as if he had been cramming for an examination and knew that question would be the first on the list:

"At the northernmost point in Sweden the sun does not set between May 22 and July 23, giving a daylight period of two months."

I was so rattled by his promptness that he had to tell me to proceed before I remembered I had other questions. "Is a meteor red-hot when it strikes the earth?"

"Contrary to the popular impression, the meteorite when it strikes our atmosphere is extremely cold. The heat developed in its passage is purely on the surface, and in a very few seconds after its fall the stone should be about the temperature of ice water."

"How long is a lunar year?"

"The lunar year is a period of twelve lunar months. The lunar astronomical year of twelve lunar synodical months has a length of 354 days, 48 minutes and 34 seconds. The common lunar year consists of twelve lunar civil months, or about 354½ days."

"Why does the earth continue to rotate on its axis?"

"Because the only forces, such as friction by the tides, tending to stop it are inadequate to produce any appreciable effect."

"How much brighter is full daylight than full moonlight?"

"About six hundred thousand times as bright."

And so he went through the long list, his answers coming without hesitation, as rapidly as I could read the questions, until I came to one which struck me as foolish. Remembering what he had said about silly inquiries, I faltered.

"This is one of the silly kind you shouldn't be bothered with," I said. "Some nut wants to know whether any part of the earth's surface changes its level. Of course not—the hills just seem steeper at times!"

"The question is not silly, my dear young lady. In some parts of the world the land is apparently rising; in others, sinking. The northern coast of Norway is rising five feet a century. The coast of New Jersey and parts of the New England coast are sinking, the rate at Boston being about one foot in one hundred years, and on the New Jersey coast, two feet."

Can you beat that? The man knew everything! I was so lost in wonder and admiration that it was not until we had gone through all my questions that it dawned on me that I hadn't noted down a single one of the answers. Apparently he got it about the same instant.

"You must have an excellent memory," he remarked. "I observe that you do not find it necessary to take notes."

"Merciful heavens!" I exclaimed. "We're sunk! We'll have to do 'em all over again!"

I was terribly excited over the mess I had made of things, but he manifested about as much emotion as a well-iced oyster, and I knew the worst before he broke it to me. He had given me all the time he could spare in one day and I'd have to bring the questions back the next morning.

"Oh, doctor," I moaned, "you wouldn't do that to me! You couldn't be so heartless! This is my first day at work, and if I go back to the office without the answers to those questions I'll lose my job. Please! Please!"

With that I launched into a bit of emotional acting that may not have been up to the standard of a Bernhardt or a Duse, but if it wasn't it wasn't because I didn't try. I did everything except tear my hair, weep and get down on my knees, and all I got for it was the gate.

He told me quite calmly that he was sorry, but that I'd have to excuse him, and he rose as if to indicate that if I didn't go he would.

Then I thought of something—a stunt I had once seen in a movie—and I was just desperate enough, or fool enough, to try it. I whisked around the desk and got between him and the door.

"Doctor Brown"—I fairly hissed the words at him in the most approved mellerdrama style—"if you don't promise to give me those answers again I'll scream and throw a fit all over the office, and when people come rushing in I'll tell them you tried to kiss me! When I count three. One—two——"

And, would you believe it, before I got the word "three" out of my mouth that big brute of a man actually grabbed me, held me like a vise with one hand, cupped my chin with the other, and kissed me—one, two, three times!

"Now scream!" he said.

"Oh! Oh! You! You!" was all I could say, but I didn't scream it.

"And now," he went on, seating himself again, "having shown you that I can neither be cajoled nor coerced I shall reconsider my decision. Kindly hand me the list of questions."

Goggle-eyed and open-mouthed, I did as I was told, and he proceeded to write out the answers, rapidly but carefully, clipped the sheets together and handed them to me.

"Good morning," he said pleasantly.

My exit may not have been graceful, but—it was speedy!

Well, as I thought over my initial experience in the ranks of the toilers my first reaction was to be furiously angry. I had heard stories about the indignities to which working girls were subjected, and I hadn't believed them, but now I knew they were true. The first man with whom I had come in contact had kissed me! Oh, I was wild. I'd go straight to Marty and tell him about it, and he'd go straight to the odious Doctor Brown and beat him to a pulp. And I'd stand on the sidelines and cheer. But—one of those second thoughts that are best—just what would I tell Marty? The truth?

Somehow I didn't relish the idea of that. More second thoughts. Maybe Marty would laugh at me and tell me I had got exactly what was coming to me. Perhaps I hadn't been altogether blameless. I had tried a cheap bluff and had been called. An outsider might say I had cut a sorry figure throughout the affair. Coming right down to brass tacks and being strictly honest with myself, as I'm inclined to be in the long run, I couldn't be wholly proud of the part I had played, while Doctor Brown could flatter himself that he had met an embarrassing situation cleverly and effectively.

No, I decided, I wouldn't tell; so I didn't go straightway to Marty. Instead, I beat it for the office, dictated my letters—which was easy, because all my answers had been written out for me, clearly and concisely, and in language which I couldn't have assembled from a dictionary in a week—and took praise for a good first day's work.

"You must have got along well with Doctor Brown," said my chief.

"Oh, splendidly!" I lied.

And having embarked upon a career of prevarication, I regaled the family that night at dinner with a recital of my experiences and first impressions as a working girl. In the main my story featured Doctor Brown, whom I pictured as the most interesting and most wonderful man I had ever met. So intellectual. Such a master of his science. So inspiring. So—so courteous!

I finally got a rise out of sister Bess, who's had more beaus than a girl has fathers when she's made the daughter of a regiment. "What does he

(Continued on Page 46)

Bess Was Gazing Up at Him With an Expression on Her Face That I Could Not Quite Fathom. But I Didn't Need to—I Knew How She Must Feel

NOW CHRYSLER "58" GIVES YOU THIS SUPERB PERFORMANCE AT NEW LOWER PRICES

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CHRYSLER "58"

(Continued from Page 44)

look like?" she asked. "I don't suppose he's more than seventy-five or sixty years old."

"He isn't a day over thirty," I hastened to inform her, "and he's decidedly good-looking, if you care to know."

"I always care to know about good-looking men," said sis. "If I thought I'd meet a few of that kind I'd get a job, too—if it wasn't for the work part of it," she added as an afterthought.

"Oh, you wouldn't be interested in Doctor Brown. He's not your type—he's too highbrow."

"Oh, I don't know," said Bess carelessly. "Maybe it's brains that I've been looking for. Whatever it is, I don't seem to have found it."

Sis, as I think I've said before, had the start on me by a couple of years or so. She's been out long enough to be getting in, if you gather what I mean, and there have been signs that it was beginning to worry her, although she has plenty of men dancing attendance on her. I know it has worried mother, for a daughter of uncertain age is not just the best bet in the marriage marathon. However, the idea that a man like Albert Jeremiah Brown could be interested in a frivolous frill like Bess Stillson gave me a good laugh, and I said a few words to that effect, which same made sis mad.

Later Marty dropped in to inquire how I had staggered through my first day at hard labor, and I made him mad, too, by raving about my handsome and learned doctor. "Just what I expected," he growled. "You fall for the first new guy you meet. But if he's half as smart as you say he is, what makes you think he'll fall for you? Why kid yourself?"

I didn't like that sort of talk any better than Bess did, so I got mad in my turn and told Marty a thing or two about my visit to the observatory. Not what actually happened, of course. Just a few details that any imaginative girl can always conjure up to worry one man about another. I added, as a final touch, that Doctor Brown had asked to call and that I'd be glad to have Marty meet him.

"Say!" exploded my jealous Romeo. "If I catch that bird butting in around here I'm liable to make at least two pieces out of every bone in his body!"

"Is that so?" I said. "You and how many assistants? That bird, as you call him, is as big as you are, and if I know anything about it"—the which I did—"you'd better not hand him any bluffs you don't expect to have called."

With a little more in that line Marty was soon fit to be tied, and so we spent a right pleasant evening, which I made perfect by sending him home early with a warning that there would be no more late hours for little Ann, the woiking goil.

"I hope you oversleep and lose your job!" was Marty's good-night cheer.

My second approach to the observatory was made in fear and trepidation. For all my big talk at home I knew only too well I had made a mess of my first day's work, and I was scared stiff at the thought of what the aftermath might be. Doctor Brown might decline to see me and to give me the answers to my questions, or he might—well, he might take the position that I had established a precedent and that we should open and close our daily sessions with kisses. In the first case, I'd lose my job, and in the second, the job would lose me. Neither was a happy prospect to contemplate. How could I explain matters if I had to go back to the office and say that I had been turned down? What would I do if that man insisted that we begin today where we left off yesterday? It was a glorious thing to work and to be independent, but—what price glory? What had I let myself in for, with my silly melodrama? How should I conduct myself when and if admitted to the august presence? Should I begin by apologizing, in all seriousness, for my foolishness? Should I attempt to be facetious and say merrily—oh, so merrily!—that he could trust me to be on my good behavior? Or should I try to act as if nothing had happened?

But I was to discover that I needn't have worried myself with all that. An assistant received me in a matter-of-fact way and said that Doctor Brown had requested that I send in my list of questions, and to wait, please. Both of which I did, and in fifteen minutes I had my list back, with all the answers written out in the doctor's fine Spencerian hand, and I said my thank-you and was bowed out. Nice, smooth, snappy work! Doctor Brown was letting me know that personally I was out, so far as he was concerned, but that he would continue to do the fair thing by the Universal, which I represented.

Those of you who think that I was relieved by this adroit handling of a possibly embarrassing situation get one more guess. And if any of you have any doubt about there being anything more furious than a woman scorned, try ignoring one. I don't care if I spill the beans for my entire sex, I'll say that no female likes to have a situation, whatever its possibilities, taken entirely out of her hands, and I'm nothing if not feminine.

After three days of that I was wilder than any prairie flower anybody ever heard of, and I just naturally had to do something. I decided to employ a bit of finesse as a starter, so I wrote "Thank you!" in a broad scrawl at the bottom of my list of questions. When it was returned to me I found that he had answered, "You are quite welcome."

Next morning I tried "Thank *you!!*" His comeback was "You are *quite* welcome!!" Get the difference between the words we underscored?

Then I wrote, "I fear this system of handling my work is an imposition upon your kindness," and his reply was, "Not at all; besides, it eliminates possible mistakes."

That led me to believe that I was being kidded by an expert, so my next morning's message to him was after this fashion: "Please cast my horoscope and let me know if I am likely ever to see you again personally. I was born at 9:30 A.M., twenty-two years ago next Tuesday."

And for that I got, "I am an astronomer, not an astrologer. Are you having a birthday party?"

When I read that I simply brushed by a somewhat startled assistant with "Doctor Brown wants to see me," and walked right into the sanctum.

"I told the young man out there that you wanted to see me," I explained, by way of greeting. "Of course you don't." With that I paused to see whether he'd do a frozen face or act like a human being. Praise be, it was the latter.

"Your first statement leads me to believe you are a telepathist; your second, that you are not," he said, smiling and inviting me to be seated.

"Oh, I'm a mind reader, all right," I said. "At least I can read my own, and it tells me that I've been treated like a naughty little girl long enough and that you'll be perfectly safe in letting me come into your office again."

"I have not been at all concerned about my own safety, Miss Stillson, but I could not be sure how you might feel about yours. If either of us is to offer amends, let it be me. My conduct was reprehensible in the extreme and I only hope you do not regard it as unpardonable."

Honest—I'm not exaggerating—his line was just as high-faluting as that, and I had to giggle inwardly at the thought of what a wicked cross-word puzzler he must be, but outwardly I tried my best to play up to his lead.

"Doctor Brown," I said, "you are more than generous. It was I who offended, and I realize that you are entitled not only to my apologies, but to my assurance that in the future I shall endeavor so to conduct myself as to merit your approbation, and ——" But I couldn't get any further with that. "Oh, I say, let's parachute down to earth and use language that ordinary folks talk and understand. What I'm trying to get at is that I think you're a brick, and if you'll say the word we're friends till the clock strikes twelve."

"You mean," he said hesitatingly, "that what I ——"

"Sure it was all right," I broke in, thinking to relieve him of the embarrassment of saying it. "I've been kissed before and survived, and I'm sure I'll recover this time, and ——"

"I was not thinking of that"—it was his turn to interrupt—"but sought to ask if, really, the language I use is so—so unusual as to seem pedantic or stilted?"

"Well, you might call it that," I said, "and I'll admit it sounds a trifle highbrow to me. But you should worry! You get by with it, don't you, and don't have to use an interpreter."

"But I am worrying. You see I have—er—written a book." He said that with an air of mingled pride and apology. "It isn't a scientific treatise, or I would not be concerned about my style. It is a novel and intended for popular consumption, and I fear I may not have made my characters speak in the language that the average person uses and understands. That would be disastrous."

Say, I almost passed out! That man write a popular novel? Why, he'd be so far above the heads of modern readers of best sellers that they'd never even suspect what it was all about. I didn't have to see it to know what it would be like. It would be a joke, a scream, if he ever got it published. Somebody ought to do something about it. Very well, little Ann to the rescue! But before I could be a volunteer I was conscripted.

"Miss Stillson, may I come to call on you some evening? I believe that talking with you, and with your friends whom I might meet, would give me something of the atmosphere which I need, and I shall be very ——"

"Fine! I'll have the house all full of atmosphere and see that you meet a crowd of live ones who'll make a jerry of you in no time at all."

He gave me a blank look. "I am that now."

I handed him blank for blank, and he explained, "Jerry is my name, you know."

Whoops, my dears! You don't have to believe that if you don't want to, but why should I attempt to deceive you about such a trifle? Cross my heart, and hope to die if it ever becomes necessary! I was patient with him, and at length made him understand that jerry, as I used it, was not a proper name, but a common noun, derived from the Scandanubian, and meaning a wize gazabo, one who knows his way about.

"I can see"—he smiled cheerfully—"that my later education has been sadly neglected. How about this evening?"

Dumb—but not so slow!

If I have failed to interest anyone in my stargazer I have not done so well by him as he did by himself with me. Frankly, he intrigued me, if I may use an expression I don't like but for which I can't find a synonym. He was unlike anything in the man line I had ever encountered, an amazing combination of brains and ignorance, assurance and diffidence, cleverness and stupidity. And please remember that he was at least distantly related, in looks, to Adonis, that he had been exceedingly kind about helping me with my work, and that he had been darned decent and considerate of my feelings in dealing with a situation I had created and didn't know what to do with. Then, too, he knew so much about some things and so little about others that he gave one the feeling that there was a lot one could do for him and with him, and I simply love to tinker with folks. And hadn't he appealed to me for help? Men may not know it, but that's the surest and quickest way to a woman's interest. Eve got into her trouble merely because she was asked to help decide which were the best eating apples on the place!

Well, to get on with our knitting, Dr. Albert Jeremiah's first call did not turn out precisely as planned. In fact, far from it. I had Bess, Alice Remy, May and Bill Beckley, Ted Davis and Marty there, with the idea that we'd dance a little and perhaps play a rubber or two of bridge, and I thought we'd take the stranger right into the crowd and make him one of us—a sort of benevolent assimilation, as it were. He would get the slang and jargon of modern society, and we'd get the fun of giving these lessons in English as she is spoke.

Instead, he took us into the halls of learning and delivered a lecture on the total eclipse of the sun! He got nothing from us except the use of our ears, while we got—oh, my aunt, what we got!

I had expected that he would be rather ill at ease in our midst, but on the contrary he was entirely self-possessed and we were the ducks out of water. I had press-agented him so much that the gang didn't know what to say or how to act in his presence, and after a few blahs about the weather they were all through. Then Marty took it upon himself to relieve the tension, and of course he began by addressing Doctor Brown as professor, which I had warned everybody was not to be done.

"I am not a professor," said our guest icily.

"My error," said Marty. "Par-don me!"

"I am an astronomer, and an astronomer is not necessarily a teacher or instructor."

"I get you. Well, Stron, old top, how'd you leave the lady in the moon this evening?"

"Is that supposed to be a joke?"

"I hoped you'd see it that way."

"I do not!"

The way that was said made Marty look and act like a ten-year-old who'd been caught making faces at teacher's back, and to make everything calvin—Newenglandese for merry and gay; hilarious; boisterous—Ted Davis had to butt in and get his.

"Don't pay any attention to Marty," he said. "The nurse dropped him when he was little and he's never been quite right since. But I'd like to ask you a serious question, pro—I mean, doc. Are the days longer now than they used to be, or do they just seem longer?"

Ted got that out of his system with an air of see what a smart lad am I—I've sprung a joke as is a joke.

"That is a very interesting question," said our learned guest. "Since the earth is slowing down, it follows that it was once rotating faster and that there was a period when the day comprised only twenty hours. Going back farther still, inconceivable ages ago the earth must have been rotating on its axis in from three to four hours and the day was less than a sixth as long as it is now."

"Help!" said Ted. "I'm in over my head and sinking for the ——"

I was considering which murder to do first when Bill Beckley came to my rescue. Bill is a natural-born diplomat, and when opportunity comes I shall certainly make him an ambassador.

"Doctor Brown," he said, "didn't I see in the papers that you were one of the observers who studied the eclipse of the sun from the airship? Won't you tell us about it? I'm sure we'd all be delighted to have you."

And that launched the lecture. It seems that that was his favorite subject, and, believe me, he knew a lot about it. I won't say that he held us all spellbound, but after the first hour Bess was doing with her mouth what the little birds do with theirs when mamma bird brings home the early worm; Bill's face wore the expression of one who has started something for which he has no terminal facilities; Marty was asleep, thank heaven, or pretending to be; and May and Ted were flirting wordlessly. I don't remember what Alice was doing, and I'm slightly hazy about myself, but I do recall the relief with which I heard the closing words, "And so we landed safely at exactly 11:55 o'clock."

"Hold everything!" yelled Marty, coming out of his trance. "If it's that late I've been gone for an hour."

With that he took it on the run and the party was over. My wizard of the heavens got his cue and said he'd had a perfectly delightful time.

"You and me both," said little Ann.

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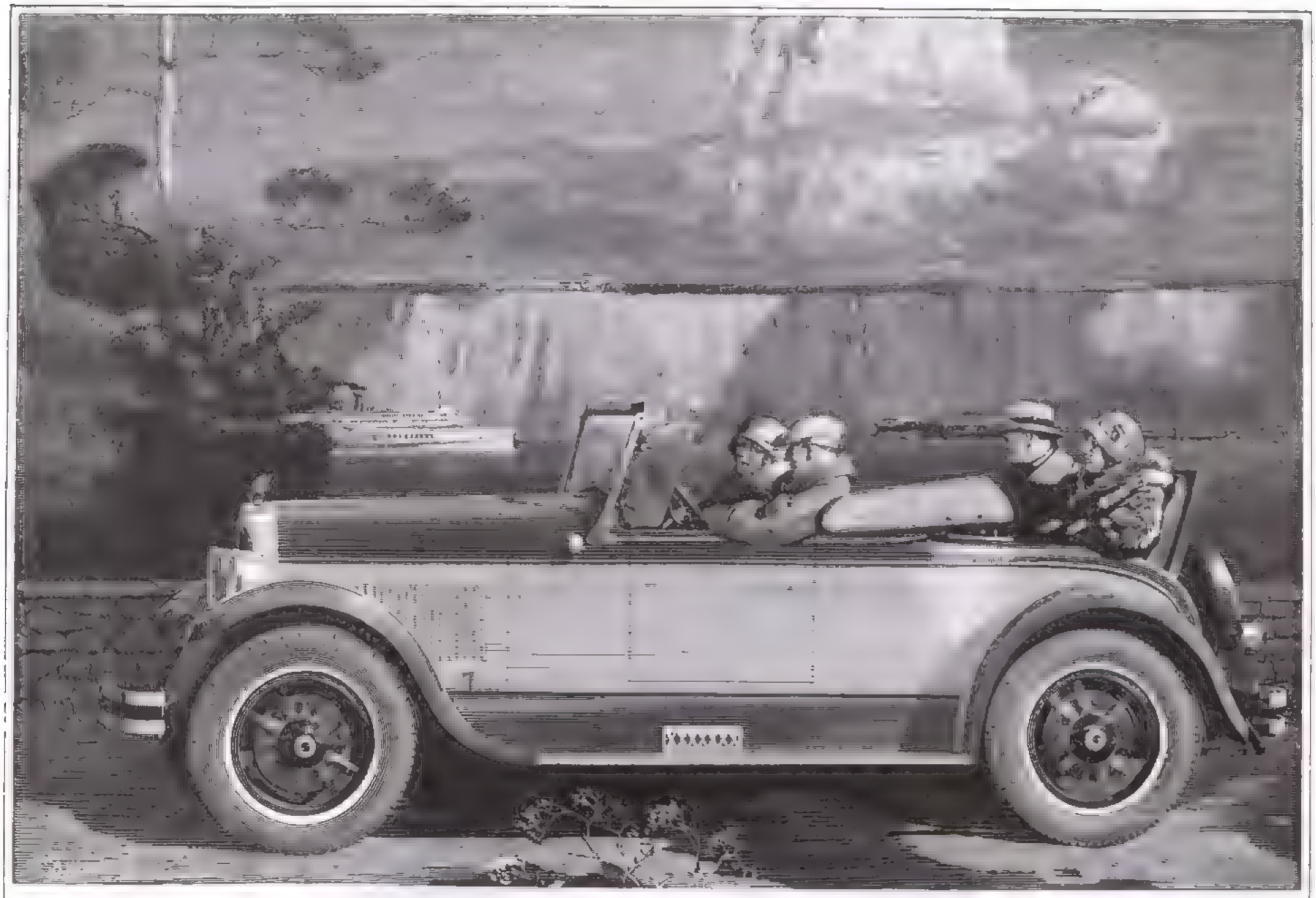

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OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Getting Business for the Railroad

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

WHENEVER one peruses earnestly and thoroughly a railroad time-table the question naturally occurs: Why does a railroad maintain offices all over the country and hundreds of miles away from its own tracks? Why should the New York Central have an agency in Los Angeles? Or the Denver and Rio Grande have one in Atlanta? Or the Baltimore and Ohio keep a representative in Seattle? Is it, perhaps, for the purpose of creating comfortable jobs for relatives of officials or a convenient way to retire superannuated employes?

In railroad parlance these agencies are known as off-line offices. Far from having a sinecure, the off-line agent must make his office pay or give place to someone who can. He is a salesman, pure and simple. Let us suppose a railroad whose tracks are entirely within the state of Ohio maintains a freight soliciting office in Tacoma. It is the function of the Tacoma agent to see that a share of the freight moving from the Tacoma territory to the Atlantic Coast travels across Ohio via his railroad. Few lines have enough local business to support themselves and to earn dividends for the stockholders. It is up to the salesmen in Tacoma and in other off-line offices to get the necessary extra tonnage.

What can the agent in Tacoma do to sell the service of his road? In the good old days he could cut the rate over his line, or make the shipper a present of an annual pass over his system, or do any one of a dozen unconventional things that are now taboo in railroad operation. At present the agent can quote only one rate, which is the rate of every competing line. He cannot promise that the shipment will make better time, because half a dozen competitors maintain equally good schedules. All the agent has to go on is salesmanship; and it is salesmanship without samples, without bargain specials, without private credit arrangements or discount for quantity business.

Many of the present-day railroad officials trace their advancement back to achievements in salesmanship while hard-working solicitors in off-line offices. A dozen years ago a man whom I shall call Howard, now holding one of the high positions of a Middle-Western line, was appointed freight representative of his company for the state of Texas, with headquarters in Dallas. It was a new agency and business was dull; there was strong competition; if Howard was to hold his $1800 a year job he had to hustle.

Talking Turkey

IT WAS about the time that South Texas was developing as a turkey-raising center, and word came to Howard one fall day that several carloads of turkeys were to be assembled at a tiny village for shipment to New York City in anticipation of the Thanksgiving trade. Texas is a big state and the village was 400 miles from Dallas; but if half a dozen cars could be routed over his road on their way to New York, it was worth some effort. Howard arrived in the village early one morning and learned that a wholesale grocer of the place was to be the shipper. The grocer did not care particularly how the cars should be routed; his only concern was that they should reach their destination promptly. Representatives of several railroads had written to solicit certain routings, but Howard was the only one to come in person. The grocer would make up his mind about it later. The turkeys had not yet arrived anyhow.

Howard learned that the birds were expected the following day. A great drive had been organized along the main road leading into the village. Starting twenty miles out, the turkey herders conducted their charges afoot through the country, the flock receiving accessions from farmers along the route. Howard hired a horse and buggy from the village livery stable and drove out to meet the drive, encountering it ten miles from town, an enormous army of hens and gobblers in charge of half a dozen men and a small boy.

To this day, Howard states, he does not know exactly why he made this country excursion, except perhaps the hope that if he showed himself to be of a helpful disposition, the wholesale grocer might be more inclined to route the shipment according to his wishes. As it turned out, his good offices were quite welcome, because the turkey herders were having considerable trouble with their charges as they approached the village on account of the more frequent teams and automobiles that disturbed the serenity of the feathered marchers.

It was just before noon when Howard joined the march and prospects seemed rosy for reaching town the same day. Some delays occurred, however, and they were still a couple of miles out as the sun approached the horizon. Unfortunately, at the same time a considerable clump of trees was encountered that stood on both sides of the road, making the declining day seem still more imminent. The head of the column of turkeys wavered, then came to a full stop. A leading gobbler cocked a desirous eye at an overhanging branch, spread his wings and shot upward. This was the bedtime signal. In ten minutes several thousand turkeys en route to the Thanksgiving festivities of New York were comfortably fixed for the night in a grove two miles out of Cuero, Texas.

There was nothing for Howard to do but drive into town for the night, taking three men and the boy along with him, the others staying with the turkeys. Before daybreak they were out again, in time to see their charges flutter down from the trees and make ready for the march. In the village, the leading herder had purchased several bags of corn on which the birds breakfasted. Small particles of lump salt had been cunningly mixed in with the corn, a feature that Howard illy understood until the turkeys reached a small stream of water, when its object became apparent. The turkeys were naturally thirsty and drank hugely, thus materially increasing in weight. This, however, had nothing to do with the routing of the cars that were to transport the birds to New York; that decision was still in the air when the livestock had been safely corralled, and Howard approached the wholesale grocer to renew his request that his railroad should be given a portion of the haul. He appeared, he confesses, little like the typical representative of a great corporation. His shoes and derby hat were white with the dust of a Texas country road. On account of getting up at three o'clock in the morning, he had not shaved, and his clothes had lost their citified look through his efforts as a turkey drover. The wholesale grocer regarded him earnestly.

"Well, I'll be dog-goned!" he said at last. "If you're sport enough to go through all that to get a few cars of turkeys shipped over your railroad, I'm sport enough to give you the business. Come on in the office and show me how you want them routed."

Bargain Day for Railroad Tickets

THERE is still romance in selling railroad service, though not so much as in the good old times when the lid was off and the rule was to get the business no matter how. Any traveler whose memory goes back twenty years recalls the group of ticket scalpers' offices that clustered about the passenger stations of all important cities. Theoretically, the scalpers bought and sold only the unused portions of return tickets, but in practice there were no such limitations, and the economically inclined traveler could go almost anywhere he pleased at less than regular fare. He might not be able to go by the most direct and desirable route, but he could go. Some of the weaker roads depended on the scalpers for a considerable portion of their income. One official now connected with an Eastern line has told me that when he was ticket agent for a struggling Midwestern road in a certain city the regular fare was ten dollars from his station to Chicago. Business was hard to get, for two competitors made better time at the same price. On an average of once a month, usually when the pay roll had to be met, headquarters would send him word to take a certain number of Chicago tickets to the leading scalper and sell them at five dollars apiece.

Times have changed, and this official's comment is vastly indicative of the trend of the American living standard.

"Even if ticket scalping were legal today," he said, "the scalpers would starve to death. People aren't looking for cheap rides. What they want is extra-fare trains."

Not only in the old days did the weaker lines sell passenger transportation at cut prices but a good proportion was given away. To procure a pass one only had to be a newspaper man, a prominent freight shipper, a friend of a railroad official or, best of all, a legislator. The same man quoted here tells of an incident that occurred when he was stationed in St. Louis and had occasion one night to go to Jefferson City. The legislature was in session and some bills affecting the railroads were up for consideration. Railroad lobbyists had been at the state capital armed with books of passes, and on this particular night the Pullmans on the train were crowded to capacity. Toward midnight the train conductor, an elderly veteran with a voice that had not changed from adolescence, came into the rear Pullman to analyze his takings.

"This sure beats all!" he shrilled. "On this whole darn train I ain't taken up but three paid tickets!"

There was a stir in one of the upper berths and an official of the road stuck an indignant face out from the curtain.

(Continued on Page 50)

Trees at Night

THE RIGHT OF WAY

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NINETY-eight per cent of those who have bought Packard Six cars during the past five years are still Packard owners.

THOUSANDS who still long for Packard transportation have yet to learn that the Packard Six is not high in price. For example the five-passenger Sedan is $2585 at the factory.

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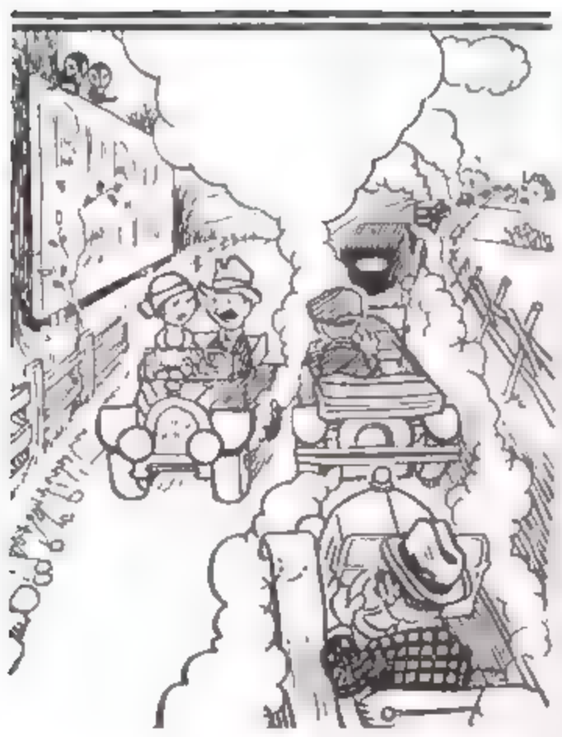
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



Even DUCO gets dirty—

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Duco Polish No. 7 cleans Duco perfectly and restores its original beauty and lustre.

Made especially for Duco by the makers of Duco—insist on getting "No. 7."

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3500 Gray's Ferry Road, Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed find [check] [money order] for $1 (Canada $1.20). Please send me a pint can of Duco Polish No. 7.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 48)

"Anyhow, you can keep your trap shut about it, Sam," he ordered. "This railroad don't have to have its policy announced by its train conductors."

That railroad salesmanship has to be of high order is evidenced by a fact pointed to with pride by members of the profession. During the war period of government control all off-line agencies were abolished, thus throwing an army of freight and passenger solicitors out of work. Many went into other employment and did not go back to railroading when the roads were returned to their owners. Nine-tenths of these men, traffic officials say, have made good in their new work and earn better salaries than they could have hoped for as railroad employes.

Railroad salesmanship is not a highly paid profession. A fair average for the young fellows is $150 a month. One man of my acquaintance, with twenty-five years' service, has worked up from ordinary solicitor to off-line agent, and now has arrived at headquarters, with the title of assistant to traffic manager, a position that in ordinary industry would be called sales manager. Not only does he hold down his desk at headquarters, but he annually travels many thousand miles to call in person on the large shippers and to keep the local solicitors on their toes. His salary is $8400 a year. Some of the smaller roads pay their off-line agents a commission instead of a salary, commissions in some cases running as high as five dollars a car. In such arrangements the agent pays his own traveling and office expenses. This practice, however, is not looked on with great favor by the larger roads.

The business end of railroading is circumscribed by rules that would bring loud lament from the ordinary industrial executive, used to having his own way and limited in his initiative only by the necessity of producing dividends. Recently I was describing to a railroad freight official how a certain large manufacturer had worked out a system by which he shares his profits with his clients. It is a simple and workable affair; merely the manufacturer at the end of each year's business issues a statement as to his sales, expenses and net profits. From the last item is taken an amount necessary to pay a certain dividend to stockholders and the balance is divided among the firms that buy his product, each according to the amount of its purchases. The railroad official was interested in the plan, but at once spotted the impossibility of putting it into effect in the business of railroading.

"Distribute profits back among the shippers?" he said. "Never on your life! That comes under the head of rebating!"

Rules for Railroads

Even in the matter of locating new industries along its tracks, the railroad is held within certain bounds. The chamber of commerce or the private individual can sell factory sites at any price, or give them away if necessary, in order to procure desirable establishments. In the same situation the railroad must sell its land at a figure not lower than the prevailing market price.

Neither is a railroad allowed to extend credit to shippers. As a matter of convenient business, firms are allowed to take their merchandise off the cars before paying transportation charges, but a firm to be allowed this privilege must be bonded to secure the railroad against loss. In no case may a shipper have more than forty-eight hours in which to pay his bill.

Occasionally an error occurs in billing and the freight is delivered at too high or too low a figure. In the former case the shipper may be trusted to demand and to receive his refund. If on the other hand the freight has been delivered at too low a price, the railroad must, according to the rules, collect the difference or show reasons why collection is impossible. A couple of years ago the agent of a Middle West road in Los Angeles routed a carload of oranges out of Mexico, across the United States and into Canada, his road getting its share of the haul.

Unfortunately someone made a mistake in figuring the charges, and long after the oranges had been delivered in Canada the agent in Los Angeles received a formidable sheaf of papers showing that forty dollars too little had been paid for the transportation; he was instructed to collect the amount or to present legitimate reasons for not so doing. With the shipper in Mexico and the consignee in Canada, the matter of collection was naturally complicated, yet there was not the usual excuse that they were bankrupt or out of business. The agent decided it would be simpler to go down to Mexico and try to collect than to invent an excuse.

It was a sixteen-hour journey to the Mexican town where the orange shipment had originated. The shipper, a general-store merchant who bought produce as a side line, was glad to see the gentleman from the United States. In quite correct English he insisted that the agent should spend some days in his community. Did the American gentleman love to fish? The merchant's boat was at his disposal. Or perhaps the gentleman preferred to hunt. In that case the merchant would be glad to loan him equipment and to furnish a reliable guide quite without charge. By all means the gentleman should be his guest at the hotel for dinner that evening.

"No Spik Business English"

The railroad man thanked the merchant for these proffered courtesies and said he would consider them later, but first he must bring up a little matter of business. He produced his sheaf of papers, pointed out the forty-dollar shortage and suggested that his host might wish to pay.

The effect of this was quite astonishing. The merchant evidently was versed in society English, but his business education was entirely Spanish. He looked over the papers dubiously, passed them back to the railroad man and retreated behind the bars of his office inclosure.

"Me no understand," he said brokenly. "Me no spik English!"

The railroad man took the next train back to Los Angeles and made a report to the proper authorities that the shortage was uncollectible because in the first place it was an international debt, and in the second place because the shipper spoke only a foreign language.

The average owner of industrial stock thinks of his investment in terms of imposing headquarters in some skyscraper office building where dignified executives formulate wise policies that are carried out with machinelike precision by an army of subordinates, and that automatically result in semiannual dividend checks signed by the treasurer and cashable at any bank. That is indeed an easily visualized picture; but dividends are not earned at headquarters, and human nature and business are inextricably mixed. It is likely the stockholders of a certain Eastern railroad would be amazed if they knew the good showing of their property during one recent year was largely owing to the activities of a lightweight prize fighter in the state of California.

It came about this way: The railroad for a number of years had maintained an off-line office in one of the large California cities, but the agency had never paid. The official in charge was an estimable gentleman, but inclined to be lacking in initiative and enthusiasm, tendencies that had become more pronounced as year after year he had been unable to gain profitable tonnage for his line. Headquarters finally decided to retire this old employe on a pension and to send a new man to take charge of the office; if it did not show a profit during the following twelve months the agency would be discontinued. There was a young solicitor who had been doing good work in an Eastern agency and on him was placed the responsibility of showing whether the California office could be made a profitable investment.

Accordingly, the young solicitor and his wife packed up their belongings in Buffalo and moved to the Pacific Coast, where he entered on his new duties, with the title of district traffic agent. The gentleman whom he came to succeed, cynical from long-continued frustration, told him there would be little use in hustling around after business, because the competition was hectic and other lines had things pretty well sewed up. This was a discouraging viewpoint to the newcomer, but the title of district traffic agent was a thing to be fought for, especially by one who had previously been only an ordinary solicitor. He went after business in the only way he knew—namely, by keeping track through the newspapers of prospective freight movements and by maintaining personal touch with the people who controlled the routings. Having little to do in his office, he circulated about in the places where business men congregated, making as many acquaintances as possible, a habit that his predecessor, still connected with the agency in an advisory capacity, condemned as useless and unbusinesslike.

One day the young district traffic agent read in the newspapers of an important power plant that was to be installed in the vicinity, a project that would require the shipment of several hundred cars of materials from Eastern manufacturers, and that could logically be handled a part of the distance over his line. He looked up the man who would have the decision as to the routing and asked for the business. The gentleman told him that the power plant was a certainty, but it would be some time before any shipments of materials would be ordered. Other solicitors were after the business. No decision would be made for a while.

This was only a vague prospect, but 200 or 300 cars routed over his line might spell the difference between a job as head of an office or going back to being an ordinary solicitor; and the young traffic agent had no idea of being demoted. Once a week he found opportunity to drop into the headquarters of the power-plant organization to inquire as to developments and incidentally to cultivate the friendship of the gentleman in charge of freight shipments. One day the latter confided a personal problem.

"I've got a kid brother," he said, "twenty-one years old and just graduated from college. The boy has been a pretty good football player as well as an all-round athlete, and now he's got the idea he can make a lot of money in the prize-fight game. He even thinks he is going to be lightweight champion. Of course, the family is all against it. I wish I could fix it so he would get a couple of good lickings. Maybe that would cure him."

Fighting for Freight Business

The young railroad traffic agent at once saw an opportunity for service. In his mingling with the business men of the city he had made the acquaintance of an ex-near-champion heavyweight pugilist who ran a business men's gymnasium and as a side line assisted in the development of aspiring young fighters. Eager to help in the family problems of a gentleman who was soon to order the shipment of several hundred carloads of power-plant materials, he spoke up optimistically.

"Send the kid around to my office," he said. "I know old Jim down at the gymnasium pretty well, and I'll take the kid there for a try-out. Maybe after he has been up against some of these hard-boiled young scrappers in a few practice bouts he'll change his mind about becoming a world champion."

The power-plant executive gratefully accepted this offer of service and the next day the district traffic agent escorted the kid brother to Jim's gymnasium. The veteran put the aspirant through his paces and

(Continued on Page 52)

GOOD TO LOOK AT BETTER TO DRIVE

Oldsmobile Six continues to grow in public preference because its genuine beauty is coupled with extraordinary liveliness and smoothness through its entire speed range, with easy handling and restful comfort over all roads and with the stamina that always results from capable, conscientious manufacturing. Of course, Oldsmobile Six is a good car to look at—but a better car to drive.

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$950

(Continued from Page 50)

afterward delivered his verdict to the sponsor.

"The kid has been fooling around too long with football and all that college junk," he said cynically. "He'll never make a scrapper. He's muscle-bound."

The district traffic manager agreed that this might be a correct opinion, but explained that certain considerations made it necessary the kid should fight with someone even though he should thereby suffer physical pain or even take a knock-out.

"If it's a licking you want him to get," responded the veteran, "I guess I can fix you up. I'll put him on in a four-round preliminary at the show next Saturday night."

Old Jim was a good showman and passed word around to the reporters that an unknown whom he mysteriously named Kid Pepper was to be a feature of the following Saturday night's entertainment. He would not divulge the fighter's real name, but he did admit that the fighter's manager was the district traffic agent of the Eastern railroad. The evening's pink sporting sheets carried this information in large type, and during the week his name was mentioned several times as an outstanding addition to the city's sporting fraternity.

The district traffic agent naturally did not care for this publicity and hoped none of the newspapers would be seen by the officials of his road back East, for naturally it would be difficult to explain how freight traffic and prize fighting could profitably be combined.

Hand Shakers and Go Getters

Saturday night came and he escorted the Kid to the club. It was necessary also that he employ a couple of handlers to sponge and fan between rounds. It was the first event on the program. Old Jim may have been sincere when he pronounced the kid muscle-bound, but the handicap did not prevent the latter from punching his opponent to a standstill. The newspapers next day announced a find and again printed the name of the district traffic agent prominently as Kid Pepper's manager.

Something of the same thing was repeated on several succeeding Saturday nights, and the wife of the traffic agent became insistent that her husband should give up such undignified activities. There was also another complication. The purse was invariably fifty dollars, split thirty-five to the winner and fifteen to the loser. Each time the Kid won he put his thirty-five dollars in his pocket. The traffic agent could hardly mention finances to the brother of a man who was soon to route several hundred cars of freight, but the fees of the huskies who handled the sponge and towels amounted to twenty dollars a performance, and it required ingenuity to slip this into a railroad expense account in such a way that it would escape criticism at the general offices.

One is glad to relate that the affair worked out happily. Kid Pepper eventually met a demon Mexican lightweight and received a trouncing that decided him to quit the ring and to enter a business more to the liking of his family. About the same time the power-plant equipment was ready for shipment, and the Kid's brother was grateful. Three hundred cars were routed over the line of the resourceful general traffic agent at an average of seventy-five dollars a car.

Nor was this all, for nothing succeeds like success in the railroad business as elsewhere. That same season the traffic agent one day received a summons to call at the office of one of the coöperative societies that was preparing for the annual movement of citrus fruit from California to the Atlantic Coast. Another line had previously been handling the bulk of this business east of the Mississippi; but this road, it appeared, was then engaged in making extensive alterations to its line and was temporarily in no position to take care of the citrus-fruit tonnage. The coöperative manager explained this to the traffic agent and then came down to business.

"You've been calling here pretty regularly," he said, "but we haven't been able to promise you anything. I understand your line handled those 300 cars for the power plant all right. Are you in shape to handle a big movement of citrus fruit throughout the season? At times it will run as high as five solid trains a day."

The traffic agent replied earnestly that his road was not only able but anxious to tackle just that sort of job. He would personally make a trip to headquarters and see that everything was shipshape for the expeditious handling of the merchandise. That season the traffic agent's road ran more than 4000 cars of citrus fruit over the length of its tracks. The traffic agent now occupies an executive desk at headquarters; but when he writes his autobiography, he tells me, he will state that he owes his success to the prize-fight game.

Recently I spent a day in the traffic offices of a prominent industrial concern to study the salesmanship of the freight-soliciting fraternity objectively—from the other side of the counter, so to speak. More than a dozen salesmen came that day, representatives of railroads in all parts of the country, and with sales methods as varying as the names on their business cards. One young man evidently believed in the efficacy of the social touch, for he was in the office more than an hour, during which time he visited pleasantly and at length with several of the workers, hanging up his hat and overcoat and making himself quite at home. There was apparently no business that could be thrown his way. After he had gone I heard one of his hosts remark that it might be a good idea to have a nice rocking-chair fixed up for the young man's next visit so he might bring his knitting and be thoroughly comfortable.

Another salesman had schooled himself in the aggressive do-it-now method. Hardly had he entered the door before he pulled a notebook out of his pocket as though he expected to record some extra-important freight offerings. Bustling up to the desk of the traffic executive, he demanded to know if there was any business for him. He was told there was nothing at the moment, a reply that seemed to stir his deepest displeasure. He shoved his notebook back in his pocket and spoke to the traffic executive severely.

"I'm not getting my rightful share of business out of this office," he said.

No Percentage

Evidently it was the policy of the company to be polite to all visitors, for the executive merely repeated that he was sorry but there was no present business for the salesman's railroad. As the door closed behind the solicitor the executive leaned forward and spoke to his assistant across the flat-topped desk.

"I didn't know any railroad had a mortgage on this corporation," he remarked. "I wonder what that fellow's rightful share is."

Other solicitors came and went. The most successful from a business standpoint was a stout man of middle age who was, I was informed, direct from his road's general offices and making a flying trip to see some of the more important Eastern shippers. When he asked if there was anything doing the traffic executive pulled a sheaf of papers out of his desk and laid them before his caller.

"Here's a Western shipment we're going to make within a couple of weeks," he said, "and I've made the routing so your road will get a share of the haul."

The stout man scanned the papers carefully. "Much obliged for your good intentions," he said pleasantly, "but the way you've routed it there's no percentage."

It seems the term "no percentage" meant that his road had no arrangements with the line that would start the cars on the Western journey and therefore his road could not handle any part of the haul.

"I didn't know about that," the traffic executive told the stout man. "Suppose you take these papers in the other room and tell Sam I say to route the stuff so you can get in on the business."

Imagination in Salesmanship

The stout man was in the other room a short period, after which he again appeared, said everything was fixed up fine, thanked the traffic executive heartily and went his way. Altogether his visit had lasted perhaps twenty minutes, during which time he had earned for his road the handling of a twenty-car shipment. Why, I asked the traffic executive, was this particular man so favored? Was it a case of personal friendship, or because the stout man was from the general offices and ranked above the ordinary solicitors?

"To answer those questions," the traffic executive responded, "I'll have to ask you one. When you go to buy a suit of clothes, why will you sometimes go blocks out of your way to trade at some particular store? Isn't it often because there is some salesman who is willing to take pains to see that you are properly fitted, who does more than merely lay out the stuff for your inspection and say, 'Here's a fine piece of goods, you ought to buy it'?

"Well, railroad salesmanship isn't different from any other kind; and if I seemed to favor Fitz in giving him that twenty-car shipment it was because he is the sort of salesman who isn't afraid to go out of his way to please customers. A few years ago this corporation that I work for bought an abandoned steel plant out in Ohio with the intention of moving it to a town beyond the Mississippi River, and I was sent out to superintend the moving job. It meant a lot of traffic for the railroads, because we were transporting the whole show—machinery, equipment, and even the buildings. Naturally, when the news got about there was a lot of activity in railroad circles, and I had hardly arrived in the Ohio community before the freight solicitors were after me. Fitz was one of them, being only an ordinary solicitor at that time.

"He came one day into the temporary office I had fixed up beside the steel plant, handed me his card and said he'd like to get some of the business. He added that he had been looking around and realized I had a hard job ahead of me, as I was in a strange territory; if he could help in any way he'd be glad to do it. I told him I was badly in need of a certain piece of equipment—a small portable derrick—and I had no idea where I was going to find it. He told me he believed he could locate one. Two days later he phoned me from Cleveland that he had what I wanted and that he had got a rental figure from the owner—fifteen dollars a day, including a man to operate it. I did not know until long after that Fitz had scoured both Youngstown and Cleveland during those two days looking for just the sort of derrick I needed.

"When I was ready to ship my stuff, naturally Fitz's road got a good share of the business. Maybe it would have got it anyhow; the rates were the same over half a dozen routes. But I have never forgotten that of all the solicitors who called on me, Fitz was the only one who had the imagination to see the difficulties I was up against and the energy to help me out. I guess that's the answer to your question as to why he got this twenty-car shipment today. His past performances are in his favor, just like the clerk in the clothing store that a man will walk a dozen blocks out of his way to trade with."

In the long run, every profession must justify itself, must prove that it is of some economic benefit. I have visited the shipping departments of many industrial and merchandise firms to inquire the attitude of important shippers toward the army of freight solicitors who constantly go about asking for business. How do these solicitors justify their salaries? What benefit accrues to the country at large that transportation lines should go to the expense of maintaining agencies in communities hundreds of miles away from their own spheres and whose only function is to try to divert business from competing roads?

In each office visited I found the shippers believed these expenses to be justified. The freight solicitor is generally welcomed, for often he has information that is of benefit to the shipper in the way of existing embargoes, new team-track deliveries, unloading facilities and the like. One of the men with whom I talked is chief of the shipping department of a great industrial corporation with headquarters in New York and branches throughout the country, whose annual freight bills total millions.

"We want the traffic salesmen to come into this office," the chief said; "as many as possible. None of them can offer us special rates, but we know when competition is keen we are going to get better service. Take, for instance, the Kansas City branch of this firm. A large percentage of the merchandise shipments originate here in New York. Time has been when we had to allow anywhere from two weeks to a month for a car to be delivered from here to our Kansas City warehouses. Now we can send out a car with an almost absolute assurance that on the fifth morning its contents will be unloading at our doors in the Western city. Any one of half a dozen lines will give us practically the same service.

"You think this promptness would be just as well maintained without the expense of these solicitors? Maybe so, but I'm inclined to think human nature would have to undergo a change. The solicitor has to earn his salary by getting business for his road; and as he cannot offer anything in the way of cheaper rates, the only way he can get business is constantly to keep punching up his superiors by telling them they must deliver cars as fast as their competitors. Right there, I believe, is the reason why we can count on a five-day delivery of our stuff between New York and Kansas City.

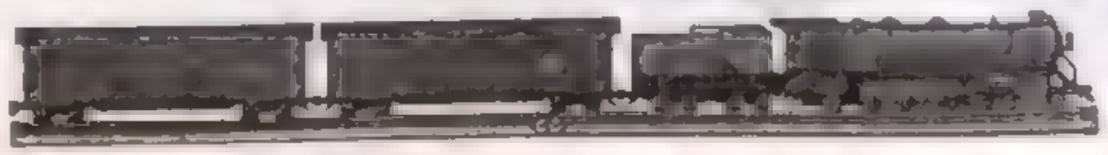
"I'll illustrate what the difference between a five-day and a thirty-day delivery means to this corporation. In former times we have had to carry a stock in Kansas City amounting to as much as $10,000,000. Today we can get along on an average stock of $4,000,000. Figuring at the lowest possible rate of interest, we save on our investment $250,000 a year. That is what a dependable five-day freight service means to us."

The Ultimate Beneficiary

These figures were, of course, vastly interesting and rather good proof that the eager salesmen of freight service justified their salaries as far as the big corporation was concerned. But the public, I reminded the chief, had no particular interest in the corporation's earnings. No outsider cared whether the corporation distributed $250,000 more or less among its stockholders.

The chief himself, it appeared, owns a little block of his corporation's stock.

"Certainly it would be fine," he said, "if we could take this money that we save by quick freight service and stick it in our own pockets. But unfortunately we have competitors who get the same service and effect the same savings that we do. It's a cinch that if this corporation saves $250,000 a year, and all our competitors save in proportion, our prices automatically come down. None of us are going to let the others make too much money. Eventually it's the public that gets the benefit of the five-day freight service."



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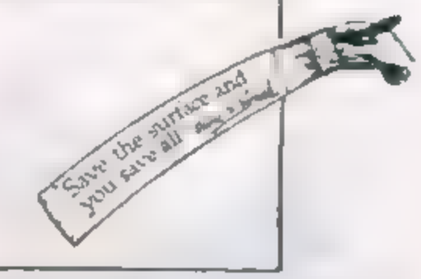

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FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS

(Continued from Page 17)

"I will, if you like," answered the detective inspector seriously. "Only, I never play half a game. You can have the handcuffs—I've got 'em here—but you've got to have what goes with 'em as well. It's for you to say, Fearon."

"That's better," smiled the other. "Make it look better for you too at the inquiry. As to taking my word—you mentioned that, didn't you; s'pose you mean my word that I won't jump overboard—my dear man, I wouldn't leave you for worlds. I didn't steal any half million like your friend Fallon; I haven't got a thousand pounds in the world; but I'm counting on recovering something pretty handsome for this arrest, and so forth, in the way of damages and compensation and everything else that a good lawyer can get for me out of this little affair. Any little humiliation that you can add to the circumstances—handcuffs and the like—is all to the good for me! So I'm naturally going to leave it to you whether I travel with a brand on me or not"

The detective inspector made a little grimace. His eyes were steady.

"Naturally," he answered. "I was mainly thinking, though, what a nuisance you'd be to me if you decided you wouldn't behave yourself."

He relaxed from his immobility of pose, let go his breath in what sounded like a sigh of a tired man, and began to stoop toward the suitcases on the cabin floor.

"You can do the jump overboard as soon as you like, when we're clear of Table Bay," he said. "I trust you just as far as I can see you, and I think you're Fallon all right. I'm hired to deliver your carcass in London an' I'll do just that. The Cape police can wear themselves out finding your plunder; but, so far as I'm concerned, between here and Madeira, you're free to go to hell or stop on board this steamboat as you please. Now, take your feet off of my suitcase!"

"I've got to obey orders, eh?"

"No," said the detective inspector. "Please let me get at my flannels."

The other laughed, moved and rose. "I hope you haven't got much money saved up for your old age," he said. "I'd hate to put you in the workhouse."

"And I'd hate to be put there," answered the detective inspector who had been sent out to bring back for trial, for foregone conviction and the hell of penal servitude, the amazing, the admired, the—judging solely by his success—the admirable, the nearly legendary Fallon, who had got away with a solid half million of good British pounds. Real loot for a bandit big enough to stay the course; a score or so of broken men had committed suicide as though to advertise the greatness of the thing; a few thousand widows of men who had died in battle had made their piteous choice between the streets and the soul shame of public charity—and, in fact, he was magnificent game for an inspector already noted for promotion.

The Cape police had handed him Fearon. He said he was Fearon—he said it rather well—but there was a look about him which Detective Inspector Welling knew of old—the look of those men who shudder at the thought of a policeman. You or I, seeing a policeman suddenly looking in at us, would ask him what the deuce he wanted and who let him in. So would they, but they would know the answer already. He knew that look—the thing they had been dreading had appeared, the ghost that had haunted them had materialized; the shuddersome finger on the shoulder—the strong, inevitable finger of that dreadful, that unjudging hand which has no power at all save the power to bring to the sure, certain judgment of that inexorable law of which the accuser and the accused are alike the servants! The short shriftless law which knows neither mercy nor vengeance—the law!

Fallon was six feet in height; so was the self-named Fearon. So, for that matter, was Detective Inspector Welling. He was thin but athletic; he had no scars to speak of; he was fair but much sunburned; his hair—but that did not matter, since hair is but a canvas upon which the artist can paint, and often does; and there lacked finger prints of him. Many photographs of him; but nothing certain and utterly damning, like the traces of a set of fingers rubbed in lampblack and oil—the best of all track-retaining traps—only his certain involuntary response to all the known physical requirements. He was the man. Scotland Yard, being staffed by human beings, and not by omniscient archangels, makes its mistakes; but few of them. It deals commonly in slow certain triumphs.

"He's done something, anyhow," said Detective Inspector Welling to himself when at length his prisoner went forth from their joint cabin to the sun-flushed length of the deck. "Man doesn't look like that for nothing. Poor devil! But what's the odds?"

What's the odds? Who is discreetly to know anything against two tall youngish men, each personable and very decently reticent, who lie in adjacent deck chairs, remark casually upon the beauty of the weather and seldom otherwise speak?

"Girl that came aboard with us," said Welling as a long-striding, free-gaited girl went past in the company of a gold-braided young man. Fallon, or Fearon, was a difficult man to sit with; he said "Yes" or he said "No," and in expansive moments he said, "Go to hell!"

"Is she?" he said this time. "Didn't see her."

"Seen her once or twice since, though, haven't you?" suggested Detective Inspector Welling. "After dinner, now an' again? No harm, of course, except in you denying it."

"Denying nothing till I get into the dock. Bow Street, will it be?" The prisoner laughed. Welling watched him. "Of course I've seen her; seen a good lot of her; and all I've seen I've liked. Saw you watching us the night I was teaching her steps at that dance; you made that evening much more enjoyable than otherwise it would have been. I saw you all right, old man!"

"Nice girl," said the other, unperturbed.

"Look here!" The prisoner at large sat up in his chair. "Speak plainly! What do you mean by that?"

"Mean she's a nice girl," said the other. "There's a scarlet-haired one aboard—there she is over there. Pop-head, we call her; but she's off that now. And there's that gorgeous dame in the second-class—Diamond Dinah—with the ample bosom; and old Jane, the Home from Home—these boats are thick with them, but that kid's a nice girl."

Fallon, or Fearon, looked at him with loathing.

"You dirty beast!" he said.

The detective inspector did not even turn his head. He lay upon his chair in his thin flannel clothes gazing at the deep and dark-blue ocean which rolled on obediently to the indicated port. Fearon, or Fallon, was rising from his chair.

"Dirty beast, am I?" said the famous detective. "Well, I'm glad to hear it from you. I'm not a dirty beast if the truth was known; I've got a wife and a kid or two of my own. But I'm glad all the same."

He was tranquil and passive, lying like an invalid in his long chair, while the other man, upright upon his feet now, looked down upon him.

"Fallon, by what I know of his performances in the City, wouldn't have called me that. He'd have grinned!"

"Set a beast to catch a beast!" The upright man glared at him. "Tell you what! You keep your tongue off that young lady! Right off! You don't know yet whether I'm a crook, and your lawful prey, or the man who's going to get you sacked. But I know; and you'd better go down and get your handcuffs now. Because I'm going to tell her the whole thing—about how I'm being taken to England as a prisoner in mistake for a man I never heard of or saw in my life. By mistake, I said!" He glared down at the detective. "That's the last time I use that word. I've been sorry for you in some ways sometimes; but you damn well know you've got the wrong man; and if you don't—if you don't—well, you've got to be taught. Get your handcuffs when you're ready."

The detective sat up. "Mean that?" he said. "Don't say it if you don't mean it. Because I've got them right here. Come on now!"

Their eyes met and battled; neither conquered. "I'm ready," said Fallon, or Fearon. "I'm your prisoner again. If you'd the guts of a louse, you'd let me tell her first. But you haven't; and you're going to be sick for this!"

The detective did not budge; a spectator would not have seen the combat which was occurring between the silent contained man and the other, live and vicious—and both so alike!

The girl of whom they spoke was leaning upon the rail some yards distant. She, obviously, heard no word of what they said, for she did not turn or move at all.

"Tell her, if you want to," said the detective, and then he moved. He had been supine as though he were hibernating; but there were training and use in the sudden movement that brought him upright and facing the other.

"Go on, tell her, an' I'll come an' just sort of chaperon you! Interest her, it will. She's probably never seen the hands-across-the-sea slipped on a man the way I'm going to slip them on you. Now, you wanted to talk, Fallon—here's your blooming platform! Go on and talk!"

The other sneered. They were a couple of instants facing each other.

"You'll pay!" swore the prisoner. With no other word he turned and moved away to where the girl leaned upon the rail. Till that moment, she leaned alone. Upon the face of the prisoner she lifted a face like a passion flower—that bloom whose promise is of fruit or death.

"Ah, goo' mornin'," she said. "I 'ave bin watchin' an' waitin' for sombodee to come to talk wit' me."

"I'm going to talk with you for about a moment." Welling, close by, waited to hear every word.

"Been jolly, some of these evenings, when I got a chance at you, hasn't it? No more evenings for me for a bit! You didn't know I was a prisoner they were taking home to England under arrest for a tremendous crime, did you? They let me run about loose till now, but as I'm really not the man who did the thing, they've chosen this evening and this minute—this minute—to take hold of me and put me in chains. Rather rough on me. I wouldn't have let you in for this if I could have helped it, but I couldn't. Mr. Welling, here, will tell you. This is Mr. Welling, skulking round behind me and listening to all we are saying. Miss Carvahoes, let me present Mr. Welling."

"Prisoner!" Miss Carvahoes came upright and swung round. Her enormous startled eyes moved from the grave face of Fearon, or Fallon, to the figure of Welling, who, doing his mere duty, was yet strangely abashed.

"Prisoner? You? What have you been doing? I—I don' know these things. I—am afraid of these things!"

The man moved closer to reassure her; she moved back and he was motionless at once.

"Don' bring that man near by me!" That man was Welling.

(Continued on Page 61)

"Friendship, the great blessing"

says Dr. S. Parkes Cadman

AMERICA'S great "Evangelist of the Radio," whose page in McCall's Magazine is read in thousands of homes, is a believer in being friendly. He himself fairly radiates friendship, and he never loses an opportunity to impress upon his hearers the joy that comes from an attitude of good fellowship toward the world.

"It is our bounden duty," says Dr. Cadman, "to spread happiness; to pass on the friendship which others have for you; and never to fail in the little thoughtful acts of remembrance which make life worth living."

Dr. Cadman receives thousands of Greeting Cards on his birthday, on Christmas, or after some particularly powerful sermon. It is in this way that his people show their appreciation for his work, and nothing moves the Brooklyn pastor so much as these tributes from far-away folks who have heard him and who love him, but who can never see him face to face.

Truly a wonderful custom, this one of remembering those we love by means of a little word, a bit of sentiment that touches the heart because it comes straight from the heart.

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Enclosed is 25c. Please send me, prepaid, "The Etiquette of Greeting Cards," Anne Rittenhouse's book on how to use Greeting Cards, with 15 pages for making lists.

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and an After-Cost so low that it has rarely been even approached in Motor Car History

Dodge Brothers new low prices represent nothing short of an industrial triumph.

A triumph of vast and expanding production. A triumph of unparalleled shop efficiency. A triumph of engineering science itself.

Pioneers in steel body construction, Dodge Brothers again pioneer in perfecting the processes by which steel bodies are built—and the result is better bodies at less cost.

Pioneers in applying quality methods to quantity production, Dodge Brothers again pioneer in raising quality standards while practically doubling output.

Initial low cost was the goal and Dodge Brothers have achieved it.

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With more than 90% of all the motor cars they have ever built still in service, Dodge Brothers determined to break their own unprecedented record with the cars they are building today. And time will prove how thoroughly they have succeeded.

For *ultimate* low cost, even more than *initial* low cost, has always been the end and aim of Dodge Brothers, and *ultimate* low cost is most perfectly reflected in long car life, low cost of upkeep and high value at resale—three vital features in which Dodge Brothers Motor Car stands preeminent.

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TORONTO, ONTARIO

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The Doctor prescribes Valspar-Enamel!

The famous Valspar boiling water test

A PHYSICIAN'S car must present a good appearance—in spite of daily exposure to all kinds of weather. Here's how one doctor kept his car new-looking by prescribing the right finish.

His son's letter giving the prescription will interest all car owners.

Hoxie, Ark.

Valentine & Company,

A year ago the 21st of last month I put two coats of Valspar Black Enamel and one coat of Valspar Clear Varnish on my father's car.

My father is a physician and constantly on the go. If ever an object was given an endurance test this car was, and for that matter, still is. It has been left standing out in snow storms, rain storms and every change in climatic conditions known in Arkansas and today there is not a cracked place or a white scaly place over the whole body. The front of the hood where the radiator occasionally boils over is not even affected. The clear varnish also made an excellent waterproof covering for the top.

Perhaps this experience seems commonplace, but when one knows the conditions as I do, it can seem little less than wonderful. To think that a car has been out in the ravages of the elements for a year and still maintains a smooth and waterproof surface; well, when I buy a new car this spring I intend to have it Valsparred immediately on general principles.

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S. E. P. 3-20-26

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
ENAMEL

(Continued from Page 57)

"Luisa!" Welling was witness to that low-voiced pleading. "Innocent!" He heard the word again and again. "I only go to England with this man because I must to prove that I am not the man they want. Luisa -Luisa ——"

There was much more of the same kind. Luisa was businesslike. "You have convinced me," she said in final effect. "Now convince my papa!"

"But, Luisa."

A uniformed messenger was hovering near, obviously seeking one of them. It could only be one of the two men.

Miss Carvahoes shook her very beautiful head.

"I go."

And she went. The uniformed messenger found his man; it was Mr. Welling. Mr. Welling read his wireless message and straightened up.

Then he read it again. Finally he put it in his pocket.

"Mr. Fearon," he said.

Mr. Fearon turned from looking after Miss Carvahoes. "Well?" he said, unpleasantly. "What is it now? Something with boiling oil in it, or what? Shove on those handcuffs and get it over. What's eating you, man?"

For Welling, tall and lean as himself, was putting out friendly, almost beseeching hands.

"Mr. Fearon," he said.

"I'm here," answered Fearon. "What's up? What are you trying to do to me this time?"

"I want you to understand," said Welling, "I want you clearly to understand that I have been acting under orders; and, as a gentleman, I think you should recognize that I have treated you with every consideration. Haven't I now?"

Fearon appeared to regard him with angry amusement.

"Every possible consideration," he agreed. "Even to eavesdropping on my conversation with a lady—possibly my last conversation for some time, since she leaves the ship at Madeira. Yes, I won't forget your consideration, when the time comes to remember it; don't worry about that!"

Welling shook his head. "Any mistakes that have been made have been made by my superiors. I have a wireless here about you. It says"—he fished the paper from his pocket—"'Fallon arrested at Southampton; admitted identity; inform your prisoner.' So, you see, Mr. Fearon, I have been misled on every side. But I have treated you with every consideration. It would be a relief to me if you would at least admit that."

Fearon thougnt. "So I'm free, I suppose," he mused aloud. Welling was eager to answer him.

"Of course, Mr. Fearon," he said. "Free this moment as you stand here. You can go ashore at Madeira tomorrow with the lady, if that's what's in your mind. But you've got to remember that even in that I'm only a servant obeying orders."

Fearon smiled. "Goes against the grain, doesn't it?"

The detective shook his head.

So that was how Fallon, the famous and infamous, was let loose to prey upon mankind, for half a million of good British pounds sufficed him for only a year. It was the uniformed messenger who sobbed it out to Detective Inspector Welling.

"Goin' to marry me, she was! Said as 'ow 'e was 'er brother! An' I'd never married a firs'-class passenger before!"

THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE-MAKING

(Continued from Page 46

"I hope I may come again soon?"

"Surely," I agreed, "but not before tomorrow evening. And next time you and I will practice duets."

But I was wrong again. It was another solo. Yes—you've got it—he brought his book and read it to me!

Not all of it. Just eight chapters or so that developed the love element. He said that was comparatively unimportant, but was the part he thought I might criticize helpfully, and he hoped I'd be perfectly frank and tell him just what I thought about it.

I couldn't be. If I had been I'd have had to tell him that it was either the worst drivel ever written or the greatest burlesque since Merton undertook to do bigger and better things in the movies, and I knew it wasn't intended to be the latter. Oh, it was awful—awful from the very beginning and progressively worse to the climax where the hero declared his love ——

"They were standing on the steps of the temple in the early twilight. He could see that she was trembling with emotion, and suddenly he, too, was overcome. 'Kitty, you have conquered!' he exclaimed, seizing her left hand. 'I can no longer resist you. Nature destined us to mate. I am yours!' And then he took her in his arms and kissed her because he thought he ought to."

Now you know I couldn't possibly have imagined that, so whether you want to or not you've got to believe I'm quoting just what he read to me, absolutely verbatim. I couldn't credit my ears, so I grabbed the manuscript and read and reread it until I had it by heart. I was silent so long that finally he had to ask me what I thought of it. "Speak freely," he urged.

"Brace yourself and I will," I said. "If I had been in Kitty's place and a man had made love to me like that I'd have picked up one of the temple steps and crowned him with it. I'm not laughing, for I think it's a serious matter with you, but if I were to let myself go I'd be rolling all over the floor in a fit of hysterics and somebody'd have to go for the doctor."

"I don't see anything so funny about it," he said stiffly.

"Of course you don't. That's what makes it so priceless. You really think a man might talk that way when he was making love."

"Well, if he felt that way, why wouldn't he express himself in that manner?"

"Why? Oh, my sister's uncle's aunt's black cat! 'And then he took her in his arms and kissed her because he thought he ought to.' Why did he think he ought to kiss her?"

"Wouldn't she expect it of him after he had made his declaration?"

What was the use of arguing with him? "Doctor Brown," I said, "you asked me to speak freely and frankly. Very well, here's the low-down. When it comes to love-making you're a complete washout. Add up all you know about astronomy and then believe me when I say you know that much less than nothing about the tender passion and how it makes folks talk and act. What you need is a line of instruction beginning with the love primer—A-B-C's and words of one syllable—and ending with post-graduate laboratory and experimental work. In the course of a hundred years or so you might ——"

I interrupted myself before I had made his case out as entirely hopeless. After all he wasn't a moron, and he must have some natural talent that could be developed. "What I'm getting at," I went on, "is that if you'd ever made love to a girl you'd know more about it. You ought to get out and do a little sheiking. Practice on me, if you want to," I added carelessly.

He had been looking rather depressed, but he brightened perceptibly at that. "You mean that you will undertake my instruction?"

"That's the cute little idea," I said. "I may not be able to teach you all you should know, but I can at least cure you of the Kitty-you-have-conquered stuff and of kissing girls because you think you ought to. We'll play a game just like they do in kindergarten. We'll play that you've fallen in love with me and that you're trying to make me fall in love with you—see?"

"Then what do we do?" he asked blankly.

"Heavens!" I groaned. "You can't be dumb as all that! Use your imagination, man, and act accordingly. I'll tell you when your work is sour." He still looked so dubious that I began to think I'd better call everything off. "You have an imagination, haven't you? It's possible for you to conceive of yourself as falling in love with me, isn't it?"

"I don't believe that that requires any imagination. I ——"

"Good! That sounds like you were up and coming, only you should smile when you say it. This is a game we're playing, you know."

Well, the sport was rich, rare and racy. Exciting too. The professor—we were all soon calling him that, if for no other reason than because he didn't like it—was at our house a great deal, necessarily, and since I hadn't taken anyone into my confidence there was a lot of jumping at conclusions. One quite generally accepted was that I had a new victim of my girlish beauty and wiles and that I was in imminent danger of falling for him. Marty believed that one day, and the next he decided that I was flirting with the professor merely to even up for his, Marty's, little affair with Jane Rand, but he didn't like it either way he took it and speedily developed a grouch that was wonderful to behold. Keeping him in check called for all the finesse of which I was capable, and there were times when I thought I'd have to send him out to the Zoo and have him caged.

The rest of the gang hazed us unmercifully, which was fun if you took it that way, and then, too, I soon felt I had reason to fear that my pupil was passing from the game of make-believe we had agreed to play to the real game of being in love with me. This was a complication I didn't relish. I liked him, in a way, but he was too darned serious for me, and while I knew that the experience of really falling in love would be a good one for him, I didn't care to be the one to give it to him.

Also, as an additional slight complication, the professor wasn't making any progress under the course of instruction I was giving him. As the medicos say, he didn't seem to respond to treatment. He grew a little more human in some respects. We taught him to dance and to play cards, after a fashion, and he got so he could understand a conversation that was light and jazzy, but as a love-maker he continued to be the great astronomer.

When it came to pouring sweet nothings into a girl's ear and stringing her along he was there with an empty pourer, and his stringer was missing.

I'll never forget the time I made him kiss me good night. I had been teasing him about his ineptitude as a Romeo and finally told him he wouldn't even know how to go about kissing a girl if he wanted to and was sure she wouldn't object. He thought he would, and said so, and I dared him to give me a demonstration.

"Why—er—well," he stammered, "I suppose I should ask—have I your permission ——"

"Ask nothing! Live ones kiss first and talk about it afterward!"

Whereupon he took me by the shoulders, gingerly, and gave me a chaste salute that as kisses go was as obsolete as the word buss and convinced me that he needed waking up. So I put my arms around his neck, pulled his head down, and gave him a kiss that would have been good for the final clinch in any man's movie. And oh, boy, how it did affect Albert Jeremiah! I discovered that after all he did have some

Watch This Column

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LAURA LA PLANTE wins her way

LAURA LA PLANTE faced the greatest test of her career as the dancing girl—loved by three men—in Universal's fine drama of the former Imperial Russian Court, entitled *"The Midnight Sun."* Universal gave this beautiful young lady every help to enhance her opportunity—a fine story, an excellent cast, magnificent settings and DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI, a Russian director thoroughly familiar with the former court. She met the test remarkably well, as did her associates, PAT O'MALLEY, GEORGE SIEGMANN and RAYMOND KEANE. I have nothing but praise for the picture and the people. You will like them all beyond question.

Also you will thrill to your finger-tips when you see *"The Flaming Frontier,"* which is the complete story of Gen. George Custer's courageous campaign among the Dakota Sioux, concluding with the massacre on the Little Big Horn battlefield, which the American government has commemorated with a beautiful statue. HOOT GIBSON and DUSTIN FARNUM enact the leading roles in this play which is essentially an all-American picture of a notable historical event. Directed by Edward Sedgwick.

From these two exciting dramas you will turn to REGINALD DENNY in his hysterical comedies, *"What Happened to Jones"* and *"Skinner's Dress Suit,"* directed by Wm. Seiter. Both plays became intensely popular in the stage versions, and they give this wholesome and handsome young actor everything he could possibly desire. DENNY heads the list of the modern high-class comedians and his films are sought in foreign lands as well as at home.

Victor Hugo's greatest masterpiece *"Les Miserables,"* the Universal Film de France Triumph is on the way. It will be another treat by this famous author of *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."*

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

You can also have autographed photograph of Laura La Plante and Reginald Denny for 10 cents in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

natural talent, but after the merest momentary impression of that he broke away, his face so red I thought he was about to have apoplexy, turned and rushed out of the house without a word. I told myself that I had, indeed, spilled the bostons.

He was still blushing when I went into his office the next morning, and, believe me, I wasn't feeling any too comfortable, although I was wearing my most unconcerned front. One glance at him and I knew I was in for it.

"Ann," he said, "I've got to tell you something that I hadn't intended telling you yet. I shouldn't have done what I did last night, and it would have been all right, but after that—well, I've simply got to tell you. I'm in love ——"

He paused, and I was thinking how sorry I was for the poor fish, and wondering how I could let him down without busting everything, including his heart, when he went on, "I'm in love with your sister Bess!"

Talk about being knocked for a goal! I don't know how long I was out, but I know I took the count, and the next thing I remember seemed to be the end of a long story of how he must have loved Bess from the very first time he saw her, that evening she listened so attentively while he told about the eclipse.

"I can't begin to tell you, Ann, how distressed I am over what happened last night," he rambled on. "I shouldn't have kissed you. I knew it. But—but you seemed to want me to, and—and we had agreed that we were only playing a game, and—and—well, I can only say I am sorry, desperately sorry, if it has come to mean more than that to you, and I can never forgive myself if I have hurt you."

A bucket of ice water couldn't have brought me to any more promptly than that did. I couldn't believe what I was hearing.

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Are you trying to say you think I've fallen in love with you?" He floundered around like the poor fish he was, and then I gave him the gaff: "I'm no more in love with you than I am with the policeman on our beat. I don't need you any more than a cat needs a dictionary. Why, I'd no more think of falling for a solemn old owl like you than—than Bess would!"

"You mean to imply that your sister doesn't like me?"

"Oh, she may like you well enough, but liking and loving are two entirely different things. What could a girl like her see to love in a man like you? She's had more beaus than you can see stars on a clear night. She's been made love to by men of the world who know their way about, who speak her language, who are clever, artistic, and well versed in appeals to a woman's heart.

"And why should you delude yourself into thinking you're in love with her? You're not. She's not your kind. She's not interested in serious things as you are. You have nothing in common. She doesn't even understand half you say when you talk."

"Is she in love with any of those other men you mentioned?"

"No, I don't think she is, now. But ——"

"Then I shall marry her!"

Seeing that it was worse than useless to argue with him, in the end I told him to go ahead and try his luck. However, at the same time I begged him to proceed slowly, and not to venture to propose to Bess for weeks or months. His method of love-making, I assured him, was something any girl would have to get used to, and if he sprang it on Bess suddenly it would either make her mad or strike her as the greatest joke she had ever heard.

That sort of appealed to him as reasonable and he gave me the impression that he intended following my advice. I told him that if he would I'd help him in every way I could, recommending him to Bess to the best of my ability, and we became quite chummy, as fellow conspirators will. Then I bethought myself of his conceit about me and I couldn't resist reverting to that at some length.

"I can't see what on earth made you think I was in love with you," I concluded.

"I can't see what on earth," he intoned after me, "made you kiss me."

"I thought you needed waking up."

"You're some little alarm clock!" said Albert Jeremiah, the same being his first spontaneous outburst in the vernacular of the lowbrows.

As I said, I had been led to believe that he intended following my advice to delay rather than to rush matters with Bess, but when he called that evening and sent up for sis instead of for me I realized I had made still another mistake so far as he was concerned.

It made me furious and I decided to save him in spite of himself, so in a minute or two I went downstairs, too, resolved to stick it out all evening and not give him an opportunity to talk with Bess alone.

But I was a trifle late. As I made my entrance, without waiting for cue or invitation, his stilted, ridiculous speech was just being rounded out with appropriate gestures.

"—— must have decreed that we should mate, for I find that I cannot steel my heart against you. I capitulate!"

Bess was gazing up at him with an expression on her face that I could not quite fathom, but I didn't need to—I knew how she must feel.

"I suppose you began by saying 'Bessie, you have conquered!'" I cut in, with all the sarcasm at my command. "You couldn't take a friendly tip. You had to fry everything by springing a line of guff that makes it impossible for her ever to take you seriously. You are probably the world's worst ——"

"You're all damp, Ann!" interrupted Bess. "I think it's grand. I just love to listen to him!"

"Sure! Go on and kid the poor simp! You'll have a lot of fun, and when you're tired of it you can tell him to go find himself a new star." Then I got a look from sis that I could not misinterpret. "And so you do like it!" I raved. "Do you realize that the next thing you know he's going to kiss you because he thinks he ought to?"

"The next thing he knows," said Bess cheerily, "he's going to kiss me because he can't help himself. Run along, Ann, and roll your hoop. Maybe you can coax Marty over into your yard again!"

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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 41)

of gray hair, to be regarded as even worthy of consideration, and the slow progress of the seniority system kills initiative in bud. I was talking to a Spanish lady, mother of three sons.

"What would you have them do?" said she. "If they had no ambition or care to work, they might stay home and go into the law or the government and find a living without a future. But they are like me; they would get on. So they have gone—where all our ambitious youth must go—to the Americas—South and Central—and are carving out their fortunes there. Perhaps they will never come back to live. No matter! Here there is no opportunity at the door for our young men as in your country. They must go seek it out for themselves and journey to it, knowing it will not come to them."

I ran into a young German the other evening who is studying the textile industry in a woolen mill here. Knowing the Teutonic talent for factory organization, I quizzed him for an opinion of our methods. To my surprise, he was hugely impressed by the expedition of our management. He told me he had lately been in one Rhine factory employing only a little more than 600 men in which there were what corresponded to fifteen superintendents, all afraid of getting out of their own particular narrow department and encroaching on someone else's domain of authority, all tying things up in red tape as fast as they could and nobody taking any responsibility. Who wouldn't have asked, "Why?" To which he answered:

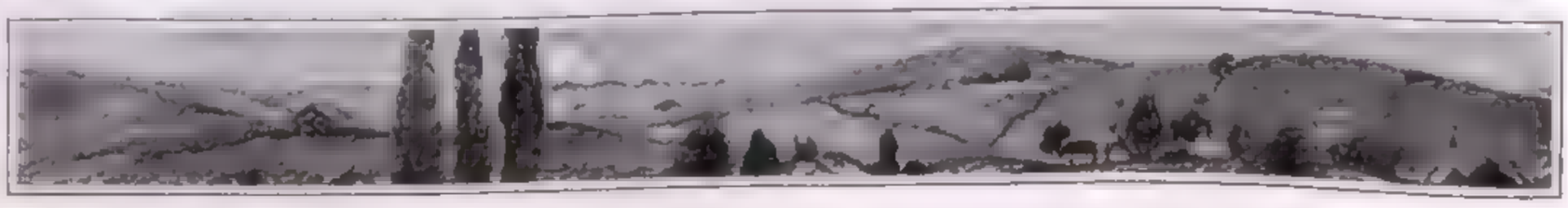
"Family. There are so many for whom positions must be made, so this one is put in and made *Herr Direktor* This, another one is made *Herr Direktor* That. So it goes on until no one has any authority to do anything. We're over-organized and over-departmentized. Here you don't have to be a relative to get somewhere. The factory head will hear your suggestion and if it's a good one put it into effect at once, without going into consultation with a half dozen *Herr Direktors*. They will listen to a young man and give him a chance to succeed while he is still young. America is kinder to youth than the Old World."

Then, both here and abroad, I have spoken to young men from Switzerland, Holland, Sweden and the other Scandinavian lands. They look to us with eager eyes; for their own countries are small, preoccupied commercially, and they must turn elsewhere for opportunity.

But as far as our big corporations go, I've come to the conclusion it is mostly mental hazard. After all, aren't they exceptional vehicles to an exceptional success? They are continually on the lookout for promising men, and are especially addicted to the younger variety. Just look at the formidable list of young presidents of our biggest American corporations today.

It is hard to see why there isn't just as much chance to go up in a big corporation as outside it. The main thing, of course, is our attitude toward our job. No corporation ever made a future for any young man. He's got to do that for himself. I know when I first started I was worried about what the company was going to do for me, and it was not until I began to wonder what I was going to do for the company that things brightened. Only those who have the no-chance complex allow themselves to be beaten before they begin and so buffaloed by the idea of big corporations or other what nots. Once they can rise above this state of mental hazard, they will realize that these very big organizations have broadened everybody's opportunities, expanded the fields of our activities and multiplied our chances for success a hundredfold. Truly, nowhere is there such a splendid opportunity for a young man to get on and succeed as there is in America today, both within and without big corporations. No chance? No other youth in the world has such a wonderful chance as have we young Americans of this present day.

—HIRAM BLAUVELT.



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So the point where return in miles of service begins to grow less, establishes the highest tire quality that is commonly *practical*.

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With the saving in distribution, Mansfield can go beyond the highest tire quality that is commonly practical, and deliver thousands of extra miles of trouble-free service that are all gain for the tire buyer.

That is the simple reason why Mansfields are so highly esteemed and so extravagantly praised.

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The Cost of Distribution is Lower—The Standard of Quality is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve

TOM-TOM THE OCTAGON

Tom-Tom
gets 'em up in the army

IT'S Bugler Tom-Tom now. He is blowing reveille, assembly, mess, taps—giving orders to the United States Army. Tom-Tom's serving at the army base in Brooklyn now, because he went through his tests . . . physically fit. Through other tests . . . mentally superior! For his honesty, punctuality, promptness in giving alarm, length and strength of that alarm, quiet ticking—testing him with other clocks for duty in the army, Uncle Sam bestowed the honors upon Tom-Tom.

Tom-Tom's twelve sturdy alarms demand obedience. His curved-out front makes time-reading easy. An *octagon*, with cubist numerals, special top-ring—he's a True Time Teller.

As is also Tip-Top, the *octagon* wrist watch, the smallest low-priced wrist watch made! See both at your dealer's.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.

THE JUNK SNUPPER

The Kitchen in the John Ward House, Salem, Massachusetts

By C. R. Clifford

WE SAT on the back porch talking these things over, the Boston amateur with academic views on the subject, the town constable—who never permitted his official duties to interfere with farmhouse scouting for a New York dealer—and my friend, Bill Lovell, the inveterate junk snupper.

"Bill," says I, "in your search for the antique, do you ever run up against any old tapestries?"

"I do not," says Bill. "I'm only interested in Colonial stuff. You have to go to Europe, anyhow, to look for tapestries."

"Not so necessary," says the man from Boston. "Back in 1793 during the French Revolution, the Committee of Public Safety paid for American wheat in tapestries that they stripped from the walls of royalty. They shipped a lot of them to America and they must have been hung here somewhere, in some of our Colonial houses. Now, what's become of them?"

"What's become of Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby?" says Bill. "What's become of the original of Benjamin Franklin's epitaph? Don't ask me! Things just disappear; nobody knows how."

Fortunes in Tapestries

"Well, Bill," says I, "if you could only get a trace of some of those tapestries you wouldn't have to worry any more about junk. Talk about the sport of kings. I know a family with a collection worth $100,000,000, and that's the Hapsburg family of Austria. In 1920 American financiers were approached for a state loan upon these tapestries, and were told they were worth that sum. There's nothing you collect that has a greater speculative value, not even paintings. When Rembrandt's Mill was sold for $500,000, people stood aghast, and yet the Mazarin tapestries, The Triumph of Christ, brought more."

"True," says the Bostonian, "the Duke of Anjou paid $60,000 for the Apocalypse tapestries, but when the style went out for tapestries on the walls and the styles came in for painted paper, linens and silken damask, the duke's tapestries were discarded and stored, and later on many were cut up and used to protect the plants in the greenhouses and to pad the stalls to keep the horses warm in the stables, and finally, in 1843, all that was left of them was sold for about seventy dollars. Tapestries in 1797 were actually deliberately destroyed by the French Government simply to recover the little gold or silver that was here or there introduced in the yarn and, Bill, in 1852, at the sale of the effects of Louis Philippe, The Months of Lucas was sold for $1200, and ten years ago the same piece brought $100,000."

"Say, stop it," says Bill. "Sounds like a Florida land spiel."

"Yes," says the constable, "and I read last week about a Tibetan tapestry being on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum that was picked up in Europe only last summer by an oil man, a rank amateur, for $250 and the same being valued at $25,000, which, allowing for exaggerations, shows there's still a living in the business."

"And that's why I say," I interjected, "keep your eyes open; may be just your luck, Bill, to find some of the old pieces that came to this country."

"It wouldn't be my luck," observed the constable. "I've been hunting for big things for twenty years and nothing to show for it. Occasionally I've found something in the backs of picture frames; for in the old days people didn't have safes or safe-deposit vaults, and they used to hide things in secret drawers and particularly in picture frames. I have found old deeds, marriage certificates and Currier prints used as padding for bright new chromos. Once I found a certificate of membership in the Institute of 1770, an old Harvard University society. But you never can tell. There was a fellow over in England, and a dealer at that, who bought a box of odds and ends, and he had those things in his shop for five years before somebody came in and showed so much interest in a silver dollar in the collection that he looked it up and found it was of the mintage of 1804, and worth all kinds of money."

"Sure," says I, "I know that story. The entire output of 1804 coinage was disbursed by the paymaster of the United States fleet to three men-of-war off the coast of Africa. They say only eight of these coins were ever traced."

"Numismatography," observed the Bostonian, "is an interesting study; so is philately. You're not perchance, Bill, a bibliopolist, are you?"

"Not that I know of."

"A bibliopolist deals in rare books as distinguished from a bibliophile, who loves books, or a bibliomane or bibliomanist, who collects."

"Well," says Bill, "if to handle books I've got to be anything like that, I think I'll stick to junk."

Sold to Oscar!

I attended a sale last winter and my attention was suddenly arrested by a bang from the auctioneer's hammer and the announcement, "Sold to Oscar!" It was an old skillet; a little while afterward a brazier was sold, a primitive old Colonial piece, and later on some wooden tankards, a decorated tin coffeepot and a gridiron; and the famous hotel chef was, in every instance, the successful bidder. And I couldn't help but reflect upon the model cuisine over which he presides and compare it with the things they had to put up with a hundred years ago. They didn't have such a thing as a friction match in those days; and in the drear, bleak winter morning if the flint and steel failed to operate, as they frequently did, and the housewife couldn't light her cookstove, someone was sent to the nearest neighbor to borrow live embers, and frequently it was a good long walk in the cold. Matches weren't invented until 1827 and were an expensive luxury. They were very much like the sulphur match that we all remember, only instead of being made in the card they came separately; in the money value of today, at about a cent apiece. Think of it! The modern match machine will grind out 17,000,000 a day.

And that's Oscar's fad—kitchen utensils. Somebody else collects figureheads from old sailing vessels; Rush, of Philadelphia, was famous for beautiful carvings of this work.

There is a man in New York who has a big collection of ship models and figureheads—a veritable museum. Some of them

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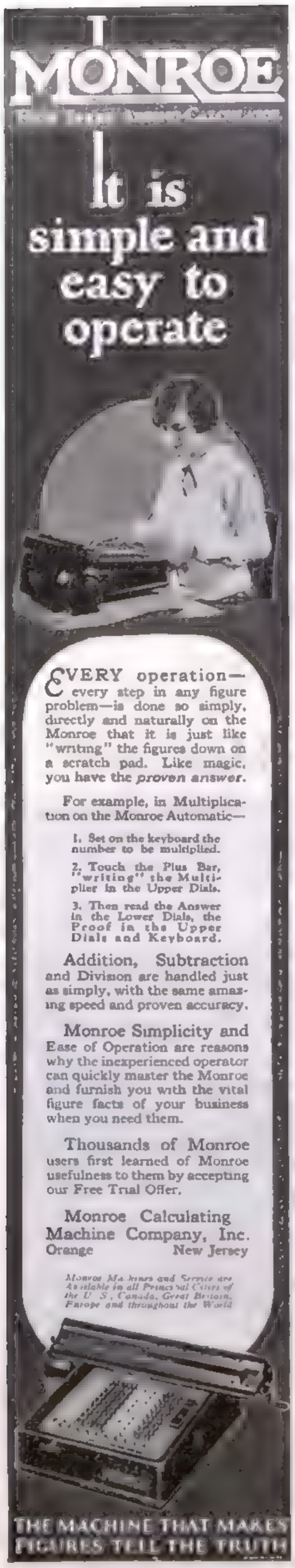
TOURING OR DETOURING — *it's all the same to a Marmon*

A Marmon owner spreads the road map across his knee with the knowledge that he can go where he wants to go, when he wants to go, and can arrive at his destination safely, on time and without fatigue. Arrange with the nearest Marmon dealer for a week-end demonstration and discover for yourself why *it's a Great Automobile.*

The NEW MARMON


MONROE
It is simple and easy to operate
EVERY operation—every step in any figure problem—is done so simply, directly and naturally on the Monroe that it is just like "writing" the figures down on a scratch pad. Like magic, you have the proven answer.
For example, in Multiplication on the Monroe Automatic—
1. Set on the keyboard the number to be multiplied.
2. Touch the Plus Bar, "writing" the Multiplier in the Upper Dials.
3. Then read the Answer in the Lower Dials, the Proof in the Upper Dials and Keyboard.
Addition, Subtraction and Division are handled just as simply, with the same amazing speed and proven accuracy.
Monroe Simplicity and Ease of Operation are reasons why the inexperienced operator can quickly master the Monroe and furnish you with the vital figure facts of your business when you need them.
Thousands of Monroe users first learned of Monroe usefulness to them by accepting our Free Trial Offer.
Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc.
Orange New Jersey
Monroe Machines and Service are Available in all Principal Cities of the U. S., Canada, Great Britain, Europe and throughout the World
THE MACHINE THAT MAKES FIGURES TELL THE TRUTH

(Continued from Page 64)

are worth thousands of dollars apiece, and recently he added to his treasures the figurehead of Andrew Jackson which originally graced the bow of the old ship, Constitution, Longfellow's Old Ironsides. It seems that back in 1838 the Constitution was in dry dock in Charlestown, Massachusetts, and some vandal with political antipathy for Jackson went out one night and sawed the head off. Owing to this mutilation, the reconditioners removed the rest of the figure. It was secured by Jonathan Bowles, who established it in a private park of his home near Lowell, and for twenty-three years it stood there, until one day the head turned up and was joined to the body and a choker collar concealed all evidences of the vandalism. Last year the heirs of Jonathan Bowles tried to sell this relic to the Government, but they failed, and now it is in the hands of a private collector.

I know a woman who collects dolls, and it's an interesting collection, because in the Colonial days toys were all homemade. You couldn't buy them in the shops. Indeed, in 1695, John Higginson, of Massachusetts, wrote to his brother in England that he really believed if playthings were imported to the Colonies in small quantities they would find a sale, as the country was becoming quite prosperous.

Some of the dolls in my friend's collection were whittled out of shingles and tied around with ribbons. A Colonial youngster had to have some imagination to lavish affection upon that sort of thing.

To be sure, they had their diminutive Staffordshire cats, lambs and cows and things, that we of today collect, and they could look at them and love them, well up out of reach, on the mantelpiece. And one of these days another generation of collectors interested in childhood's treasures will notice a little toy dog and some little tin soldiers on a shelf in the Chicago Museum, given by his family, and dedicated to Eugene Field and his Little Boy Blue:

Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there!

And perhaps the visitors may discern in the exhibit something more than the mere toys of a child who had died. Perhaps they will sense a memory chord of the past, sweetly attuned to the loss of some Little Boy Blue of their own.

Buried Treasure

They say Madame de Staël was a brilliant conversationalist, but personally I never was so much impressed by the eloquence of anybody as I was with a confiding creature I met up Brandon way. I had asked where I would be likely to find old Colonial bottles, and, pressed for further details, I explained, "whisky bottles," and says she:

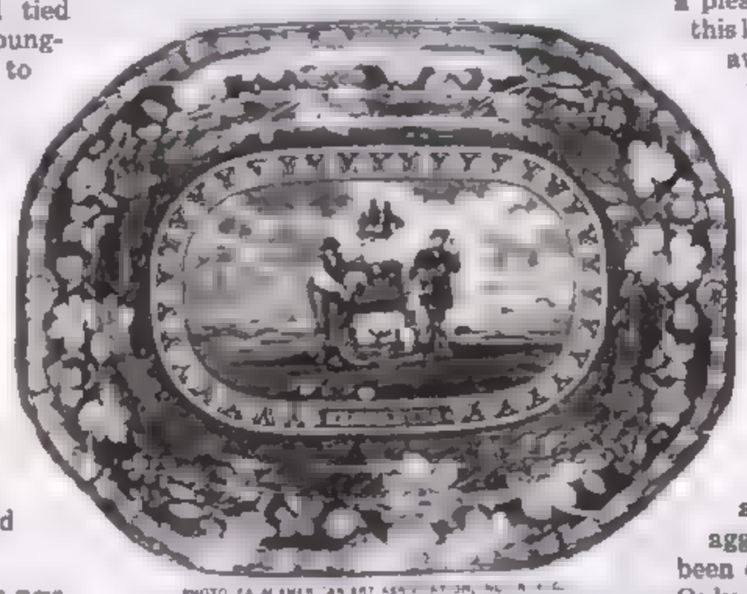
"Up the mountain road last week, an old gentleman named Hawkins died; he was ninety years old and he and his father before him were awful drinkers, and you'll probably find on that old farm more liquor bottles for a hundred years back than you'll find on any other farm in the state."

And she continued with further details that were simply fascinating; but, unfortunately, the Hawkins family, besides habits of overindulgence, had habits of order and neatness, and for years they had been burying their bottles, along with tomato cans, battered pewter and other accumulations, somewhere in the back lots; and there is many a junk snupper who would like to locate some of these dump heaps, for it's got to the point now where, if you want antiques, you have got to dig for them. They're combing Central France, where wood and stone from the art of forgotten centuries, smashed from the buildings during the French Revolution, had been used in the construction of humdrum houses, and specimens have been dug up in forgotten old stables, cheese houses, wine presses, most inconceivable places, destined for our American museums.

It's the same with American antiques. There's many a hidden dump heap in the back yard of an American farmhouse that could be explored to advantage for old pewter, early glass and primitive candlesticks, lamps and cooking utensils.

For it's not alone the real fine, old, well-made furniture that is bringing the big prices. I went to a sale last winter where an exquisite block-front desk with ball-and-claw feet and all the original brasses sold for $600, and yet at the same sale a kitchen cupboard of pine wood eighty-five inches tall brought $700. The big values are not confined to formal and dignified pieces; the humbler pieces are just as valuable as long as they date from the earlier times and are right in construction. On October thirtieth, at an auction in New York, a Windsor chair brought $510. This is, I believe, the record price for a Windsor. Plenty of other Windsors sold for thirty and thirty-five dollars, which shows there's a difference.

These early pieces are scarcer than white elephants and it takes an expert to know their points, for chairs have points, to those who know, same as horses.



A Staffordshire Blue Platter, Seventeen Inches, Showing the Arms of the State of Delaware. It Sold for $1400

Most people are satisfied on the age of a thing: if they find a page from Gleason's Pictorial or The American Gazette pasted over the bottom of some drawer in a highboy, it seems to them to be indisputable evidence of authenticity. It certainly is good psychology, and some of the antique dealers are planting this kind of stuff, just as one would salt a mine. It's so easy to get old newspapers and documents worthless for anything but this purpose—old deeds, satisfactions of mortgages, liens, writs of attachment, summonses and innumerable legal papers that are dumped out of the law offices by the barrelful.

But what is the best way to distinguish between the real and the fake? The best way is to call an expert, but if you want to adopt first-aid methods, look for the obvious characteristics—the indisputable evidences of wear on the tracks of a chest of drawers, the joints which in the old times were held together by one end of the wood fitting into another, either by dovetail or tenon and mortise. Wood, moreover, in the old days was planed by hand instead of by machinery. Then again there was no kiln-dried lumber; wood was seasoned after the job was finished, producing an unevenness.

In collecting anything understand clearly what constitutes value—age, rarity, historic interest, quality and condition. The museums and the big collectors all employ experts, and it's common gossip that the book expert of a certain rich bibliopolist, now deceased, drew a salary of $15,000 a year. But you don't need a salaried expert; you can hire an expert, like a doctor, when you need him; and if you buy anything in the antique line you are sure to need him, for there's lots of spurious pieces on the market, especially in Staffordshire and glass.

I saw a Staffordshire ornament sold recently for $130 that was a reproduction and could have been bought of the importers at forty-eight dollars a dozen.

Mistaken Veneration

When it comes to glass I defy anyone but an expert to tell the difference between Stiegel and the contemporary ware of Holland. I have picked up in Europe, for a dollar or two apiece, bottles identical in appearance with the sort of thing we call Stiegel and buy at big prices. The same with Bohemian glass. The shops are full of modern Bohemian—Czecho-Slovakian—reproductions of the old pieces. And still the authentic antiques are bringing bigger and bigger values. When $1200 was paid by the late George Kellogg for the Wee-hawk platter in Staffordshireware, we thought the limit was reached, and yet only a few months ago the State of Connecticut platter brought $1800 and a Delaware platter with coat of arms $1400. Other platters brought $500, $600, $650, all illustrating American scenes and being historic documents made early in the nineteenth century for the American colonies.

It is the knowing of values that makes it a pleasure to collect and it is the lack of this knowledge which makes for a wretched awakening. There are so many people who treasure nondescript china, old books, furniture, pewter or Sheffieldware, but the china is not rare or artistic, the books though old are valueless because of reprint editions, the furniture is all wrong in style and construction, the pewter isn't pewter at all, but britannia, and the Sheffield isn't Sheffield—copper and silver sheets annealed and solidified—but simply copper with a thin electroplate; and yet, because some grandfather had owned these things and some emotional relatives had exaggerated their importance, they had been cuddled in the family for years.

Only lately a woman showed me a copy of Tennyson's Queen Mary that she knew must be valuable because rare; for she had searched diligently for years back and could find no auction record of any sale of Queen Mary. She simply didn't know that the auction annuals make no record of a book that sells for less than five dollars. Other folks note in the newspaper that a state document signed by General Grant was sold for $200, and because they have a state document signed by Grant they value it accordingly. The value of any such document depends upon circumstances. A state paper, signed by the President, relating to some historical event, may be worth a great deal of money if the event is important, but if the event is of no importance it would be worth only the value of the signature—five or six dollars.

I frequently visit a house and turn down the traditional treasures of the family to the amazement and indignation of all, and yet discover upon every side plenty of unconsidered things that are positive finds. A few months ago I rescued a hand-blocked linen, large enough for a bedspread, that had been in the family for so many years that familiarity had bred contempt for it and it was used in the servant's room. They could have bought a spread for three or four dollars at the dry-goods store, but here the maid in the attic was sleeping under a *Toile de Jouy* worth every nickel of $150. I have been in many a house where the library had been always regarded with profoundest respect, but the whole library wasn't worth as much as half a dozen copies of The American Almanac that some back-country farmer had up in his attic.

Years ago, in the days when small boys saved paper and old iron for the junkman, there was a dealer down in Ann Street, New York, named Stockwell. Those were the

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The NEW STUTZ

[*with* SAFETY CHASSIS]

retail sales at the Auto Shows break all records of the industry

The New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago Automobile Shows, and all others held thus far, have given The NEW STUTZ the greatest money endorsement ever given any similarly priced car.

IT BEGAN with the first public presentation of The NEW STUTZ at the New York Show, where 175 cars were sold at retail during Show week, with a total value of $577,500.

In conservative Philadelphia retail sales of The NEW STUTZ during the week of the local Automobile Show reached a total of 177 cars, valued at $584,100.

By the time the Chicago Automobile Show opened, word of the remarkably advanced NEW STUTZ had reached the mid-western metropolis and retail sales at the Show came to 251 cars, with a total value of $828,300.

In twelve other cities, retail sales of The NEW STUTZ during their show weeks reached a grand total of 344 cars, with a combined value of $1,135,200.

This instantaneous acceptance of The NEW STUTZ comes as a result of its approval first by the leaders of the automotive industry. Before The NEW STUTZ was formally offered to the public, it was examined and driven by many of the foremost automobile designers and engineers of the world. It was critically scrutinized by the principal technical writers on automotive subjects. Its mechanical features were analyzed and considered. Their combined comments, all favorable, grew in volume and gathered impetus from repetition. And now, finally, The NEW STUTZ has come through the fire of public approval, and the public is buying what the expert has endorsed.

That, in a nut shell, is the significance to you, as a buyer, of these truly extraordinary sales records.

If you feel it important to keep abreast of the most recent mechanical development in the automotive industry, see The NEW STUTZ at your local dealer's now.

It represents the longest step forward in automobile construction during the past ten years.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, Inc. • • • Indianapolis

Body five inches nearer the ground
—yet providing full road clearance and headroom

Radically lowered center of gravity
—giving greater safety, comfort and roadability

Quiet, long-lived, worm-drive rear axle
—permitting lowered body; it improves with use

90 H. P. motor; with overhead camshaft
—novel design; smooth, flexible, vibrationless

New, non-leaking hydrostatic brakes
—inherently equalized; quick-acting and positive

Six body styles, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York. All closed bodies automatically ventilated.

"Ooh... Mother, this is good"

YOU bet it's good—a DIXIE filled with two popular flavors of your favorite ice cream, frozen and sealed tight, right at the ice cream plant. Clean — dainty — easy to carry — pleasant to eat from. And ice cream eaten from a DIXIE is simply delicious—more delicious than ever! A DIXIE costs 5 cents, and a handy wooden spoon comes with it.

There's nothing better for young or old than good ice cream. Think of its food-value—its value as a builder and protector of health! Encourage the youngsters to eat more ice cream—it's good for them—your doctor will tell you so!

One reason why the leaders of the ice cream industry now offer you DIXIES is because DIXIES retain all the original goodness of their delicious ice cream, and protect its wholesomeness and purity. Ask your ice cream dealer for DIXIES, and if you find that he hasn't your favorite ice cream in DIXIES, send us the maker's name.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., Inc.
Easton, Pa.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup

DIXIE Individual Drinking Cups are found in the stations and coaches of railroads, in clubs, theatres, hotels, restaurants and at the better soda fountains. At most drug, stationery and department stores, you can get DIXIE Drinking Cups in convenient cartons for home or picnic use.

ICE CREAM
DIXIES
Packed with your favorite ice cream
5¢

(Continued from Page 66)

days before wood pulp made paper cheap, and old paper was saved and sold. Over on Long Island was an old gentleman whose hobby was autographs, and he used to go down to Stockwell's and put in whole afternoons rummaging through the waste, searching for letters, bills or court documents, anything giving record of an important transaction and especially anything with an important signature. His collection was sold some time ago, and it brought over $50,000; and nearly all of it came out of Stockwell's junk yard.

And stamps—so great is the interest in stamp collecting that there are 350 men, members of a philatelist club in New York, and they know the subject; but stamp collectors as a rule have precious little knowledge of the subject. They begin in childhood and carry on in a childish way. The student philatelist, however, realizes that a stamp, which in perfect condition would be worth ten dollars, would bring only one dollar if mutilated by smudgy cancellation marks, the absence of perforations or other blemishes. Recently a Philadelphia dealer paid $3600 for the United States thirty-cent red-orange stamp of 1861, but it was perfect. Another man paid $1200 for the thirty-cent stamp of 1869, and at this sale, which was an auction sale, $300, $400 and $500 were ordinary prices for stamps. Like everything else, you've got to know the subject.

There are collectors and collectors. A man thinking to pay me a compliment, believing that as a collector I would appreciate the gift, sent me the tooth of a prehistoric Indian, found in the Mississippi Delta, and there are lots of people whose minds run to the collecting of gruesome relics, a piece of the limb of a tree under which someone was hanged, or a knife or a bullet that has a ghastly history, or a package of sand from the earthquake in Japan. There's no value to such things. There is value, however, to everything which contributed in the making of the nation, evidences of progress.

For example; American-bottle collecting. Prior to 1850, before they began to turn out bottles by machinery, American bottles were something more than mere containers. In almost any of these old flasks that have come down to us, one can read some detail of our development in the arts, industries or national history. The designs, moreover, evolved by the glass blowers and mold makers always hit the high spots of popular sentiment. It was not alone in portraits, monuments or material things that their fancy labored but in spiritual thoughts—and that's no joke.

Bottled History

A man could go into the tavern in the old days and get his gin in a bottle inscribed in relief letters, blown in, He Snatcheth From the Sky the Thunderbolt and the Scepter—Franklin. Can you imagine the feeling of exhilaration before ever he samples the stuff? Rum was put up in flasks bearing the immortal message, General Taylor Never Surrenders, or better still, Where Liberty Dwells There Is My Country—phrases which kindled the cockles of the heart, and the inebriate couldn't help but feel proud of himself and his country. And so great is the interest in collecting, chronologically, these bottles that the little book on bottles published by the late Edwin A. Barber of the Pennsylvania Museum in 1900, at one dollar a copy, now readily brings thirty-five dollars a copy at the book sales.

I can understand the collecting of autographs, paper weights and quilts. I can understand collecting ship models and bandboxes papered in old patterns, valuable suggestions to the modern manufacturer of wall paper. I can understand specializing in Windsor chairs—arrow-head, bow-back, brace-back, comb-back and fan-shaped types. I can even understand corralling a flock of old-time bonnets, but I cannot understand the collecting of weather vanes. I have been to two sales and watched with amazement a number of sane and serious men bid frantically up to $500 for a copper weather vane, twenty inches high. I witnessed on another occasion a similar scene of hysterical competition over a wooden rooster forty inches tall that sold for $475. I can't quite appreciate such enthusiasm.

I can understand book enthusiasts. Here's somebody paid $6000 for Joseph Conrad's manuscript of Chance, and the Victory manuscript brought $8100—extraordinary prices for the mere handwriting of a modern author. But literary men are now turning to Americana. Some of them are buying nothing but local histories, local records, almanacs and handbills or broadsides which antedated the newspaper. Of course there'll always be book lovers who specialize in first editions or religious, sports or travel books, but hosts of them are now absorbed by this groping for the literature, even the crudest literature, of our forefathers. I saw in one sale last winter four almanacs sell for $210 apiece. One hundred dollars is no unusual price for the sort of thing that used to kick around the attic till tied up in bundles and sold to the junkman.

A Use for Love Sonnets

Of course town histories are of interest locally, but state literature is of greater interest, especially the early proclamations in the form of handbills that reached the people before the days of newspapers.

One of these broadsides of 1783 sold lately for $175. There's no pretension to literary or typographic value; it's a purely sentimental value that attaches to such things. Why, bless you, a year ago the manuscript of Shakspere's Sonnets sold for $220 when at the same sale a letter from Paul Jones sold for $1700 and, singularly enough, an autograph of Nathan Hale brought identically the same price.

There may be more valuable manuscripts in the country from a bibliographer's viewpoint, but there's nothing that will appeal more universally to the heart of the average American than the manuscript of The Star-Spangled Banner which reposes today in the private gallery of Henry Walters of Baltimore.

When Francis Scott Key was a young man he was deeply infatuated by the charms of Mary Taylor Lloyd. He used to write her love songs, but the lady, coy and hard to please, made fun of his verses and frequently when the faithful swain was seen from her window, she would wave to him and point to her curls, and Francis Scott would understand, much to his chagrin, that she had made good her threats and used his sonnets for curl papers. He finally married Mary, and the manuscript of The Star-Spangled Banner came down through her branch of the family into the Walters collection.

We may treasure the work of Grolier and Cellini and the wonderful bookbindings of Nicholas Eve and Derome, but there is nothing that appeals to the junk snupper like some of the things turned out by the village hand press.

I know of one collection that includes a handbill notification:

"To the Citizens of Boston and Neighboring Towns to Meet at Faneuil Hall, the 29th of November, 1773, for the Purpose of Consulting upon the Most Effectual Method to prevent the Unloading and Vending of the Detested Tea, sent out by the East India Company."

Another was dated 1774—a poster stating that:

"By the Last Advices from London it is learned that an Act has been Passed by the British Parliament for Blocking the City of Boston with a Fleet of Ships."

The collection embraced at least fifty of these handbills, most of them having been pasted upon the fences or trees, or distributed from shop to shop and house to house. But the most significant note upon one poster published in 1768 was the statement:

"That the Colonies from Little Beginnings had Reached a Stage of Great Wealth and Rapidly Increasing Population."

This is a statement well worth remembering and explains very clearly the possession of so much good furniture even prior to the Revolution. Nantucket had already begun her whaling activities and New England seaport towns were growing rapidly. Clever English cabinetmakers came over here and established shops, and their fame became quite as great as any of their English contemporaries. Chippendale had no better reputation in his time than Hallet and Phyfe of New York, Savery of Philadelphia, Goddart of Newport, McIntire of Salem or Bulfinch of Boston. We have in our museums authenticated examples of their work, but the work of the still earlier period is more difficult to identify.

All my life I have been looking for a John Alden chair. Of the little group of Pilgrims that reached America on the Mayflower, John Alden became famous, not for his skill as a carpenter—the first to put foot on American soil—but because of the love-light in Priscilla's eyes. We have Carver chairs, being a distinct type like that brought over in the Mayflower, owned by Governor Carver and now in Pilgrim Hall—and I saw one sold the other day for $850—and we have Brewster chairs and furniture of some of the earliest settlers, but I never yet have been able to find a chair either owned or made by the only man of the Pilgrim party who could make furniture—John Alden.

Strange how things disappear out of the life of the nation. It has taken only about twenty-five years for the wooden Indians, which stood in the doorway of every tobacco shop in America, to disappear almost entirely. Where are they?

Certainly not up in any attic; they're not the kind of thing to be put there. Some day somebody of a future generation will discover one, perhaps in the accumulations of a lumber yard, and the find will be bracketed with the story of the copperplate engraved by Paul Revere rescued from a junk pile in Scotland; but how in the world it ever got over there nobody knows. It was from this copperplate, now safe in the keeping of the Antiquarian Society of Worcester, that the first shilling notes of Massachusetts were printed in 1775.

Preserving Americana

It was perhaps perfectly natural that New England took the initiative in the preservation of American antiquities. The Salem Institute was the first to organize any coherent assembling of kitchen furnishings from the earliest and most primitive types to the finer and more formal styles of the latter part of the eighteenth century. The fifteen rooms of the Metropolitan Museum are the most complete exposition of environment yet attempted, covering not only the furniture but the original beamed ceilings, doors, mantels and old wall paper. The Pennsylvania Museum is planning a similar work, and Boston, Providence, Chicago, Brooklyn, Detroit, all have inaugurated extensions, and the new $1,000,000 foundation in Baltimore will represent the South and its Americana.

It's becoming a national movement, a sort of post-graduate result of junk snupping, and, in spite of many instances of ridiculous excess, this worship of the antique is a subtle influence for pride and loyalty.

Unfortunately, we in the early days of America built our houses of wood that more easily goes to decay than the stone houses of Europe; and many of the dwellings dear to our memory have been lost to the present generation; indeed, were it not for the spirit of Americana even Washington's home at Mount Vernon would have gone, because, in 1856, a bill for its purchase and preservation was defeated in

(Continued on Page 70)

4-Door Sedan
Six-Cylinder Motor
Force-Feed Lubrication—
To all main bearings, connecting rod bearings and camshaft bearings
7-Bearing Crankshaft
6-Bearing Camshaft
New Velour Upholstery
Four-Wheel Brakes
Full Balloon Tires

NASH AJAX SIX

Five Disc Wheels
New Mallard Green Finish
Cowl Ventilator
Cowl Lights
Rear-vision Mirror
Silken Curtains
Transmission Lock
Aut. Windshield Wiper

$995
F. O. B. FACTORY

Only Ajax in the $1000 Field Has All These Great Features

The Nash-built Ajax Six is a real 4-door enclosed car—compact of design but extremely roomy, with wide doors and broad restful seats deeply upholstered in fine velour.

It has an exceptionally powerful and spirited six-cylinder motor designed to develop a superbly smooth and flexible flow of power at all speeds.

This motor has a 7-bearing crankshaft—a costly car feature that makes Ajax performance even more remarkably smooth and quiet. And it has a 6-bearing camshaft.

Lubrication is by force-feed to all main bearings, connecting rod bearings and camshaft bearings.

In addition it has such expensive attractions as 4-wheel brakes, full balloon tires and five disc wheels included in the price, together with a new Mallard Green finish of unique beauty, cowl ventilator, cowl lights, rear-vision mirror, silken curtains, transmission lock and automatic windshield wiper.

And, *finally*, it is a Nash-built product with all that means as to quality—personally designed by C. W. Nash and manufactured in a Nash owned plant by Nash resources in men, money and machinery.

(2972)

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ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

The *Comptometer Man*

EVERY business man finds profit in talking with the man who knows—the man who can supply definite and reliable information on some subject of interest relating to his business problems.

The Comptometer man, because he is a specialist in means and methods of handling figure work, is known and welcomed in thousands upon thousands of offices in every land where modern business methods are practiced.

The Comptometer man doesn't know your business. But he does know how to analyze figure work; how to organize it; how to establish machine operator standards of performance—all with a view to securing the largest production per machine unit with the least effort and expense.

If you already have Comptometers, ask him to come in. Perhaps he can suggest ways by which the present production can be increased.

If you have no Comptometers, feel free to call on him for an analysis of your work and for any suggestions he can offer on how it may be handled more efficiently and economically.

The Comptometer man knows that deeds are more eloquent than words; that the actual result of a definite test on your figure work is the most convincing evidence.

A word from you will bring a Comptometer man—without obligation or expense. His visit will cost you nothing and may profit you much.

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO.,
1723 N. Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois

If not made by Felt & Tarrant it's not a Comptometer

(Continued from Page 68)

Congress and the rehabilitation had to be undertaken by private subscription.

But yesterday I learned of the sale of an old gristmill, a relic of those pioneer days. The huge logs of hewn pine were nearly fifty feet long and laid up in clay and wooden pegs -no nails—and the interior was of dressed pine and oak, the boards lovely in grain, and now a soft rich yellow.

It will be all dismantled and every stick of it will be transferred, and the mellow charm of its aged wood and the artistry of its crude construction will be perpetuated with pride and affection in some modern house. Thank God for this awakening interest in the historic past and all that it represents. We may lack sympathy for the hell-fire of Cotton Mather's philosophy, apparently so inimical to beauty, but we cannot deny the staunchness and the hardihood of his followers, and the charm of their cupboards and inglenooks and the strength of their hewn beams and rafters.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

Hubby wants to loaf a bit;
Hubby wants to shirk;
Hubby wants to ramble some—
But Hubby's got to work!
Every morn a hot sprint
For the five o'clock;
Every week a pay check
Goes into the sock.
Oh, once I was a bachelor and wandered wide and free;
Now I'm not a bachelor—and take a look at me!

L'Envoi

And yet I've got a check book,
A flivver and a home;
And there's a tiny Creature
Who, when I start to roam,
Is right there, close beside me, every moment of the trip;
No longer does the porter make a fortune from my tip.

She helps me fight my battles;
She listens when I brag;
She keeps the ball a-rolling when
Ambition wants to lag;
She comforts and consoles me,
And, to save my very life,
I can't see how I once got on
For years without a wife!
Oh, once I was a bachelor and rolled 'em wide and high;
But now I'm not a bachelor—and I'm a lucky guy. —*Lowell Otus Reese.*

Giuseppe

He Visits a Dentist

I HAVA a bad a toothache for five-seexa days and when I can stand eet no longer, and am alamost craze, I decide I weel go to a tootha docator and hava heem pulla eet out. When I find thees docator's office, I see on heesa door beega sign which say: Teeth Extract Weethout Pain, and another sign which say: Fulla Set of New Teeth for Ten Dollar. Thees sounda good to me, for I think eef I hava my olda set pull, weethout pain, and getta da new set which no can ache, for ten dolla, eet weel be fina beeziness.

So I go een heesa waiteeng room and I taka my seat weeth plenty more peop' and I waita my turna. Everabod' een theesa waiteeng room look vera solemn and hava notta much to say. They looka to me lika da funeral crowd, I no know why. After what seema lika longa time, a young ladee come out of thees docator's office and point her feenga atta me and say, "You are nex'." I go een heesa office where he hava beega chair and enougha tools to maka da shoe, deega da sewer, or builda da house.

I theenk mebbe so I hava got eena da wronga place.

But he puta me eena da chair and say, "What ees eet you wish?"

"I hava da tootha," I tella heem, "what acha like hell: first I want you should pulla heem out, and then I want you should pulla da rest of them out and geeva to me one of theesa new set, what no can ache, for ten dolla."

He tella me to open my mouth, so he can taka da look, and then he say, "Do not be a foola; your teeth, excepta for thata one what ache, are sounda, but I pulla thatta one for you."

Then he say, "Weel you taka da gas?"

"You taka da tootha," I tella heem back. "I taka notheeng. You musta theenk," I say to heem, "that I am an automobila, but I needa no gas."

"Have eet your owna way," he say; then he taka up a litla hammer froma da shelf, and weeth theesa hammer he tappa da tootha several time, tap-a-tap, tap-a-tap, tap-a-tap, lika that.

Now theesa tootha, eet ees so sore already that to tap-a-tap eet weetha da feenga maka eet feel like eet ees being hit weetha da sledge hammer, and I alamost jump out of theesa chair.

"Whatta da Sam Hill," I say to heem, "do you theenk you are trying to do? I want you should pull theesa tooth, not playa da drum on heem."

I am verra angree, but he only say, "Keepa your shirt on, I pulla heem presently." Then he pick up a smalla crowbar and tella me to open my moutha wide. I do theea and am wondereeng what he ees goeeng to do weeth thatta crowbar, when he grabba hold of my so sorea tootha and pull weeth all heesa might. He tweesta my head theesa way and thatta way, uppa and downa and sideaways. I feel lika my head eet ees coming off and try to get up, but he holda me down. I am convince he ees tryeeng to keela me and try to fight back at heem, but eet ees no use, I no can getta up.

Just when I am begeening to theenk I can hear Gabriel's trump, he steppa back and say, "The tootha ees out, eet was a tough one, dreenk thees and rinsa your moutha."

I hava suffer too much to say anytheeng or do anytheeng but what he tella me, but soona I am feeling better and I getta up from thatta chair and ask heem, "How much do I owe you for thees painless extraction?"

"Two dolla," he tella me, and I geeva to heem da mon'.

Then I say to heem, "Now you have pulla da tootha and hava your mon', so I can say what I theenk. You maka da claim," I tella heem, "to pulla da tootha weethout pain. Well what I theenk about you ees, that of all of the beega liars een thees whola worl' you are the beegest."

—*C. A. Moreno.*

Education

BENEATH the moon they paused and walked,
Beneath the shade they stood and talked;
And he, though young, was wise:
He could translate a learned screed—
Oh, he was very wise indeed—
And yet, alas, he could not read
The poem in her eyes.

They stood and talked indifferent things,
They talked of cabbages and kings;
And, caught as in a net,
Beneath that moon-drenched sycamore,
Hovered about forevermore,
And fluttered near, and scarce forbore
Their hands that would have met.

And, fearful of some cold rebuff,
He wondered if she cared enough
To yield a good-night kiss;
He knew a thousand other things—
He knew of cabbages and kings—
He knew of Rome and Saturn's rings—
But not a whit of this.

His happy wish was overborne—
He feared so much her maiden scorn
He dared not even try:
For that poor lad was ignorant
Of all but Sophocles and Kant
And the life history of the ant—
And that poor lad was I.

And that is why I deeply care—
Long years have passed, and still I bear
A grudge against the schools,
That prison us through years of youth
And cram us full of facts uncouth
About the mastodon's front tooth—
And turn us out as fools.

Fools, in despite of cubes and sums,
Fools, till another teacher comes—
Like her whose voice I hear
From out that tragi-comic past—
With lips demure and eyes downcast,
Whispering reproachfully at last,
"Why don't you kiss me, dear!"

—*F. D.*

Uncle Si's Problem

"WAL now, nevvy, so y've come out t' help yer Uncle Si work th' farm!"

"Yes, Uncle Si. I'm tired of the city. I need a rest and then some real exercise. I guess you'll find plenty for me to do helping around here, won't you?"

"Gosh, nevvy! I'm s' durn busy 'pears like there ain't even time t' sleep. Ma an' me git up at six in th' mornin' an' tune in on th' physical culture lessons from XYZ. Before we finish brekfast it's time t' find PDQ for th' early news an' market reports. Then I have t' hustle t' git ma into town in th' sedan t' do th' day's shoppin' an' git back b'fore th' luncheon concerts from SOS.

"At one o'clock th' news bulletins starts again, an' o' course we have t' listen in until th' football games are over. Then the sportin' editions come out from th' city an' by th' time we finish readin' them th' 'larm clock on th' electric oven rings an' dinner's ready.

"We have t' rush through th' meal t' git t' th' movies for th' first show an' then come tearin' back for th' educational lectures from SAP. An' after that is th' jazz concerts from BLAH until midnight, when th' real snappy stuff is on th' air from th' night clubs. So, nevvy, it's a mighty busy day for us."

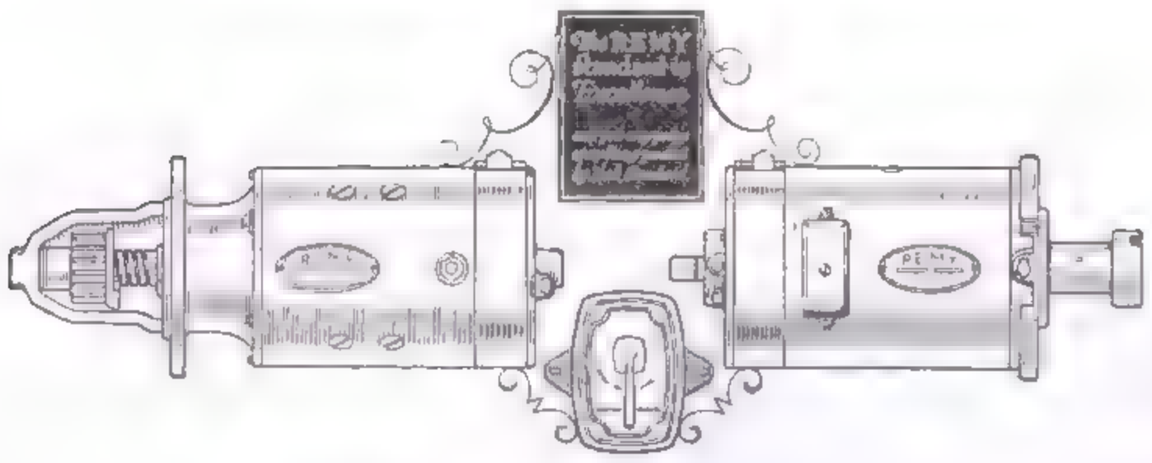
"But when do you work the farm?"

"Gosh, nevvy! We dug up th' crops last year an' made th' ol' place over into th' finest golf course in th' county. But, somehow, there's always so much that has t' be done that I've never been able t' find time t' play on it yet." —*Chet Johnson.*

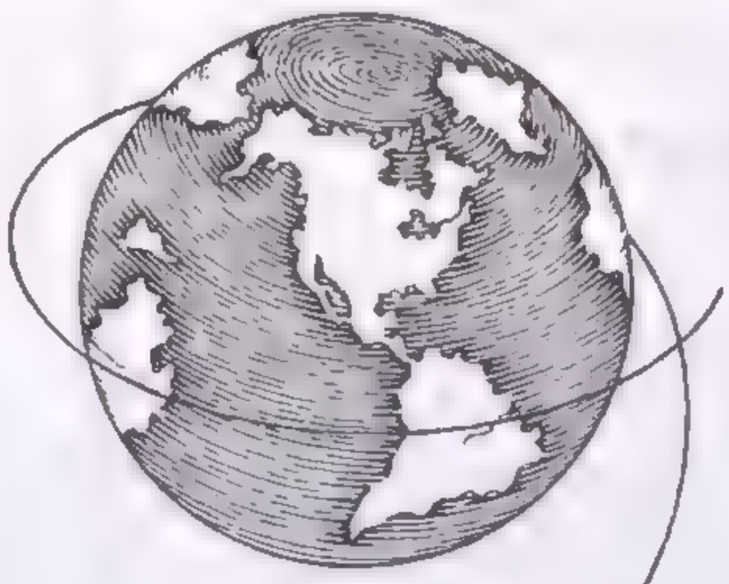
Normal

I WISH I were a normal man,
Like Solomon P. Stranahan.
He thinks good times depend upon
What Congress has or hasn't done;
He lunches at his club each day,
And speaks in an emphatic way
On the eternal verity
That one plus one, by Jove, are three
He thinks Prosperity will come—
And maybe the Millennium—
When women cease to bob their hair
And smoke and rouge and pet and swear
And laws are passed that will relax
The rigor of the income tax.
And if a law is passed this year
To legalize Light Wines and Beer
All crime will shortly disappear.
He thinks that what he says is wise,
He says the papers all print lies—
Yet all the things he says, I'll swear
I've seen before in print, somewhere.
He thinks he thinks important things,
His thoughts all go around in rings.
I wish I were a happy man
Like Solomon P. Stranahan!

—*Ted Robinson.*



WHAT REMY MEANS BY Excellent SERVICE



Truly great institutions are eager to *make friends* as well as to *make sales*. They dedicate themselves to *Excellent Service,* knowing that they will be generously rewarded. To Remy, *Excellence* in service means many things. It means that owners of Remy-equipped cars can secure expert adjustments on their electrical systems at any one of many thousands of well-organized service stations throughout the world. It means, too, that Remy maintains a corps of skilled traveling engineers who gladly give personal assistance to motor car manufacturers and owners upon request. Above all, it means that Remy representatives must be prompt, efficient and courteous at all times. Such service makes millions of loyal friends for Remy.

REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY, ANDERSON, INDIANA

E X C E L L E N C E

REMY

STARTING MOTORS, LIGHTING GENERATORS,
IGNITION SYSTEMS AND KLAXON HORNS FOR MOTOR CARS

"The Children Must Have New Shoes for Easter"

THIS thought is probably in the minds of millions of American mothers who are now planning new Spring outfits for the children.

BUSTER BROWN SHOES

with their good style and good quality add to a pleasing outfit out of all proportion to their cost. The better shoe stores and department stores everywhere are now showing the new Spring models for Boys and Girls.

Beneath their visible beauty, Buster Brown Shoes have an inbuilt sturdiness due to the use of fine quality materials and excellent shoemaking. They are made over the famous Brown Shaping Lasts and therefore fit perfectly.

If you patronize Buster Brown shoe merchants you will be assured of excellent quality.

Brown Shoe Company

ST. LOUIS *Manufacturers* U. S. A.

Also makers of Brownbilt Shoes for Men and for Women

Sixteen great specialty factories. Daily capacity 45,000 pairs

The pattern illustrated is a misses' patent Bobolink strap. It is a single sole Goodyear welt, with a three-quarter inch rubber heel. It also comes in children's sizes with a spring heel and in girls' sizes 2½-7. Many women find it a most acceptable walking shoe.

Buster's Picture in Every Pair

THE FIFTH ESTATE

(Continued from Page 38)

indication that Evans would finish the first eighteen with a margin of two holes. The advantage of that one extra hole might have been an important factor, not only in its practical application to the score but in its influence on our mental attitude toward the afternoon round.

Out of the seventy-odd strokes a contestant in the final of the Amateur Championship ordinarily requires for one round of the course, there are two or three which usually have an especial significance in a close match. That afternoon there was just one which seemed to bring about the break of the game. It was my drive from the fourth tee. The ball, badly hooked, was almost certainly on its way out of bounds, when it landed in the midst of three or four big mounds to the left of the fairway and caromed back to the center of the course. Chick's drive was down the middle, but again he seemed a trifle upset at the turn of luck in my favor. He placed his second in a bunker to the left of the green and lost the hole with a 5 to my 4.

From that point Chick wilted rapidly. The brave attempt he had made to rise superior to a troublesome prank of disposition had again failed. It is true that I had struck an exceptionally fast pace and was tearing off hole after hole in par or less, but even this would not necessarily have turned the tables in my favor if the Western champion had not fallen back in his old heartbreaking rut of going to pieces in match competition. The contest ended after twelve holes of the afternoon round, which I managed to cover in two under 4's. The margin was 7 up and 6 to play in my favor, and I was amateur champion for the third time.

Let me repeat here that Chick Evans eventually succeeded in overcoming this inability to display his best form in match competition, and that he attained a place of eminence in the golfing world which his superb technical skill justified.

The Tale of the Tied Thirteen

Looking back over thirty years of golf, and weighing the influence of various events in the development of the game in America, I should say emphatically that none had a more stimulating effect than the happenings of the season of 1913. The public appetite had now been whetted for a final flourish—something which would be even more diverting than the appearance of Harold Hilton on American links or the rivalry between the East and West. If this moment could be crowned with some highly colorful incident, or series of them, to fan the fire of American imagination, it was inevitable that golf should be sold to the people of this country hook, line and sinker. I don't think we recognized this condition then; we see it in retrospect.

Fate stepped in to round out the program in the most enticing fashion. The sensations began with the start of the Amateur Championship held on the tricky and trying links of the Garden City Golf Club on Long Island. The qualifying round found thirteen of us tied with 165 strokes each for the thirty-six holes. On the extra hole which must be played to break this remarkable deadlock one of us would have to drop out, since twenty players had finished with lower scores and there was room for only twelve to round out the field of thirty-two. From my own point of view, as the playing-through champion, it was not a particularly engaging situation.

One of the thirteen held in the deadlock was Heinrich Schmidt, who had just come back to this country after a splendid showing in the British Amateur Championship. His home-coming had been almost in the nature of a triumphal return. The newspapers had teemed with stories of his accomplishments abroad; both the English and American experts had been lavish in their praise of his fine form and the prediction had been freely made that he would ride to victory in this tournament at Garden City. Schmidt was certainly one of the outstanding figures among the aspirants for the honor. The gallery manifested the keenest interest in him; even in the tassels which adorned the tops of his golf stockings—a sartorial innovation fresh from Europe at that time.

The thirteen tied players teed off together on the extra hole. Heinie Schmidt's tee shot soared down the alley for one of the longest drives of the lot. That was a distinct advantage, for it meant that most of his rivals would have to make their second shots before he attempted his. If any one of them dropped into the treacherous trap guarding the first green, he would simply have to play safely over it and then back to the green for a sure 5 and a possible 4. The suspense was short-lived. Before Schmidt had made his second shot, two of the other players had sent the ball flying into the trap. This seemed to simplify the task for everyone who had not yet played or who was safely over the bunker.

The Bay State Dark Horse

When it came Schmidt's turn to play we all watched him with the keenest interest. I was dumfounded when I saw him call for a mashie niblick, with the evident hope of putting the ball close up to the hole. Such a shot would have been the right one in some circumstances, but certainly not here, where safety was the only sane method. There came a swish from Heinie's club and a click as the ball flew away on a high, arching journey toward the green. But it never reached its destination. Instead, it buried itself in the trap along with the two others, but in an atrocious position. And by means of that shot, one of the most disastrous I have ever seen in the Amateur Championship, Heinrich Schmidt was tagged as the solitary player in this deadlocked group to make his exit from the tournament.

The semifinals brought together Chick Evans and John G. Anderson on one side of the draw and Francis Ouimet and myself on the other. Ouimet was the newcomer. No one around New York had heard much about him before he began displaying a brand of golf in this championship which stamped him as a player of the first water. As he advanced step by step through the hard struggle we picked up more information about him. We learned that he had begun playing as a mere youngster on the Woodland Golf Club links at Auburndale, Massachusetts, that he was a demon at match play and that he possessed one of the most impassive temperaments the game had ever developed in America.

"Watch your step, Jerry," an amateur friend of mine advised, as the young Massachusetts player and I prepared to start on our round. "This is a clever player you're up against this time. I've watched him play this week and, unless I'm greatly mistaken, there's nobody playing the game who can take any liberties with him."

I realized the accuracy of this prophecy after we had played two or three holes. The youngster from the Bay State had everything, from a natural stance, a graceful swing, deft execution of iron shots, assurance with the wood and boldness on the putting green to an evenness of disposition and control of emotions which were quite astonishing in a player of such limited experience. I concurred entirely in the glowing opinion my friend had voiced. Here was a real golf prodigy. Even if I managed to eliminate him from this particular tournament, I felt the day was close at hand when the crown of champion would be resting upon his head. Just a little more technical experience and Francis Ouimet would have arrived.

The turning point of my first encounter with Ouimet was at the eighth hole of the

(Continued on Page 74)

Ford

TUDOR
$520
F.O.B. DETROIT

THERMO-SYPHON—*a Simple, Efficient Cooling System*

The Ford cooling system is of the Thermo-syphon type, and is extremely simple yet highly efficient.

The circulation of water is entirely governed by engine temperature—the flow starting as the motor warms and being most rapid at the points of greatest heat. This insures the even temperature necessary for efficient operation.

On cold mornings the Ford engine warms up quickly because the water does not circulate from the cylinder block until it becomes heated. This not only results in more efficient utilization of fuel but tends to prevent the raw gasoline from flowing into the crank case and diluting the oil.

In warm weather, the large cooling capacity of the radiator in proportion to the heating surface of the cylinders, likewise tends to keep the engine at the proper temperature.

The Ford Thermo-syphon system also eliminates the necessity of a water-pump with the likelihood of leakage and need for frequent packing adjustment.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, *Detroit, Michigan*

RUNABOUT $290, TOURING $310, COUPE $500, TUDOR SEDAN $520, FORDOR SEDAN $565

All prices f. o. b. Detroit

Five delicious wafers of milk chocolate, separately wrapped—5c!

THE FULL CHOCOLATE FLAVOR—

blended from the choicest cocoa beans of Brazil and the Indies

THE full strength of real chocolate—you can taste it in every bite of Peter's, the famous secret blend milk chocolate.

In Switzerland fifty years ago Daniel Peter first invented milk chocolate. From the far-off Indies and Brazil he imported the choicest cocoa beans—mixing and blending them until he got the real chocolate flavor he wanted. Today his blend is still a secret—only in Peter's can you get that full chocolate taste.

* * *

Now this delicious milk chocolate is yours in a new form—Peter's Croquettes. Tempting wafers with the same luscious taste—in individual silvery wrappers to keep them fresh and clean. You can also buy Peter's in plain bars, or crisp, toasted almond bars, 5c and 10c sizes—in each that rare full chocolate flavor. Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Inc., 131 Hudson St., New York.

Over fifty years ago in Vevey, Switzerland, DANIEL PETER *invented milk chocolate. Today his famous blend is still a secret. Only in Peter's can you get that full chocolate flavor.*

PETER'S

MILK CHOCOLATE

High As The Alps in Quality

(Continued from Page 72)

afternoon round, when I was 1 down, after having finished the morning round 1 up. There he placed his second, an iron shot, seven or eight feet from the cup. I realized the time had arrived for me to bring into play every ounce of resource at my command. I believe I concentrated on this shot as profoundly as I ever have on any stroke I have made in thirty years on the links, with the possible exception of a shot I was called upon to make at Baltusrol two years later. The result was gratifying. The ball flew straight for the mark and rolled two or three feet closer to the pin than where my opponent's lay. Ouimet missed his putt for a 3 and I sank mine.

Years later Francis Ouimet and I were mulling over that match in the way that golfers do and he made a frank confession to me regarding his own emotions, which he has always so carefully concealed behind the mask of an expressionless countenance.

"Since that day we met at Garden City I've been through many a hard battle, and I've found that a single stroke made either by my opponent or by myself is likely to be the telling factor. Jerry," he mused, "that was a heartbreaker you put over on me that afternoon at Garden City on the eighth hole. I was feeling pretty good up to that moment, but when you rolled your own approach inside of mine I just said to myself, 'Oh, what the dickens is the use of trying to beat this game?' You won the match then and there."

This being an old-fashioned fanning bee, it was my turn to make a confession:

"Let me tell you now that you had me good and scared when I made that shot. Though I put everything I had into it, I was as much surprised as you to see it come to a stop a few feet away from the hole."

In the other half of the semifinals Anderson and Evans were having a merry set-to. The Westerner was a strong favorite to win. Through the early stages he had again shaken off his habit of playing far below his regular form in match competition. He had finished 4 or 5 up on Anderson in the morning round and was never going better. Johnny Anderson, a persistent, steady player, was fighting him every inch of the way, but the sheer brilliance of Chick's stroking was slowly forcing him to give quarter.

The Amateur Player-Writer Rule

But in the afternoon the tables were turned. Johnny went at his task aggressively. Step by step he broke down the commanding lead which Evans had piled up in the morning round. Under the fury of his attack the Edgewater man gave ground, to find defeat looming up before him where victory had beckoned only a little while before. And in the end Anderson won, a winner by virtue of a fighting spirit.

Anderson was at that time writing golf for a New York newspaper. He was, and still is, a keen student of the game, a capable writer before he became famous as a golfer, and under the amateur rule defining the rights of players to prepare articles on the game for publication he was permitted to profit through these talents, since his case infringed no law designed to guard against the capitalization of athletic prominence. In recent years this rule has become even more ironclad. It applies to all players, those who were active in competition years ago, as well as the younger generation which has come to succeed them. Under its interpretation we of the older division who feel the urge to dig up the old scores of golf and put them down in black and white must do it as a labor of love. But I find it compensation enough to rummage around in the past and enjoy the little thrills of retrospection. It's a grand old game, this thing of reminiscing.

The final round between Johnny Anderson and myself was productive of steady, even golf rather than anything spectacular. I won it on the thirty-second hole, 5 up and 4 to play, and with it my fourth Amateur Championship.

These happenings were the prelude to the dramatic climax the season of 1913 was to see. England had sent over two of her greatest golfers, Harry Vardon and Edward Ray, to follow up the campaign of Harold Hilton and to keep the pot of international interest boiling. If there is any living man who stands as a symbol of technical perfection in golf, it is Harry Vardon, the master shot maker of two generations, now approaching the fifty-sixth year of his life and still a player of inspired skill. On this mild-mannered Englishman golf seemed to have bestowed all its blessings. It was as though the game had appointed him its chosen representative to typify the physical and mental qualities essential to a complete understanding of the sport and vital to the solution of the problems it offers.

Harry Vardon, to my mind, comes close to being the vitalized embodiment of par, golf's highest technical standard. His has been the genius of a kind that is born in one, recognized by its possessor and carefully brought to its fulfillment through the medium of hard work, which is invariably an integral part of the crystallization of genius

British Golf Princes

Vardon's one weakness was his inability to readjust himself completely to the changes which occur from time to time in the game. The precision of the perfect machine faltered for the first time when the rubber-cored ball supplanted the old gutty in 1902. Vardon found that he could not control it on the green, though his wizardry with the cleek and brassie remained unimpaired. Nor were his full shots to the green, the best in his bag, affected. It was only in putting. Where he had been an excellent putter with the gutty, he became a notoriously poor one at times with the rubber-cored ball. And it has remained a permanent defect of his otherwise superlative skill. I look upon this strange collapse of Vardon's putting form as one of those unfathomable mysteries which golf is famous in producing.

His poise is ideal, his ability to forget misfortune and think only of the task in hand stupendous. Yet hours and days and weeks and months of practice have never brought about a consistent remedy for Vardon of the putting difficulties which loomed up before him with the introduction of the new ball. The fact that he won three British Open Championships subsequent to the disappearance of the gutty was due to the amazing accuracy with which he used his other clubs. He has risen superior to the trick played upon him by the fickle goddess of fortune, who first selected him as her favorite and then imposed a severe burden.

Ted Ray, though the winner of only one British Open Championship, has hovered for years in the group standing just back of that charmed circle reserved for the big three of English golf—Vardon, J. H. Taylor and James Braid. He is an exceedingly interesting player to follow around the course, for you can usually depend upon him to make a half dozen or so spectacular shots in the journey. A typical Englishman in appearance, with his pipe always protruding from the left corner of his mouth, as though it was a permanent fixture of his countenance, Ray goes about his golf shots with the graceful ease so typical of the expert English player—a characteristic strongly noticeable too in Vardon.

In the use of the mashie niblick, Ray shone. On the occasion of his 1913 visit here he was playing at Baltusrol, when he hooked his drive directly behind a row of tall trees standing between him and the green. It seemed beyond human power for him to loft the ball over this formidable barrier, but that is exactly what he did with a huge niblick which lifted it on an almost perpendicular flight over the topmost branches and planted it four or five feet away from the cup, from which point he dropped the putt for a birdie three.

It is not surprising that with these two celebrated British golfers entered in the American Open Championship, held that

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season on the links of the Country Club, Brookline, Massachusetts, the public's interest in this event should have been keener than it ever had been. America was not fearful of what the outcome might be, but was reconciled to seeing the title carried away by either of the two visiting Britons, if it simply had to be. In the thirteen years which had elapsed from the time of Vardon's previous invasion of American links, when he came here with J. H. Taylor and won the open title, with his fellow countryman as the runner-up, the standard of our game had been raised to a much loftier level. We were not then far behind England in average play, and moving forward so rapidly that it was only a question of a year or two before we would be on a parity.

But golf here was not sufficiently advanced for us to have developed any Vardons or Taylors or Braids, though we were familiar with the accomplishments of such fine players as the Smiths, J. J. McDermott, Fred McLeod, Willie Anderson, George Sargent, Tom McNamara, Gil Nichols and the other capable professionals of that era. As excellent as these golfers were, and it is no certainty that any of the big three of English golf could have conquered them in individual matches, there were not the hallowed traditions behind their feats which came with winning such honors as Vardon had.

Both Vardon and Ray came through as expected, tied for first place with 304 strokes. As one after another of our own players trooped in with higher scores than these, eliminated from the picture, the spirit of the group of Americans waiting expectantly at the eighteenth hole drooped badly. J. J. McDermott, the home-bred from Atlantic City, who had led Vardon by a wide margin in an earlier 72-hole meeting at Shawnee, was out of it, crushed under the sudden collapse of that department of the game which was ordinarily his best—putting. McDermott, champion for the two previous seasons, had been America's main reliance. His failure had removed the most serious threat from the path of the two Englishmen.

Our Last Survivor

To this little group of watchers clustered about the final green a messenger brought the first gleam of hope. He reported that Francis Ouimet, the young and almost unknown amateur from the Woodland Golf Club, had just a bare chance of tying the score turned in by Vardon and Ray. To accomplish it he had to break par on at least one of the four remaining holes. This was, indeed, a slim possibility. The Brookline course, always a severe test of golf, had been primed to its most trying pitch for this tournament. The turf was rain-soaked, the putting greens more treacherous than ever, and trouble lay lurking in a thousand and one places for the golfer who erred ever so slightly.

"If Ouimet succeeds in this job it will be the greatest exhibition of nerve the game has ever known," I remarked to a fellow golfer, who, like the rest of us, was tense with the excitement of the moment. I meant it. It was not a hasty opinion formed in the heat of this thrilling finish, the most nerve-racking I have ever experienced in my years of contact with golf.

Could this youngster, new to national championships and now burdened with the weight of America's sole remaining hope, stand up in the face of this terrific ordeal? He could afford to make no slips. There was no leeway now to make up for any mistakes of the head or heart. Each hole must be clicked off according to schedule, the fifteenth in 4, the sixteenth and seventeenth in 3's and the eighteenth in 4. If he went beyond these figures on any hole it meant that the play-off of the American Open Championship that season would be fought out by two Britishers.

On the first of these remaining holes Ouimet all but eliminated himself by a poorly played approach. His ball lay well to one side of the green and his margin to drop it was exactly two strokes. Whereupon he played his third dead to the hole and sank the easy putt for the highly important 4. The hearts of his American well-wishers fluttered wildly and a shout of joy welled up to the high heavens. And when he reeled off the sixteenth in the needed 3, this pæan grew in volume and the pounding of hearts was more violent, while the countenance of the Woodland youngster remained expressionless, except for the bare flicker of a smile about the corners of his mouth.

Now Ouimet confronted his most difficult task. Only seven more strokes were left to him to tie the Englishmen, and par for the two holes was eight. Oh, for the miracle, the gallery was praying—a stroke under par at the seventeenth and a par on the eighteenth! Ouimet knew what his task was and what the crowd was thinking, a throng of 3000 or more so keyed up that it scarcely knew in which direction it was moving. He alone was unperturbed, and he was the essence of composure. I have never seen such nerve control. Every move showed that he was oblivious of all the turmoil racking the soul of every other person in the crowd. He was not cocky, not even serene or overconfident; merely intent on the job he had to do and apparently thinking of nothing else.

The Breathless Moment

His drive was straight and long from the seventeenth tee and his second found him on the green twenty feet or so from the cup. Both shots had been perfectly executed, but at that they did not seem good enough. To remain in the running he had to sink a twenty-footer, and to do so required a stroke of infinite delicacy and accuracy. This seventeenth green was a tartar, banked sharply from the rear to the forward edge and so fast that the slightest overplay would send the ball well past the cup. And the position of Ouimet's ball, as well played as his second shot had been, was just about as bad as it could be. It lay to one side of the hole and above it. The putt would have to be a curving, downhill shot, with the break timed to the barest fraction of an inch.

Of the millions of golfers there are in this world, the number who could go about making that shot as Ouimet did can be counted on the fingers of one hand. As a golfer, I was almost more interested in his attitude toward the shot than whether he made it. With what was depending upon it I could not see how he could control his nerves long enough to gauge the distance and roll accurately or to compel his mind and muscles to function with the hair-line precision now necessary. But I looked in vain for any trace of emotion. Ouimet stepped up briskly to the ball, took his stance without a flutter, swung his club evenly and after the impact raised his head ever so slightly. He saw what everyone in that frantic mob saw—the ball move smoothly over the green to a slightly higher elevation, break at the apex of the curve, and, descending the incline in a beautiful semicircle, slip into the cup directly through the front door. It was superb.

"Flying Everything" Off Newport Beach, California

In relating this incident, it is an anticlimax to tell of the four fine strokes which this twenty-year-old youth made on the eighteenth to bring about the three-cornered deadlock. But it was far from being anticlimactic to the frenzied gallery following in his wake that afternoon. His drive and second shot were finely executed on this difficult home hole, a hard par 4. Yet he was still short of the green and had only two strokes to spare in getting home. Here again would have been a severe tax on the nervous organism of any other player, but not on Ouimet's, for he seemed to have none. That third shot he played in the same care-free manner he had maintained throughout this ordeal, a mashie chip that left him about seven feet from the hole; not a difficult shot to make as putting goes, but a long, long one at so vital a period. And he made it as calmly and deliberately as he had the others of those fourteen in which he had covered the last four holes.

That exhibition of stoicism by Francis Ouimet I regard as the rarest and most extraordinary in all golf history. I can still see the large gallery as the final cluck of the ball broke the tension which had grown with each of these fourteen shots and which now gave way to a tumult of joyous shouts. I have seen cheering sections go wild in the Yale Bowl and a racing host grow delirious as Zev threaded his way to victory in a great handicap and a baseball mob burst forth in a mighty exultant roar, but I am quite sure no fervor has ever been more genuine than the acclaim accorded Ouimet that afternoon.

Ouimet's Great Feat

Ouimet's chances in the play-off were regarded so lightly that odds of ten and fifteen to one were freely quoted against him. A number of us who had conversed with him afterward, and noted how undisturbed he was, believed these quotations to be a fictitious appraisement of the relative merits of the trio and eagerly snapped them up wherever they were offered. If Ouimet could come through a test such as that from which he had just emerged, we could see no reason why he should not have a nearly even chance to lead the Britishers home in the eighteen-hole round which would decide the championship. Vardon or no Vardon, Ray or no Ray, it was certain that any golfer who could do what this youngster had just done would not suffer any stage fright when he faced these eminent linksmen. And that, after all, was one of the most important factors. A round in 75 was well within the powers of Ouimet, and a 75 might win the play-off.

In the eighteen-hole competition against two of the world's best players, with the eyes of all his countrymen resting upon him and with their hopes centered in this calm-visaged youth, Francis Ouimet rose to even greater heights than he had in the earlier test of his courage. Alone and single-handed, he repulsed the attack of the British invaders with a vigor and flare which left them gasping for breath at every stage of the journey. With that marvelous precision of his play and that unwavering command of his own emotions, he swarmed over these two golfing giants as though they were mere strangers who had challenged him to a game. He not only beat each of them separately, but he beat their best ball with the scintillating card of 72 he turned in for the round, five strokes better than Vardon and six better than Ray.

And this feat of Ouimet, I maintain, stands out as the most stimulating single incident the game has ever known.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Travers and Mr. Crowell. The next will appear in an early issue.

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Post Toasties Double-Thick **Corn Flakes** *stay crisp in milk or cream*

THE COUNTRY OF OLD MEN

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mighty breakers crashing on the beach, their thunder silenced and their power dwarfed to nothing by the greatness of the earth. They were miles away and three thousand feet down. The enmity of one man seemed nothing much to worry about.

"My case with Don Ramon Zuñiga," I laughed, "is not so good that I need fear to damage it. I want nothing from him; only the timber that nobody else has wanted. Perhaps not even that. It may not prove possible to transport it to the coast. It will take several days to learn if it seems so; meanwhile, if I may have the honor ——"

"The honor will be for us, my friend."

"Is much of the timber on your land?"

"Nothing of value," said Don Fernando tranquilly, "is on my land. Poor as you see it, though, it gives me all I need—work for my days, food for my family, a little money, a roof always for my friends."

It couldn't be denied, his land was poor. The seaward exposure was not so good for coffee as the fertile, sheltered valley side. And most of his estate was rocks. The saddle in which the hacienda sat grew nothing but hardy bushes; not even grass. To north and south the hills rose higher; south from the coffee *finca* the mountainside fell into rocky palisades, a sheer drop of hundreds of feet to the tangled wooded slope below. It had rugged majesty, that tremendous organ shape, but scarcely a market value—so I thought!

From the coffee *finca* a faint footpath strayed off in that direction; it never occurred to me to wonder where it went. I only watched the process of pulping coffee in vats whose seams were calked with pitch, and chatted idly with Don Fernando. I saw lumps of pitch whose edges showed that they had been chopped apart with pickaxes; brownish-black they were, and shiny where the ax had struck. But I didn't know anything then about conchoidal fractures.

It's odd how you can remember afterward things you ought to have noticed at the time.

Rufo, for instance. Some days he rode with me in the valley below La Caoba; helped me, too; he knew the names of the owners of the timber that interested me, and none of them was Zuñiga. His questions about the world made me feel wise; I paid him back, evenings in the long stone-floored *sala de armas*, by letting him prove his mastery with the foils. I was no match for him; my height and reach didn't offset his fiery grace and speed. What little I knew of fencing, too, was confused with a little saber play Ben Murchison had taught me for the sport of it. I remember how Rita and Don Fernando used to smile at my big-boned awkwardness, the lithe and furious Rufo stamping and circling about me in the light of the big oil lamps, touching me almost at will. It wasn't sport to him; he fenced as he did everything—intensely. When he felt my wrist too strong for him, he almost cried with rage.

Yes, afterward I knew exactly what might have been expected of him. But at the time I only grinned indulgently.

And Rita. She no longer dropped her eyes when I spoke to her. Does that seem little to you? Then you have never felt the iron wall her race has built about its women. There is a reason for it, but no matter; you shall see.

I would have sworn I wasn't in love with her. How could I be? You could hardly say I knew the girl. I don't believe we had exchanged a hundred words. And for one thing, I had ideas about race. She was a Latin, of ancient if impoverished blood; proud, putting an emotional value on everything. I was an Anglo-Saxon—presumably, my pedigree ceases abruptly at the third generation; not that it ever made any difference to me. I'd been trained to be reasonable and practical, to think things out; she had, so far as I knew, no thoughts whatever—only feelings. No, I wasn't in love with her. I only felt her presence somehow. I only knew that she was a woman and beautiful. And I know now that in all my foolish riding to and fro, in all my foolish seeking after peace, that dim, sweet, vital presence never did recede.

And Doña Trini. Even now the memory of her is vague. I saw her every day, a stiff-mannered, cold, elderly lady, and I hardly noticed her except to treat her with the formality she expected. It never occurred to me that she must have been beautiful thirty years ago. I suppose I thought of old Ben Murchison sometimes, wondering perhaps what trail he had taken down this wooded valley that time when he was a young feller and about three jumps ahead of a firin' squad; but it never took on reality for me. It was just one of the many yarns he'd spun for me first and last.

I only plugged away at the job I came to do, sweating in the valley below La Caoba, stumbling, sometimes on foot where a horse couldn't get through, swearing, smoking my mouth raw to keep off mosquitoes; climbing gratefully at night to Don Fernando's house. Then we would sit in the patio and talk. Not Rita; to speak is not to talk. Sometimes she sang for us, her voice repressed and formal, her graceful hands plucking soft minor chords from the guitar. She knew the song a vagabond had sung, far off and long ago. But there was no magic in it any more. I'd heard it sung too often in too many streets.

Gus Hardy, hobo! They kicked him off a train in Milo, Indiana. I, Howard Pressley, picked him up, rescued him from the clutches of Jerry the station cop, and for a whim I dressed him like a gentleman and fed him in the marble-pillared elegance of the Park Hotel; for in those days I found life orderly and dull. I was one of Milo's rising young citizens, Rotarian and president of the Live Wire Club of the Chamber of Commerce; but it didn't seem very much to cheer about, after all. And this Gus Hardy knew of things far off and different. His face was brown with suns more burning than the suns I knew, his blue eyes somber, oppressed by the small-town splendor of the Park Hotel. With short crude sentences he wiped out for me the tropics of O. Henry and Richard Harding Davis, building instead a land of grim reality—great mountains marching down the world, to dwarf a man and shake his faith in human destiny; the roll of breakers on a thousand miles of beach; the jungle, eternally waiting to swallow the things men do; brown men defeated and white men fighting on, jungle outside and creeping monotony within.

He diverted me, this vagabond. So I showed him to Martha McAllister; but Martha was not diverted. She never saw the pictures that towered behind the man. She saw the way his eyes took in the comfort of the McAllister living room, storing up every little thing to remember—this vagabond, somber and hard and wistful and appealing; and she pitied him because he had no home. He sang—I made him do it, spitefully—a song out of the hills he spoke of. A strange, unfinished, foreign song, lonely and wild and sad, his brown hands plucking strange chords from the guitar. His voice was quiet and his eyes intensely blue, looking at Martha; I, Howard Pressley, like a stuffed figure sitting there, a fat young man and vexed with formless dreams.

What dreams? I had forgotten. The song had grown familiar and the dreams were lost. Oh, something great and sweet and wild and unattainable, far off and different from anything I knew. . . . Eh, well! I would be satisfied with that mahogany.

IX

THERE was plenty of mahogany. I sent my *mozo* to Chunango with a cable for Ben Murchison, saying: "Prospect promising if transportation possible. Hope to report definitely before rains. Cable any news Chunango," and told the man to wait there till some answer came. It would take some days; the cable would have to be relayed by way of Panama and Havana to Puerto Barrios, and it was a day's ride from Barrios to Number 1 Mill, even if the messenger started promptly—which wasn't likely.

No answer came. I wasn't worried about Uncle Ben, exactly; he was all right; he always was, and he'd lived through more trouble than I'd ever heard of. The new administration in Guatemala hadn't had time to show its hand yet, anyway, I told myself. Likely there was nothing to report.

But I did wish I could get some word from him. About the seventh day—it must have been the seventh day, because I had a chill that morning, my first since Tolobaya; malaria, you know, runs in seven-day cycles—I left my examination of the ground above the Zorro and rode all the way to Chunango. Maybe the *mozo* was loafing on the job, and I had to examine the trail sooner or later. I'd had some hope of being able to raft the squared mahogany out through the canyon, buoyed with lighter logs. That hope soon vanished. The river here was swift but shallow, the rapids broken by tremendous rocks. The trail, hugging the canyon wall, was hardly more promising. A pack animal could make it, but never a log truck. And to cut a wheel road in that rocky wall would cost a fortune.

The canyon is only five or six miles long. Beyond it there is the flat delta of jungle on which Chunango sits; some miles of trail hemmed in by vegetation so dense that only a machete or an ax will let you through. Chunango itself is not a port you touch on pleasure tours. It is for practical purposes only, a flat black beach with these iron mushrooms of oil tanks squatting on it like monsters of a mechanical age with men for slaves; rigid black pipe lines making communication with the gaunt sentinel shapes of derricks on the hills behind. A place of sun and sand, of heat and monotony that can warp the inner fiber of a man.

But Peter Brennan—Peter D. H. Brennan, manager for the Consolidated Oil Company there—was one of those men who seem able to defy any climate or environment. English, he was; or Irish, by his name. A handsome man, pink-skinned, his mustache faultlessly clipped, his white pith helmet and his white ducks spotless—in Chunango!

A stalwart man, his bearing hinting at military training, his manner easy and pleasantly self-contained. He had one oddity, though, that was rather disconcerting till you got used to it. One of his eyes was blue and one was brown.

He said frankly, "I've heard of you, Mr. Pressley. You're the man who killed Anselmo Palomar. A good job, sir. I had the doubtful pleasure of meeting the gentleman in his Mexican days; it cost me—my company, rather—thirty thousand dollars and sixteen men. Murdered, you know. Comrade Palomar rather went in for that sort of thing."

Somehow I didn't mind the way Brennan spoke of it; not making romance of it at all, only mentioning it as a fact. But it surprised me that he should have remembered my name. Chunango is a long way from Guatemala and it had been five years and more.

"I've just been reminded," he explained. "The Salvador touched here yesterday on her way south. My friend Captain Sisler tells me that Comrade Palomar has acquired a posthumous halo in Guatemala. Martyr in the cause of freedom and all that. I fancy you'd not be in favor there just now."

"That's why I'm here," I told him. "It seemed about time to seek fresh fields and pastures new."

"You've a good weather eye," said Brennan.

"My partner has. General Murchison, you know."

"Oh?" said Brennan, his brown eye suddenly inquiring.

"Lumber," I explained. "Mahogany."

"Oh!" said Brennan.

It always tickled me, that British "Oh!" He made two syllables of it, sometimes inquiring, sometimes affirmative, sometimes merely encouraging you to go on. I liked Brennan. He put me up at his house that night, and after dinner, over long cool drinks—no ice, of course—we talked. He'd served with the British in Palestine. Outside of that, he'd been in the tropics many years for the Consolidated. He'd met Ben Murchison in Honduras once.

"Stout old bean," he observed. "Militant American and all that—though I doubt if he'd seen the good old U. S. A. twice in twenty years. Queer fellow, eh?"

"In spots," I admitted. "All wool, though, and a yard wide."

"Oh, quite! You say he walks in paths of virtue now?"

"He's getting old."

"It comes to all of us," said Brennan, his brown eye sober.

He knew Don Fernando too. He'd tried to buy oil leases on Don Fernando's land; the formation, he said, suggested oil under its barren surface. But Don Fernando had not been interested in any offer.

"Offish old gentleman," said Brennan.

I said idly, "He's a philosopher."

"Dashed pretty girl, the daughter, eh? I must see him again."

His blue eye was cheery and inoffensive; I don't know why I looked at his brown one instead. If he hadn't been so handsome, I might have thought of him as entirely blue-eyed. I'm not handsome at all; my nose is too big and my jawbone is too heavy, especially when my face is sweated down as it was then. If I were a woman, I'd fancy a fellow like Brennan in spite of his mismated eyes.

There was a tanker in port, due to sail next day; the captain promised to mail a letter to Ben Murchison for me at Panama. I cabled him again: "Transportation very difficult. Writing. What news?" Brennan promised to see that my *mozo* started promptly with any message that might come, and next morning I rode slowly back along the trail into the valley, studying the ground again.

Toward the inner end of the canyon, where the trail was a mere shelf above the river bed, a thing happened. Even over the rushing noise of the rapids I heard a slight hiss under my horse's hoofs; you learn to hear such things.

But I never saw the snake. The horse reared, trying to whirl on his hind feet, facing inward of course. I felt the saddle slipping and saw the rocks thirty feet below me, caught his mane and threw myself toward the trail. Maybe that slight thrust did it. I saw his tall bulk topple over me as my chest hit the shelf, and heard the heavy impact on the rocks below.

The horse was done for. I scrambled down and shot the poor struggling brute; and there I was, afoot, ten or twelve miles from Chunango, and farther—by trail, at least—from La Caoba.

Nothing desperate about it. I could easily walk to either place. Well, not easily; it was infernally hot down there though the sun was only two or three hours high. Wistfully I craned my neck at the rugged slope of the canyon wall. It didn't look hard to climb, nor very far, considering how fresh and cool the higher air would be by contrast.

The trail went east into the valley, north from the bend of the Zorro, west up the mountain; yes, and then a little south again. In a straight line, La Caoba wasn't more than five miles away. The more I thought about it the closer it seemed. The climb? I'd never tried to climb that

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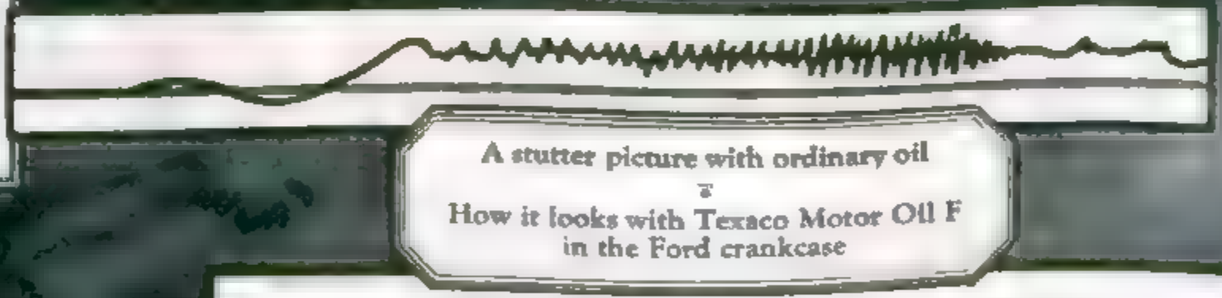

A stutter picture with ordinary oil

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INSTRUMENT *plus* TUBES *plus* REPRODUCER *plus* ACCESSORIES

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IT goes without saying that everyone wants a Radio. There is so much more to be found in Radio than in any musical instrument—book—or play. It requires no skill, effort, time or admission fee. All ages delight in it. It is complete entertainment and education—right in the home—and secured as easily as turning on the electric light.

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Stewart-Warner Radio Dealers are selected because of their excellent business character and standing. Because they have won the dealership on merit, we call them "Blue Ribbon Dealers."

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Model 325 - 80
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Model 305 - 95

Console Models

Model 310 - $175
Model 315 - 285
Model 320 - 450

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

Stewart-Warner

TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE ARE TODAY USING STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 78)

far; I didn't realize. Only three or four thousand feet in a scorching sun! I started as cheerfully as might be. La Caoba, it seemed to me, was up there just over the top. Practically nothing to it but the climb.

Well, that was plenty. The sweat rolled out of my skin. In an hour I knew what a fool I'd been; but I toiled stubbornly on, hoisting myself by sheer strength and awkwardness. Nothing dangerous about it, only toilsome. The Zorro, dwindling below me, looked like a clear sweet brook. I wished I'd thought to take a drink, though I knew very well that the water was warm and dirty—probably full of germs.

When I reached a slope where I could lie down without rolling, I sprawled in the shade of a bush and waited half an hour for my heart to stop pounding. When I got up I ached in every muscle.

The Zorro had disappeared. That was good; I was thirsty enough without being tantalized by the sight of water. I trudged on up the slope. The top at last! . . . That's when I learned that a mountain has no top. When you're on one ridge, another ridge looks higher. You go stumbling and slipping down, and toiling and panting up, and still you haven't got anywhere. La Caoba wasn't in sight. Nothing was in sight but bushes and ridges and ravines and sky.

The nearly vertical sun seemed a bit too far south. I had perfect confidence in my sense of direction, though; I wheezed ahead, chewing my pipestem to moisten my mouth. I had stopped sweating.

About two o'clock I came out over the valley again, and saw the blue sweet ribbon of the Zorro crooking away. I was about half a mile from where I'd started. I sat down and wheezed and wished I had a drink. Oh, nothing desperate about it; I could go without water quite a few hours yet. And at least I knew where I was. Across ten miles of air, I saw the roofs of Tolobaya; I even fancied I could pick out Henry Dowling's house. I thought of little Alice Dowling—cheerfully. "You're all right, old-timer. Get up on your legs and walk like a man!"

La Caoba should be just over there. I picked a ravine that tended in that direction and trudged off. When I thought I was getting too far east, I started laboring across ridges again. Toward sunset I came out in sight of the Pacific.

Had I passed La Caoba? No, I had crossed no trails. And there were the palisades—those mighty organ shapes of rock I'd seen from the coffee *finca*.

I came to them and found no way to get by. Must I go round them—climb to the top again? A smell came to me. I knew that smell; like the stink of sulphur springs, it was, only worse. I'd smelled it often along the Zorro. It came from oily veins of pitch, and there was always water with it. Water!

Pushing out on the edge of a cliff where the smell was strong, I saw water a hundred feet below.

The palisades here made a semicircle, wider than it looked in those tall walls. The floor was level, six or eight hundred feet across, spotted with bushes and queerly patterned with star-shaped silver pools. Not that I cared about their shape! I scrambled back and went leaping and stumbling down the seaward slope, came out below it and climbed smooth brownish rock and reached the plain and sprawled happily at the nearest pool. Water, limpid water—wet. Like liquid, crystal gold and silver, trickling down. Wet! Do you know what that means?

When I could drink no more, I lit my pipe and waited till I could drink more. I had water; I was all right now.

Curious, that almost circular arena in the palisades. Paved with great convex bulbs of brown-black rock; that was what made those star-shaped pools between them. Well, I was no geologist. It must have been twenty minutes before I noticed that my hobnailed heels were sticking to the rock where I sat, coming loose with little clicking sounds. It wasn't rock. It was hard, but it was sticky.

Asphalt!

Into my mind rushed the things I'd heard, vaguely, of the asphalt lake at Trinidad. A great vein of it, filling a great bowl at the rate of ten feet a year, flowing up—how long?—forever! In the dim light, at the seaward edge of the crater, I saw the same brown-black stuff sloping seaward, bushes growing in it, the smooth dark apron of it disappearing in the woods down there. Solid and still it looked, and yet it flowed forever—wasting into the bottomless Pacific such treasure as few men even dream of; immeasurable, inexhaustible, unguarded and unheeded under the open sky. And here I'd been worrying about a trifle like mahogany!

x

THE terrible thing about such a moment is to have nobody to tell it to. I know now why lone prospectors go crazy. It came to me that I was acting like a fool—skimming my hat out over that black, gas-filled crater, galloping after it, splashing through water, falling hip-deep into a crevice where gas bubbles broke lazily; hauling myself out, dripping and laughing. This wouldn't do, I told myself severely. I must be practical. How much was this thing worth?

Millions! Billions! There was no way to measure such a thing. It depended only on how fast you worked it. At this time I'd never heard of Richardson tests; I didn't know anything about the physical or chemical requirements of asphalt; but I was practical. Yes, very soberly, there in the starlit gloom of the palisades, I paced the circumference of that crater—to check its measurements in case it should try to cheat me by shrinking before I got back! Eight hundred and twenty-six paces, I remember; long ones, I guess; I was a little drunk with exultation and fatigue. But I didn't feel tired. I felt strong.

I had deep thoughts about the ways of Providence. Wise old Providence, arranging every little thing! Leading me out from Milo, Indiana; leading me on from Mexico to Guatemala; leading me into partnership with Ben Murchison so that he might get his fortune after all; bringing on a revolution in Guatemala to drive me on to Vizcaya; setting that snake by the trail to scare my horse and make him fall and break his back, setting me afoot to climb and find—this!

Sorry I can't explain how Providence was supposed to have rewarded the horse. Maybe I had some theory at the time; a good many things about that night have slipped my mind.

But I remember the mood of tired peace that came over me when I trudged finally up the trail and saw the dim lights of La Caoba. I'd done a good day's work and they'd be glad.

Was that crater on Don Fernando's land? No matter. There was enough for all of us. Don Fernando was no trader, no practical man.

The *portero* at the outer gate inquired sleepily concerning my horse; I answered lightly that I had lost him. The *portero* of Don Fernando's house let me in without comment; the comings and goings of a guest were no concern of his. The house was dark. I tried to slip in quietly; it was at least ten o'clock, which is practically midnight at La Caoba.

But over the murmur of the fountain I heard the whisper of guitar strings and a woman's voice. Rita was singing in the patio alone. I'd never heard her sing like that—her soft voice throbbing, the way a woman sings not to be heard but to let out something in her heart. She sat on a bench by the fountain, out there where no roof shut away the stars.

She heard my hobnails on the cobblestones; the song broke off.

"Don Howar-r'! You are quite well? No evil has befallen you? You did not come and did not come. We have been worried for you!"

"No evil," I laughed; "but a great good. Where is your father? Has he gone to bed already?"

"All the family have gone to bed. It is late."

She stood looking up at me uncertainly, hovering, I thought, on the edge of flight. I saw her wide dark eyes, her soft and sober mouth, and the fragrance of her hair came to me; somewhere inside myself I was still drunk with exultation. With a gesture I begged her to sit down and let me sit with her.

"Eh, well!" I sighed. "There is much time tomorrow. You were singing. Please go on. I am very tired and it will rest me before sleep."

Tomorrow! A good word, standing for all the inexhaustible future and the treasure of inexhaustible earth. No more far off somewhere and unattainable; only tomorrow. A day was done and it was good to rest. . . . A great, a beautiful, a terrible word—tomorrow!

She sang the song I always thought of as Gus Hardy's song. It took me back to the night when I had heard it first; it touched deep sober thoughts in me. The stars come close about that hacienda in the hills. In the patio are flowers and a fountain that lulls you with soft monotony, and the night wind whispers from great mountains to eternal sea. . . . There was no flame in my desire for her; I only wanted to sink into her deep vitality and rest. Guitar strings throbbing in a minor key, the vibrant glory of a girl's voice singing. It ended on that strange unfinished note, aching, unsatisfied; the strings throbbed on a moment and were still.

It did itself. I swear it. I knew her mouth was sweet, but I didn't know I had touched her till I felt her fighting me—a wild and sudden and unmeasured fury like the fury of a wild thing caught. I crushed her to me, but that kiss was not the same. It was shameful. I had to let her go.

I hadn't heard the crash of the guitar falling. Only now I heard the humming of the strings, fainter and fainter, like the dying of that sudden madness in my veins. Yes, even then, God help me, I was practical. I didn't say I loved her. I didn't, you know. I hadn't thought of loving her—or any woman; especially a Latin. Somewhere inside myself I'd always meant to go back some day, go home to Milo, Indiana. Oh, I can see it now! She was utterly lovely, standing there poised for instant flight, but I neither moved nor spoke.

"You!" she panted. "And they say Americans are different!"

"Different?" I said heavily.

"Would I have dared to sit here with a man of us? You know I would not. To a *latino*, a woman—any woman—is an—an occasion. But you seemed different. You never tried to touch my hand in passing, or whispered hidden words as our men do. Your eyes looked straightly. Oh, I have watched them! They seemed so blue and clean, and sometimes I have thought they could see visions. I have wished ——"

Visions? What could I say? How can you name the beauty of a song, the nameless ache of chords in a minor key?

"To my father you have spoken with the wisdom of old men. I have wished that you might talk with me—you, who have seen so much ——"

"And understood so little. Rita ——"

"I am a woman; I know nothing. But, oh, I am so tired of being a woman! My parents think I am undutiful because I hate men, because I will not be mated like a—a mare! I am twenty years old; do you hear that? Soon no man will desire me, and I will be glad!"

I didn't laugh; twenty was old to her. And I was nearly thirty-five—old and very tired. There was no other feeling in me. But I saw her shaken out of the still repression in which she lived, and I thought that after this we might be friends.

"Rita," I said, "forgive me now. Tomorrow we will talk."

And Yankee-like, I offered my hand to bind the bargain. After a moment she gave me hers, both of them; and I smiled down at her paternally and whispered, "Until tomorrow!"

Out of the darkness of the corridor a fury catapulted at me, snatching, clawing, striking me across the face. My tired brain was jarred, I guess. Starlight exploded into dull pulsing red; the first I actually knew was that I had Rufo by the shoulders, shaking him with insane resentment. I was six inches taller than he and forty pounds heavier; he was helpless.

Of course he'd heard the crash of that guitar. He struggled and sobbed and snarled vile words at me; in his eyes his sister was hopelessly compromised.

"Crazy boy," I snapped, "be still! Your sister is not harmed."

He was still. He was barefooted, but decently covered with trousers and crookedly buttoned coat, a tail of his nightshirt showing crookedly below it; it didn't seem funny at the time. I bowed and turned away and plodded wearily to my room.

Almost immediately, while I still hazily contemplated undressing, he knocked at my door—quietly enough; I opened it and he beckoned with a slight jerk of his head, his hot eyes steadily on mine. Wearily I followed, too tired even to wonder what he wanted.

He'd lighted one of the big lamps in the *sala de armas*. Over his arm, punctiliously, he was offering the choice of two hilts.

"This is no hour for fencing," I said stupidly.

It wasn't a foil. The hilt was different—heavier; the Del Valle coat of arms engraved in silver; the ancient boast of the Del Valle family in curling script around it. I didn't have to read it. "*Hombre que mas sale no vale tanto como Valle vale.*" Stupidly I protested, "Rufo! You are crazy!"

"I know it. But I cannot fight thee like an animal; thou art too big. I must permit thee to fight like a gentleman. Guard thee!"

An expressive language, Spanish. "Thou" is a form of infinite respect, used to address God or by a child to its parents. It is a form of intimacy, used between friends and lovers. It is a form of condescension, used to servants and children. But to a comparative stranger, it is arrogance and insult in the last degree. "The man of most worth is not worth so much as Del Valle is!" I saw his fierce dark eyes, the thin blades whipping together as if I had nothing to do with it—needle-pointed and six inches longer than the blades of foils. I didn't even see the point that slipped through my shoulder muscle just under the skin.

"You have touched me," I told him.

"Thou art not dead yet!"

It was the pain in my shoulder that made me realize. He did mean to kill me; he could do it, too, if I tried to fence with him. It came to me that I must take advantage of my reach. As he recovered after a lunge, I straightened up, my right side to him and point held stiffly at him. He slashed and twisted at it, but my wrist was stronger than his; when he removed the pressure, the slender steel sprang back and confronted him before he could thrust.

He couldn't reach me without impaling himself. I paid no attention to his feints; I didn't try to watch his point; I couldn't see my own. My blurred consciousness had narrowed to his grim dark face and burning eyes, his shadow sweeping now and then fantastically past him. All my will was bent on keeping up my arm that dragged so painfully at my throbbing shoulder.

"What clownery is this?" he snarled at me. "Fight, fool!"

"I do not wish to kill you and I will not let you kill me."

Words had no effect on him. I don't remember any sound; he was barefooted and I only moved, heavily, enough to face him as he circled. But there was sudden commotion in the patio, running feet and voices crying out. I must have turned my head; new pain shot through my shoulder;

(Continued on Page 86)

How 2 million housewives now avoid baking failures!

At last—a flour actually "Kitchen-tested"... the one sure proof that a flour will always act the same way in your oven

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Gold Medal Devil's Food Chocolate Cake—one of [illegible] recipes with Kitchen-tested flour—perfect [illegible] for [illegible] recipes. Read our special offer.

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If at any time Gold Medal Flour does not give you the most uniformly good results of any flour you have ever tried—you may return the unused portion of your sack of flour to your grocer.

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"Service to the Northwest"

Copyr. 1926, Washburn Crosby Co.

(Continued from Page 83)

I saw his thin steel buckle against the bone. All calculation went out of me. Insanely I was beating at his head and shoulders. He had no defense against this unusual attack; he threw up his blade, but mine beat it down. My arm didn't seem to strike where I aimed. I saw red marks leap out across his face, red stains creep down his forehead. A rapier has no cutting edge to speak of, but any whip of steel will cut skin against bone.

I didn't hear Don Fernando's voice roaring at us until his arms pinned me from behind. Then I saw Rufo stumbling blindly to his knees, his sister and his mother and his aunt running to him. I remember the single glance that Rita threw at me, and in dull bitterness I let my rapier clatter to the floor. I realize now that he looked much the worse hurt of the two, his handsome face ugly with blood and fury, shouting wild accusations at me. My own blood was all inside my waterproof khaki coat. I felt it trickling down my arm, and with dim bitter pride I caught my wrist with my left hand to keep it from showing at the cuff.

Doña Trini whirled at me, her lips working, her thin fists quivering over her head as if to strike me in the face; but Don Fernando thrust her away, saying quietly, "Nothing is to be gained by anger. Take the boy to his room."

He was still master in his own house. The women led Rufo out; Rita did not even look at me again. Only Doña Trini turned back to cry at me, "Thou—*Yanqui!* Thou—male animal!" She was somehow pitiful, robbed of her armor of formality by her shapeless wrapper and the curl papers in her graying hair.

"Don Fernando," I said heavily, "please assure her that—your daughter has no blame. I would not have her think—Doña Rita ——"

"For Trinidad," said Don Fernando, "all men are beasts, especially Americans. She is a little ——" He tapped his forehead.

"Then you believe me?"

"I believe you. My friend, how has this happened?"

His voice was gentle. I went heavily to a bench and sat down, clutching my right wrist in my left hand. Trying to explain how I had come so late into the house, I remembered what else I had to say.

"Is the volcano of asphalt on your land?"

He didn't answer. I could see him standing there, but not clearly. I thought he didn't know the word *asfalto;* I fumbled for one that would be familiar to him.

"*Alquitrán; betún; brea*—tar, pitch."

His voice cried sharply, "What of it?"

"I have seen it. I believe it is worth millions."

Silence. After what seemed a long time, he sat down beside me, asking oddly, "Señor, have I deserved fairness at your hands?"

"You have deserved—anything you ask."

"Then answer truly. Are you sent by the oil company?"

"Oil company?" I echoed foggily. "No. Why?"

"They offered me much money for my land. I feared they had discovered the lake of asphalt."

"But how can so great a thing be hidden?"

"Pitch has no value here. It is to be found in small springs anywhere in the valley. The Indians have always known of the great lake, but it is too distant and too difficult for their small needs. It is you Americans whom I have feared; for you no difficulty is too great if there is profit in it. When the oil men came ——"

It didn't make sense. My head would not clear.

"But why have you wished to hide it? You have said your land was poor. That lake of asphalt is the wealth of kings!"

"And does it seem to you," he said quietly, "that kings are to be envied? My cousin was a king, and he died miserably before a firing squad. And my sister, his queen—you see what she has become."

Dimly something came back to me. Ben Murchison's yarn of the politician named Suarez or Juarez, the beautiful young lady and ——

"Your cousin!" I cried. "Was he Luis ——"

"Luis Fernandez Somellera, King of Vizcaya! You have read of that unhappy boy? Surely it was before you were born."

"I have not read it. I have heard the story from Benjamin Murchison himself!"

"Mor-chison?"

"General Murchison, the soldier of fortune who made your cousin king! He is my partner today."

Don Fernando said slowly, "Yes, that was his name. Mor-chison. I had forgotten; it has been so long. And he lives yet?"

"He is my partner, my closest friend!"

"Then there is no room in this house for you'"

"Because of him? Don Fernando, I do not understand."

"Do you not see us as we are? Know, then, that our family once was great and rich and happy. In all Vizcaya there was no greater. But this adventurer with his ambition led my cousin into the farce of power, rose to brief power with him—and saved his own skin when the downfall came!"

Dimly, desperately, I knew it was all wrong. Ben Murchison had no ambition. For him it had been adventure, nothing more. He had defended a young feller for fightin' for his girl. He had outwitted a powerful politician—a politician named Suarez or Juarez. He had worn a fine new uniform at the young feller's coronation, and another one at his weddin'. And in the final disaster, his horse shot under him, he had gained the shelter of this timbered valley about three jumps ahead of a firin' squad—and lived to tell the yarn thirty years afterward, whimsically, to me. Just one of many yarns he told me first and last.

But for those left behind there had been no shelter. For them it had been the door to bitter years.

"My cousin and my uncle and my father murdered, my brothers killed in battle, our estates confiscated and ourselves exiled, and my poor sister —— Señor," he said grimly, "she was a young woman then, and beautiful. And Teófilo Zuñiga desired her—may he rot in his wheeled chair!"

Dimly I saw it. This was the other side of that same picture Ben Murchison had showed me. At the time I barely heard the name of that politician whose name was not Suarez or Juarez, but Zuñiga—Teófilo Zuñiga, the paralytic father of Ramon. Afterward I remembered. At the time I only stared dimly at Don Fernando, on his feet before me, blurred, gigantic; he looked nine feet tall.

"You see us now, reduced to the last and poorest of our estates. You will not understand—you, who have left your country of your own will. When I was in exile, when my body was in Spain, my soul lived here! These are my hills. They give me peace, even though I live under amnesty from my enemies. Now it is in your power to take from me even the little that I have. You have only to go and tell them that it is worth the taking.

"*Caballero,* may your dreams be sweet!"

It was only afterward that I knew clearly what he had said—in the long weeks I had to think about it. I struggled to my feet. I said laboriously, "My partner is—an honorable man. A brave and loyal man. He never knew ——"

"What he is I know not; only what he did."

How could I deny it? It was true. Both were true sides of the selfsame picture. I didn't bow; I was afraid to.

"Don Fernando, I am sorry for everything. Truly I—thank you for your hospitality. I ——"

That was all. There was nothing more to be said. I only tried to hold my head up and walk steadily. The man he spoke of was not Ben Murchison—lonely, patient, steady old Ben Murchison, through whose old eyes I saw long trains of memories, not terrible but somehow softened into beauty. Why was that? He had suffered too, yet the pictures in his memory were somehow good.

Going by the door of Rufo's room, I saw the women standing by the bed; Rita glanced round at the sound of my hobnails on the stone; I tried to speak her name, but she had looked away. I didn't blame her. He was her only brother and the baby of the family. I had brought nothing but trouble into this house. So I went out of it. The porter unbarred the *zaguán* hastily; I guess he was neither deaf nor blind. The porter at the outer gate, getting up sleepily from his pallet, asked no questions. Maybe he thought I was going to hunt my horse—bareheaded, at midnight.

Plodding, one foot after another. My legs had got used to it; there was no feeling in them. My head was all right too. No thoughts to worry me any more; nothing inside my skull but sky and stars. There were no eyes that hated me out here. . . . If I only had a drink of water!

Down in the valley there would be water, a whole river full of it. And after that? I didn't know. Not Tolobaya; little Alice Dowling had trouble enough already.

"Stand up, papa! You're all right, old-timer. Get up on your legs and walk like a man!"

Scolding her father because she thought he was drunk. Well, he was drunk; hurt too. Blood on his face, his eyes glaring at me. . . . No, those were Rufo's eyes, hating me because I wouldn't die. Why wouldn't I? There was some reason, but I couldn't remember what it was. The eyes of Ramon Zuñiga, brown like Rufo's, hot and arrogant, hating me while his hands filled his revolver with cartridges from his belt. Quick!

But my right arm didn't move. Where was it? Oh, yes; carried in my left hand. Mustn't drop it. Right arm valuable somehow.

Unfairly the trail pitched down. It was terribly hard to know when I was properly upright; I had to lift my eyes to the horizon, and then my feet fell where the trail was not. It didn't hurt me. Crawling up out of the bushes, though, I felt I had forgotten something. It was my right arm I was looking for. But it came trailing along by itself; so I didn't carry it any more.

"Stand up, papa! You're all right, old-timer. Get up on your legs and walk like a man."

I had to laugh. I wasn't anybody's papa. But why wasn't I walking? Mustn't quit with that stout-hearted baby making you ashamed. Get up! Walk like a man! . . . Must tell Ben Murchison about Alice—this brave little thing doing the best she knew. "You like fried eggs, old-timer?" No, I wasn't hungry; only thirsty. . . . Ben Murchison would say Alice was all right. . . . That was why I couldn't die. Not here. Ben Murchison—steady old Ben Murchison—was waiting somewhere for me to come and chew the rag with him.

Plodding. It wasn't very hard. Friendly, steady, mild old eyes ahead of me; eyes behind that hated me. My legs had very little to do with it. That was lucky, because they kept buckling and pitching me into the bushes.

Warmer down here where the wind didn't hit. I laughed at the mosquitoes; they couldn't sting me and they were very angry about it, roaring and shrieking in my ears. Why wasn't I walking?

While I lay there in the bushes considering the tremendous distance of five feet to the trail above me, something seemed to happen. A thundering of hoofs. Not a real horse, though; no horse of flesh and blood could sweep down that steep grade so fast. Not a real horseman; no human ever had a head like that—snow white, like a monstrous egg. I seemed to hear Rufo's voice shouting, calling to me to stop and fight. Stop? That was silly. I was just lying there.

The thudding hoofs passed close above me. The horse seemed to leap sidewise at

ANSONIA SQUARECLOX

Beautifying the Alarm Clock

The alarm clock has always been regarded as a necessary evil, associated with the idea of reluctantly climbing out of a warm bed in the chill of a dark winter morning. Perhaps that's why so little attention has been given to making the alarm clock a thing of beauty.

But the Ansonia Clock Company decided, some time ago, that alarm clocks ought to be just as good to look at as any other clock. They created the now famous Ansonia Squareclox, with reliable movements, in platinum-like cases and antique gold cases, standing firmly on a square base, with no inclination to topple over. And the appreciation of the public is shown by the tremendous demand for these beautiful alarm clocks. You can get them at the jeweler's, department store or drug store.

Square Pirate. Continuous alarm; 4½" high x 3½" wide. Runs 30 hours $2.50
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra

Square Rascal. Continuous or intermittent alarm; 2¾" high x 2¾" wide. Runs 30 hours. $3.25
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Square Service. Intermittent alarm. Silver dial with Jade hands and numerals; 5½" high x 4½" wide. Runs 30 hours $3.50
Silver dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Square Racket. *The ONLY alarm clock striking hour and half hour.* Gong strike silenced when desired. Strikes correct hour when started again. 5½" high x 4½" wide. 30 hours. $5.00
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra.

Square Simplex. *The ONLY 10 DAY automatic alarm clock.* Alarm stops and automatically resets. 5½" high x 4½" wide. $6.00
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra.

Prices in Canada are a bit higher.
(Patents Pending)

At Jewelers', Department Stores and Drug Stores.

THE ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
7th Ave. & 12th St., Dept. P, Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

the sight of me; but he vanished and I forgot all about him. Then, at some disconnected time—I choose this out of the many unreasonable things I saw because it was the only one that I had cause to remember afterward—the horse reappeared, galloping back up the trail this time. I saw the saddle quite clearly against the sky; there was no rider in it. But I could still hear him shouting just the same.

Fainter and fainter. You're all right, old-timer. Get up on your legs and walk like a man.

XI

THE phantom rider faded from my memory—the horseman whose head was snow white and featureless and whose voice seemed the voice of Rufo del Valle, shouting from an empty saddle against the stars

Where did that sun come from? Leaping up over the valley, dodging here and there to search me through the trees. When I lay still sometimes it couldn't find me; but it hung motionless, printing its glaring pattern of hard light and heat around me, waiting. And phantoms passed; horsemen who spoke my name with hate

Sun glaring, motionless, printing hard patterns of light and shade. But those were only shadows, without meaning. The world was full of human lives, weaving invisible currents of love and hate, and hope and fear, and courage and desire; these were reality, weaving a pattern that would never fade and never would be finished. . . . Get up, old-timer. Get up and walk like a man.

The sun leaped on me, pouring fire on my hatless scalp. Not that it hurt me much otherwise. My body was only a clumsy weight I had to carry with me. Water! I stumbled and crawled through the undergrowth and sprawled in the muddy edge of the Zorro River; lay there so long that the sun forgot me and went on. I got up and stumbled after it, shouting defiance. I was a man. A man could always go a little farther if he would not quit.

I couldn't quit, you know. Ben Murchison, steady, calm, dependable old Ben Murchison, was waiting for me somewhere.

The stars wove patterns between dim canyon walls. A blue sliver of a moon went reeling by. Jungle closed in, black and suffocating, buffeting me between impenetrable walls, sucking at my heavy feet. Something roared about my head: mosquitoes, I guess. The noise faded into dull intermittent thunder, and I saw the dark ugly houses of Chunango, and the open sea, great oil tanks squatting over it like monsters of a mechanical age with men for slaves. At Peter Brennan's door I kicked and shouted, for Peter Brennan was a man

The door jerked open and I stumbled in. Brennan's voice, oddly whispering, commanded fiercely. "Be still, you fool!"

But I forgot to wonder why I must be still; I was grateful and let it go at that. Brennan took charge of me. He gave me water and put cold things on my head. He disinfected those red dots in my shoulder—queer that such tiny things could hurt so deep—gave me whisky and quinine and put me to bed. He sat by me while I slept He was sitting there when I woke, his brown eye fixed on me. His brown eye, mind you, not his blue one. Nowadays when I think of Peter Brennan I make a very definite distinction

Nowadays, thinking back, I see many things that I never noticed at the time But I was sick, exhausted; all my memory of the days that followed is colored by malaria and lassitude; and quinine can make you drunker than whisky. When I saw Brennan sitting there I wasn't even sure that he was real. My brain throbbed dizzily.

"Hello!" said Brennan. "Better now?"

Better than what? Sun glaring in the window, hot, suffocating, throbbing with dull intermittent thunder. Breakers. I knew this room. I'd slept here once. Last night?

"Lord, what a nightmare!"

"I can believe it," said Brennan

But when I tried to grin I felt my burned, mosquito-bitten face, my bursting brain What was the matter with my right arm? It wouldn't work.

It looked all right, only a brown stain on the rim of my undershirt and insignificant red dots on the bare skin.

So that was how rapier wounds looked! So I hadn't dreamed it!

"Here, have a go at this."

Liquor burned my cracked lips and spread fire down my throat; the room steadied and Brennan grew real again—pink skin, clipped virile mustache, mismated eyes and all.

"How'd I get here?"

"Strong," said Brennan, his blue eye cheery now. "Dragging your blanket and shouting at me to get up and walk like a man"

"Blanket?" I didn't remember any blanket

"I suppose you salvaged it when your horse was shot. One of my men found your oilskin in the trail."

"Horse?" I croaked. "Oh! That was yesterday. A—a snake scared him. He fell into the canyon and broke his back."

"Did I say shot?" murmured Brennan "I should have said, when your horse fell and broke his back"

"I remember now. I shot him."

"Oh, quite so! Ran yourself through the shoulder too?"

He was grinning at me. I let my eyes go shut. I didn't care what he imagined. No use to try to explain. It was too much for me: went back too far. I was too weak to think and too tired to stop thinking. With queer intensity I needed somebody—Rita del Valle; not because her hair was fragrant and her mouth was sweet, but because of her deep, strong vitality. My own was gone. . . . Why did I need her when she hated me?

"Could you do with a bit of breakfast now?" said Brennan, rising and going toward the door

"Eh? Should say I could! Nothing to eat since—breakfast."

Which breakfast? I didn't know, but Brennan ought to; I'd eaten it with him Competent fellow, Brennan. The smell of coffee woke me; strong, fragrant coffee with hot, fragrant goat's milk

Goat's milk smells something like a goat, but I give you my word that this was fragrant. I ate ravenously, clumsily, left-handed. Then I slept.

Yes, quite a fellow, Brennan. He didn't try to make me explain. He didn't let anybody but his house *moco* come near me. I just lay there. Rita del Valle, a woman. Rufo, whose proud young chest was full of wild young feelings. Don Fernando, a man who knew the use of quiet days. Doña Trini, who had been beautiful thirty years ago. Ramon Zuñiga—no, that must have been his father; this one wasn't more than forty now. But he would take the lake of asphalt if he knew. The greatest robber, thief, murderer in all Vizcaya. He was the one who'd taken Dowling's mine. Poor drunken Henry Dowling. Poor little Alice Dowling. Ben Murchison would say she was all right—this stout-hearted baby doing the best she knew.

Courage and fear and love and hate all tangled up, swirling and whirling through my throbbing brain. I had to go back to Guatemala, to Peten, and tell Ben Murchison that everything was all wrong.

He'd say it was all right. The pictures in his memory were not terrible. He wouldn't care if I was too tired to worry any more about mahogany. He wouldn't care about the lake of asphalt—worth millions, billions, but not mine. Ben Murchison wasn't practical, you know. We had money in the bank—I would have called it quite a fortune once; he'd say it was enough. We'd just buy us a little hacienda over in Honduras or somewhere, he and I, and hire us a good bartender and prop our feet up and chew the rag fifteen or twenty years. He liked to talk, you know. The years of battle had left scars on his tough old body, but not in his memory. The pictures there were somehow beautiful.

The Salvador put in, northbound. Now that was luck, wasn't it? She had touched Chunango on her way south; a tanker had sailed north the day before I came. I might have had to wait weeks for another boat. There's very little cargo at Chunango except oil. I don't remember that I saw the Salvador loading or unloading any, even so. I only remember the hoarse music of her whistle and how sweet her lights looked, sliding into the river. She meant release. I called it luck and let it go at that.

Luck! What is luck? Something that happens seemingly by chance. And what is chance? The result of unknown or unconsidered forces

Well, there were plenty of things I didn't know or consider. Brennan asked me no questions and it never occurred to me to ask him any. I didn't care what he and his friend Captain Sisler of the Salvador talked so long about. Brennan helped me into my clothes, neatly washed and mended—they must have needed it—gave me my watch and gun and money belt and letter of credit, escorted me aboard and told me cordially good-by. I thanked him and answered definitely, good-by.

It's odd. A man thinks his own will guides his own life. But the world is full of human lives; a man is bound to blunder into some of them, weave his own with them indissolubly, or touch and drift away and touch again, or narrowly miss touching and maybe never know. The pattern is on the loom. And sometimes, looking back, you see a part of it. A thread weaves in and out and disappears; it is not broken but still weaving somewhere. Is it coincidence when it reappears? Unknown or unconsidered forces——

Call it chance. The ports crawled by through sweltering days. Captain Sisler was kind; he kept warning me to stay out of the sun; I'd narrowly escaped a stroke, you know He gave me the sofa in the chart room, cooler than any cabin. He discouraged my going ashore. Punta Arenas, Corinto, Amapala; we should make San José de Guatemala, he promised me, within thirty-six hours now.

But I never went to San José. It was at Amapala that I heard Ben Murchison was dead.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Storm-Beaten Sentinel

832

The "luck" that keeps down the cost of your car

The unseen difference that makes one car give perfect satisfaction—the other continual trouble. The whole secret of keeping down repairs and operating costs

Ever notice the difference in "luck" that different motorists have with the same make of car? One man drives his car for years—drives it hard too—and never seems to have a bit of trouble. Another with the same make and model is always just going into the repair shop or just coming out.

Is it really *luck?* Or some unseen difference in the cars? It's neither. There *is* a hidden difference. But it is not in the cars. It's in the *care* of the cars.

80% of all repairs on moving parts come from just one cause, repair men say—lack of *proper* lubrication. This is especially true of the 20 to 60 bearings on your chassis. Nine times in ten your hard luck motorist is simply neglecting lubrication of these parts.

He may *think* they're properly lubricated. But clogged oil passages, or a cheap soapy grease is bringing on a mysterious procession of repairs just the same. You simply cannot *guess* about lubrication—if you care about repair bills. Most cars today come equipped with Alemite or Alemite-Zerk high pressure lubrication. With these systems positive high pressure forces fresh lubricant entirely through each bearing. It keeps bearings clean as well as lubricated.

Fleet owners find that this kind of lubrication cuts their operating costs 1c to 1¾c per mile, if used methodically.

There's an Alemite Lubricating Service Station near you. Drive in there—every 500 miles. Complete chassis lubrication by experts is as convenient as oil or gasoline service, while you wait. This is just as important as oil in your engine, water in your radiator or air in tires. Nothing will do more to make you "lucky" with the cars you drive than this habit of regular lubrication. It's the whole secret of keeping down repair bills and operating costs.

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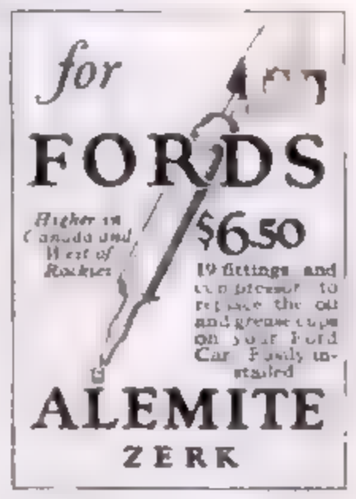

ALEMITE

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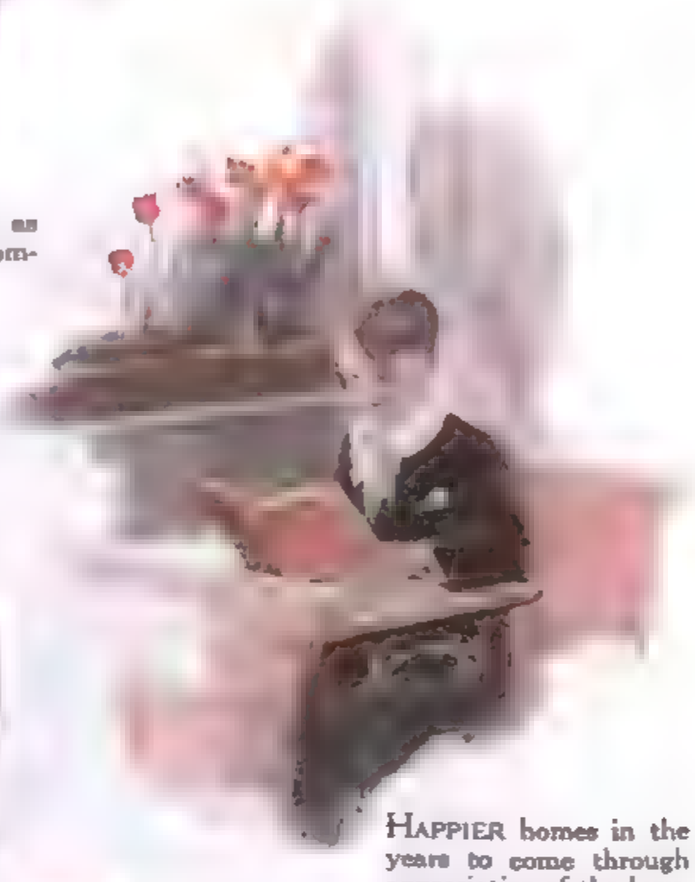
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

High Pressure Lubrication

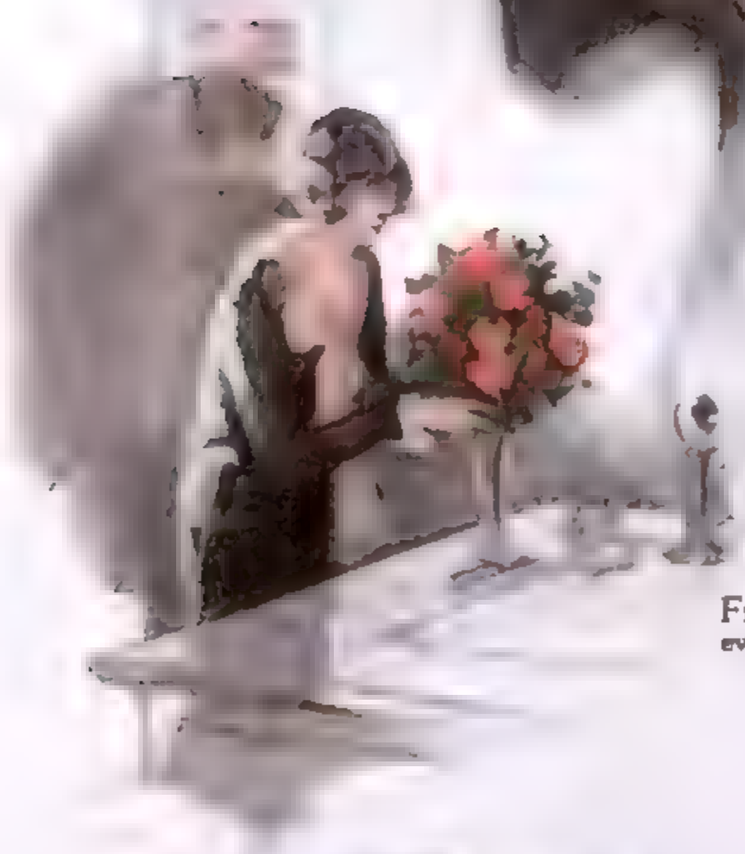
FRESH, fragrant flowers are a *necessary* part of every perfectly appointed car.

SEND him to work every morning with a *boutonniere* in his lapel.

FASHION decrees flowers as an essential part of every complete *toilette*.

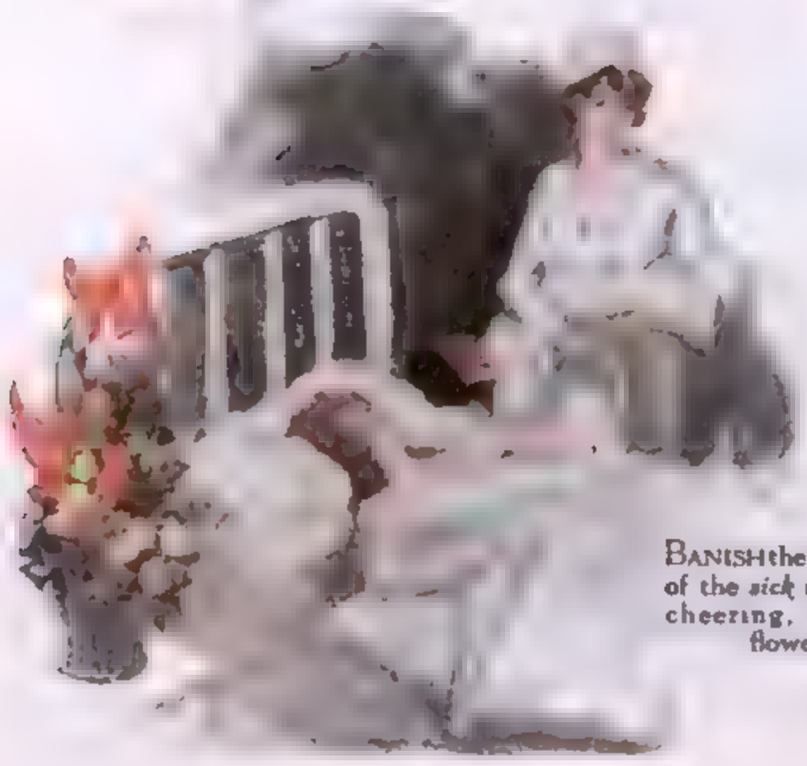


HAPPIER homes in the years to come through appreciation of the *beautiful*, inculcated by flowers and growing plants in school rooms.



FLOWERS lend a note of *prosperity* to every office. Give your florist a standing order.

YOU know they wear *real* flowers. Imitations cannot add that infinite touch of charm.



BANISH the dreariness of the *sick room* with cheering, fragrant flowers.

"Say it ANYTIME--

FLOWERS for the *wedding* can be sent from *anywhere* to *anywhere*. Your florist telegraphs the order to another.

A WOMAN'S heart throbs at the message that only flowers convey, and aches with the void created by forgetting them

TELL her "*good-bye*" with flowers. Their glad message will cheer her to the journey's end.

YOUR florist delivers flowers everywhere, all the time. He telegraphs them.

WHEREVER you are, the appropriate thing is: "Say it with Flowers."

ON your birthday send Mother flowers. They bespeak the message in your heart.

"Say it with Flowers"

ANYWHERE -- BY WIRE --

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

The Coach

$645

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so Smooth - so Powerful

Search the entire market and you cannot duplicate the Chevrolet Coach at $645. It stands supreme as the greatest coach value in the world. No other coach offers equal beauty, roominess, riding comfort, durability, dependability and completeness of equipment — no other coach has an operation so smooth and so powerful — at anywhere near its price.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

New Low Prices

Touring	$510
Roadster	510
Coupe	645
Coach	645
Sedan	735
Landau	765
½ Ton Truck (Chassis Only)	395
1 Ton Truck (Chassis Only)	550

QUALITY AT LOW COST

VINEGAR

(Continued from Page 25)

measured by the scales. There was no jocularity whatever in the exceeding fatness of the face that was poised within a few inches of his own; its very magnitude suggested, rather, an extraordinary amount of bitterness behind it. The drooping jowl that overhung a wilted collar had the wrathful tint of a turkey gobbler's wattles.

"Why don't you keep your feet out of the way?"

It was a voice wholly in keeping with the face, a voice that even A. W. Lerner himself might have envied. Mortimer Dill answered it in kind and, inspired by lingering anguish in his foot, was warmly fluent. Prisoned by the pressure of their neighbors, they faced each other, eye to eye, till the car wheels groaned on the curve at Swan Street, and the fat man, with a final rotund glower over a puffy shoulder, squeezed sidewise through the door.

Thinking, now that it was too late to use them, of several particularly happy turns of pungent phrase, Mortimer Dill vaguely regretted this departure. If he ever saw the fellow again he'd refer to baby elephants. Dimly his conscience reproached him for this intention, for the other things that hadn't been left unsaid. He rejected the reproof sullenly. What did it matter? What did anything matter now? Again he plumbed the depths. What was that poem about a raven that perched on a pallid bust of something or other and kept croaking "Nevermore!"—the word echoed sonorously in his brain. That was it. Nevermore! Nothing mattered. Nev——

The flash of Miss Bitzer's golden teeth as he entered the outer office somehow rubbed salt upon his wounded spirit. The fresh proof of his high place in Miss Bitzer's esteem gave a bitter irony to the knowledge that he had plunged beyond the nethermost levels of Edna Paige's regard.

"Hello, Sweet Pickles. What's the good word this morning, hunh?"

Miss Bitzer's face powder would have been flesh-colored, possibly, on a complexion three shades lighter than that which it now concealed. Lips of brilliant purple framed the golden smile.

"Got my sales slips made out?" Mortimer Dill discovered a gloomy satisfaction in that grating voice. Miss Bitzer shook a bobbed fluff of infrablond hair. Hitherto Mortimer Dill had not resented it, but this morning he likened it inwardly to turf bleached under a plank.

"I knew you wouldn't mind doing them yourself, just this once more," she said, her intonation implying that she regarded this idea of hers as distinctly fetching.

"Well, I do mind!" Again the words left a tart relish on Dill's tongue. "You rush 'em right out now, and after this you have 'em on my desk when I come in, the same as you do for Harry Torrence and Jessup and the rest."

"Oh, di mi!" Miss Bitzer's chin rose airily and the radiance of her look was dimmed. In the manner of her departure Mortimer Dill was made to understand that he had forfeited her high opinion, won by long, patient observance of Glad-Man Grinnegan's counsels. He took a bitter pleasure in the knowledge. What did he care now? What did it matter if everybody knew what he was at heart, as long as Edna Paige had found him out?

Familiarity enabled his eyes and fingers to arrange the index cards for his day's round of visits without distracting his thoughts from their bleak preoccupation. The main current of his smoldering anger turned, of course, upon himself and his mysterious folly, but lesser streams branched off in the direction of that heavy-footed fat man; of Miss Bitzer; even, defiantly and desperately, of Edna Paige herself. There was a faint relief in these subtractions, and he welcomed a fresh outlet when Harry Torrence's jovial palm descended resoundingly upon his shoulder and a cheerful voice inquired after every little thing.

"Cut that out, will you? Want to break my neck?"

Even as he gloomily enjoyed the vinegary tang of the speech, he wondered at himself. He'd envied Harry Torrence that effortless geniality of his; he'd taken a lot of trouble to make Torrence like him, and now he was actually trying to throw that friendship away! It was Thursday, too, the day when Torrence was apt to ask him to lunch.

"Hit you too hard, did I? Sorry." Torrence laughed contritely. "How about meeting me for lunch?"

"Can't," snapped Dill. He had fully meant to say yes, to say it with a big, glad grin, and the surly yap of his refusal startled him. He saw that this second rebuff had stung through even Harry Torrence's affability. The smile straightened and the friendly eyes narrowed. Queer, thought Mortimer Dill, that he'd never noticed how close Torrence's eyes were set.

"Oh, all right, if that's how you're feeling." Torrence moved away, paused, turned, conciliation in his face. "Shucks, Pickles, what's the sense of getting sore at each other? Let's forget it and meet up at Looie's for lunch."

"Oh, save your salve!" Mortimer Dill listened, unbelieving and aghast, to the rasp of his voice, to words that he hadn't even thought. "Think I don't know why you always try to jolly me on Thursdays? Think I don't know who's going to pay for that lunch, and maybe give up a couple of dollars on top it? Think I'm too dumb to see a touch coming?"

"Oh, all right!"

This time there was no hesitation about Torrence's departure. Watching him cross the room, Mortimer Dill marveled dully at himself. Wasn't it bad enough to have quarreled with Edna Paige? What was the matter with him? Why should it seem as if he had to pick a fight with everybody, lose all his friends just because he lost the only one that really mattered?

He brought the Gloom Chaser forth from its envelope and plodded doggedly through its buoyant exhortations. As the final line of the Joy Jingle informed him that all was right with the world, he discovered that somebody was answering back in a grating undertone, wholly unconvinced.

"Is—that—so-o-o?" demanded this voice. "Is—that—so-o-o?"

Mortimer Dill identified the skeptic as himself. He folded the letter and put it back in the pocket. Even Mr. Grinnegan couldn't do anything for you if you were going to talk back to him like that.

Miss Bitzer, laying his sales slips on his desk, informed him with frosty detachment that A. W. desired his presence. The intelligence would have been unwelcome to Mortimer Dill in any normal mood, but for once it had an opposite effect. He came to his feet eagerly. If A. W. Lerner was looking for trouble as usual, he'd sent for the right man this time! Mortimer Dill shut the door of the inner office behind him with a martial slam. The man at the primly ordered desk spoke without looking up: a fretful, flicking voice fell agreeably on Dill's ears.

"Don't bring in any more excuses from Pooley, Dill. Our bank won't cash them." He sniffed. "This is the third time I've told you to get what he owes us. Three calls ought to be enough for any sort of a collector to ——"

"And I'm not any sort of a collector," said Dill. "You've got a credit department here, haven't you? They passed on Pooley's credit before I took his order. Let them get the money. They're paid for it and I'm not. I'm a salesman."

A. W. Lerner twisted a long, lean neck, slowly turning toward Mortimer Dill the countenance of a melancholy bird.

"What's this, Dill? Another funny story?"

Dill ignored the interruption.

"It's about time it was understood that I'm paid for selling goods and not for ——"

"About time you found it out, yes!" snapped A. W. Lerner. "Your sales reports don't show that you're any too keenly aware of it!"

"I'm bringing in all the business my list can carry," said Mortimer Dill. Somewhere in the back of his brain a feeble, benumbed remnant of discretion marveled at his tone. All the patient effort of months to placate and impress the sales manager came undone in the utterance of that single speech. "If I sold another dollar's worth to any of those one-horse piking printers you've got me calling on, the credit office would burst right out crying!"

"Heh!" A. W. Lerner's laugh was the rattle of dead bones. He regarded Mortimer Dill with meditative malice. "Feel that way about it, do you? All right. Easy enough to satisfy you, if that's your complaint." He fumbled in the drawer at his left and brought out a thin sheaf of cards confined by a rubber band. Mortimer Dill knew the significance of the blue-pencil mark drawn diagonally across the uppermost. These were the names of prospects so hopeless that they had been removed from the active list to be filed in A. W. Lerner's private morgue. Again Lerner went through the motions of a chuckle.

"Give you something extra good to start with," he announced. "Go see Gideon W. Pugsley today and bring in some of his business. Guarantee the credit office will O. K. the order. That's all."

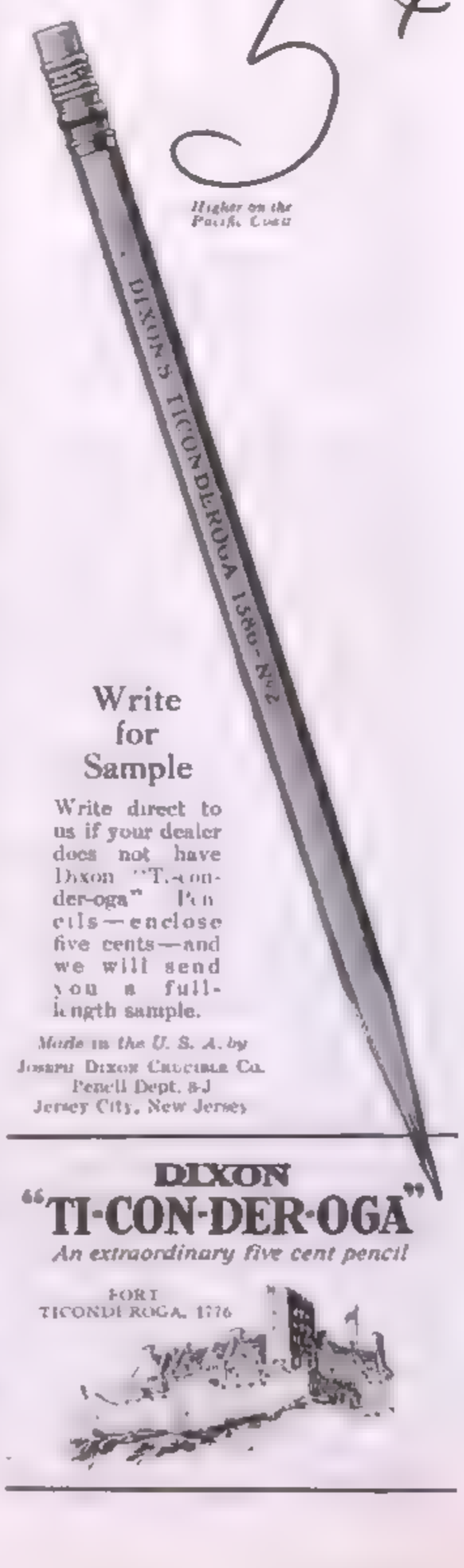
Not even the seethe of helpless anger in Mortimer Dill's spirit withstood the peremptory dismissal of the phrase and gesture. He found himself on the other side of the closed door, conscious, in spite of his rage, of a certain bitter admiration. You could trust A. W. Lerner to hand you the worst of it every time; there was something beautiful about the manager's consistent malignancy. Gideon W. Pugsley! Mortimer Dill heard himself echoing A. W. Lerner's parody of a laugh. He'd listened often enough to Harry Torrence's good-natured grumbling over having to waste his time on Pugsley; the biggest printer in Binchester harbored an inoperable grudge against the Binchester Paper Company and delighted to gratify it on the helpless envoys of that corporation. Even A. W. Lerner had finally admitted that the card belonged in the morgue.

"Heh!" laughed Mortimer Dill. "Gideon W. Pugsley!" He felt the blood gathering at the fringes of his ears as the injustice of it came home to him. He'd always known that A. W. Lerner hated him; this was just a characteristically mean way of working up an excuse for getting rid of him. For a moment he contemplated reopening that door and beating Lerner to the punch, but instinct told him, just as his hand moved to the knob, that nothing would suit the manager better. He felt his jaws tighten. The old slave-driving grouch! If Mortimer Dill ever got a chance to get even with him ——

He found a dour satisfaction in the invention, as he carried his brief case of sample books down Swan Street, of divers ways in which that evening process might be achieved, of imaginary interviews, agreeably embittered on both sides, in which A. W. Lerner would be gloriously routed. The thought overshadowed his mind during the routine calls at little print shops, filled with the clatter of job presses and the smell of ink. Always, even when most happily infected with the philosophies of Glad-Man Grinnegan, he had disapproved of the futility of these visits. He hardly ever took an order; his customers telephoned or wrote for what they needed, as their own orders were received. Nine calls of every ten were no more than perfunctory gestures designed to attest the Binchester Paper Company's good will and readiness to serve.

You will like the Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" because it puts words and figures on the paper without faltering ahead of your wrist. 5¢

Higher on the Pacific Coast



Write for Sample

Write direct to us if your dealer does not have Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" Pencils—enclose five cents—and we will send you a full-length sample.

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Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.
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"TI-CON-DER-OGA"
An extraordinary five cent pencil

FORT TICONDEROGA, 1776

This morning the process had less appeal than ever to Mortimer Dill; he went through its motions with a steadily deepening impatience; even genial customers who greeted him gayly and were manifestly in a mood for conversation seemed, for once, as irritating as the others. He found himself far ahead of his usual schedule when he paused for lunch in a clattering arm-rest eating room, where he consumed a thrifty bowl of milk and crackers and thought darkly of Harry Torrence and the lordly magnificence with which he would now be calling for the pastry tray at Looie's if Mortimer Dill had artlessly accepted this Thursday's invitation. A second cup of coffee, too, and a fat, gay-belted cigar above it; half an hour of talk, of penciling intricate designs on the tablecloth, and then the amused discovery that he'd have to let Dill pay the check this time, and if Mort could spare a couple of beans till Saturday ——

Mortimer Dill resumed his round with a deepened groove about his mouth. Entering the frowsy office of Jim Pooley's shop he discovered, in the eager hospitality of its owner, a sudden provocation and affront. Pooley, clapping him on the shoulder, demanded to be told the good word.

"The good word is check," said Mortimer Dill. "Let's see one for $82.50."

Mr. Pooley seemed to find a delicious humor in the speech.

"That's a good one on me! Absolutely slipped my mind." He laughed with fervor. "Guess I didn't remember anything about the last time you were here except that new one you sprang on me." Again his mirth overpowered him.. "Got another funny one, I'll bet."

"Uh-huh. One in five letters meaning eighty-two dollars and fifty cents," said Mortimer Dill. A faint shadow obscured the radiance of Mr. Pooley's smile, but he brightened suddenly.

"Say, that reminds me of a good one I heard ——"

"Oh, come through!" Something about his voice reminded Mortimer Dill remotely of A. W. Lerner, and the suggestion imparted a sharper edge to the tone in which he continued. "Our bank won't cash wheezes. Quit stalling and make out that check."

Mr. Pooley looked hurt, but Mortimer Dill's glance remained unmelted and the check was signed. Folding it and departing unpursued by the usual reminiscent laughter, Dill turned unrepentant ear to the reproaches of his conscience. A beautiful friendship built up by patient months of carefully counterfeited gayety had been flattened by a single gust of gloom, but Mortimer Dill didn't care. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered. He discovered that his pace had quickened as he approached the formidable establishment of Gideon W. Pugsley, that he was actually looking forward to that interview as to another welcome outlet for his spleen.

The tone in which he gave his name to the clerk in the outer office fell pleasingly upon his ear, a voice with the snap of a whiplash in it. He was mysteriously unterrified when the clerk, returning, gestured toward a doorway; the fellow, Mortimer Dill perceived, was afraid of Pugsley. A sour amusement stirred in him. Who was this bird Pugsley anyhow? He might scare the gizzard out of a little knock-kneed chinless rabbit of a clerk, but if he tried anything like that on ——

A swivel chair squeaked in sudden pain. Paralyzed and fascinated Mortimer Dill stared at the swollen, pulpy bulk that more than justified the fretful protest of the springs, at the enormous, drooping jowl that had begun to turn to sanguinary scarlet amid the ruins of a wilted collar, at the face whose amazing fatness was barely adequate to the expression of the bitterness behind it. He saw recognition in the angry eyes and remembered suddenly those things that, in the excitement of that encounter on the platform, he had neglected to set forth. He drew in his breath just an instant too late. Gideon W. Pugsley was beforehand; it was evident that he also had failed, on that earlier occasion, to speak all his mind.

Listening, Mortimer Dill reluctantly admired Mr. Pugsley's fluency and vocabulary; his own wrath curdled as it cooled; he could wait; presently Gideon W. Pugsley would either pause for breath or perish in highly appropriate apoplexy, and Mortimer Dill would have his turn. He polished up one or two of those speeches as he waited. If that floundering walrus thought he could go around smashing people's feet without getting told about it he'd better keep away from M. J. Dill!

He listened critically to his deferred rebuttal. It sounded better than he had hoped; again there was a grateful vinegary taste on his lips; he watched Pugsley's face for signs of returning utterance and timed his peroration nicely so that he could turn with dignity to the doorway just as Pugsley was again in condition for speech.

"Hold on there! Where do you think you're going?"

The voice, below its fuming wrath, held a note of grievance and expostulation that fell like applause on Mortimer Dill's ears. He turned in the doorway to make that answer which instinct assured him would best exasperate.

"Out," he said. "I'm satisfied."

"Sat——" The wattles were purple now. "You mean to tell me you had the immortal crust to send in your business card in business hours just to call me a larded sirloin ——"

Mortimer Dill waited again until Pugsley had nearly regained the power of speech.

"Didn't know who you were," he said cheerfully. "Came in here to try and sell you some paper, but I've enjoyed myself a whole lot more than I expected, and I won't waste any more of my valuable time."

"You come back here and sid-down," yelled Gideon W. Pugsley. "You come back in here and earn your pay! Claimed to be a salesman or you'd never have got in here. Now go ahead and make good on your bluff. Let's see you sell me!"

The rasp of the yapping voice bit pleasantly into Mortimer Dill's nerves. He shook his head soberly.

"No," he said. "I can't take any chance of getting you wished on me as a regular customer. I've sold meaner men than you, of course, before breakfast. That's nothing. But anybody that's pig-headed and stupid enough to lose money for the sake of a grouch that dates back to around the Rutherford B. Hayes Administration—no, thanks! I'd get sent up here every day or so to show you how to see through the hole in the grindstone!"

He watched the purplish tinge deepen in the outer reaches of the largest chin. With a sudden mighty effort Gideon W. Pugsley heaved himself free of the embrace of the chair arms and Mortimer Dill sidled away from the furious charge, remembering what he had read somewhere about the elephant's uncanny speed. A puffy finger wagged an inch before his nose

"Won't take my business, hey? Think you can come butting in here, by Judas, and tell me I can't buy my paper where I please? I'll show you who's who around here! You get over there and sid-down, hear me? Sid-DOWN!"

Backed, inch by unwilling inch, until a chair-edge behind his knees threw him off balance, Mortimer Dill sat. Overawed by the towering bulk above him, he mechanically wrote in his order book at Gideon W. Pugsley's frothing dictation. Gradually, as the items multiplied, he saw light. His lips drew down but he held his tongue until he stood again in the doorway.

"Only took it to see how far you'd go. Of course, I know you're going to call up and cancel. Don't think you put anything over on me—I'm not going to turn it in."

By slamming the door and hastening his departure past the pallid, staring clerk, he escaped with the last word. Its bitter savor lingered on his tongue until he reached his desk. He was still morosely aware of its pacifying sting as Miss Bitzer came across the room for his slips. The malignancy of her yellow eye as she waited for them somehow added to his sour enjoyment.

"A. W. wants you," she informed him. Her tone conveyed the implication that the summons boded evil and that this caused her no regret. Mortimer Dill's frown deepened as he approached the ground-glass door. He presented to A. W. Lerner's lifted glance a look as uncompromisingly hostile as its own.

"Where's that Pugsley order?" Lerner snapped the question.

"Who told you I got one?" Mortimer Dill parried in the selfsame key. Lerner drew in his breath in audible impatience.

"Pugsley, of course. Telephoned in to say if he didn't get delivery before noon tomorrow he'd break every bone in your head."

"A proud chance!" Mortimer Dill thrust his order book across the desk with a renewed sense of exasperation. Pugsley had the laugh on him, after all. He scowled as Lerner's restless pencil skipped down the list; it occurred to him suddenly that one laugh, at least, was in his favor. Lerner had a dish of crow to eat anyway.

"Didn't think I could sell him, did you?" he taunted. Lerner's eye flicked up from the page and surveyed him briefly, scornfully, descending again before the peevish voice replied.

"Why d'you think I sent you up to see him? Wouldn't have done it before today. First time you ever looked to me like anything better than the rest of those glad-handing order takers out in the other room. Always looked like the worst of them all till this morning. And me with no chance to get a vacation till I dig up somebody to hold down this job while I'm away! Nice thing! Pick an assistant manager out of a bunch of—of handshakers!"

He looked up pessimistically. "Guess I've got to take a chance on you, but I don't expect much. Probably nothing but a tooth-shower like the rest of 'em."

Not even A. W. Lerner could have improved on Mortimer Dill's sardonic laughter. Promoted! Just when it only emphasized the tragedy of the might-have-been. What did Mortimer Dill care about being assistant sales manager—now?

"Probably fall down hard," Lerner was saying. "Never saw a handshaker that got over it and amounted to a hill of beans. Probably make a first-rate fizzle of it."

"Is—that—so!"

The words rose unbidden to Mortimer Dill's lips. His thoughts were still concerned with the irony of circumstance. A. W. Lerner's bleak gaze regarded him with a faint mitigation of its gloom.

"Might do worse maybe," he admitted.

Interrupted, a little later, in the task of preparing Gideon W. Pugsley's order for the shipping clerks, Mortimer Dill looked up impatiently at Harry Torrence, standing a little stiffly beside his desk.

"I believe I owe you seven dollars," said Torrence icily. "I'm sorry I didn't understand how you felt about it. I'd rather not be under obligations except to my friends."

"Suit yourself." Dill pushed the bills into his pocket, wondering which one of those friends had furnished them. Already the break with Torrence had shrunk to unimportance. He could even see, dimly, that there was something funny about the loss of a seven-dollar friendship, about the loss of Miss Bitzer's esteem, purchasable, it seemed, by winking at evaded duty in the matter of those sales slips.

He began, indeed, as he walked uptown and so escaped the provocations of a crowded street car, to harbor some faint hope of retrieving the major disaster that had begun the day. After all it hadn't been anything so very terrible, that quarrel. If he made his apology abject enough, if he set a vigilant watch upon himself against another revelation of that baser nature, a girl like Edna Paige might conceivably be noble enough to forget that one offense. He rehearsed a number of experimental speeches as he drew near the boarding house; one of them was ready, pat and smooth on his very tongue, when he caught sight of her on the porch. He saw that she moved to meet him at the top of the steps and his pulses jumped at the absurd thought that perhaps she had actually been waiting for him.

"Well," she said crisply, "I suppose you want to apologize."

Something clicked in Mortimer Dill's brain. The rehearsed speech slid back into his throat, the cheerful grin dissolved into an uncompromising glower. Aghast, he listened to a voice that rasped like a file.

"Apologize? What for?"

She surveyed him narrowly, her eyes wary, distrustful.

"You mean that? You're not going to beg my pardon for the way you talked this morning?"

"I certainly am not!" said Mortimer Dill. The words spoke themselves against his frantic endeavors to contain them; he even felt again that queer, impenitent sense of pleasure in their taste. He met the searching gaze, he knew, with a defiance that was almost hostile. Edna nodded comprehendingly.

"I see. You're going to jolly me back into good humor by quoting some more of those poems, are you? Going to tell me so many screaming stories about Irishmen falling off roofs ——"

"Am I? You wait and see!" Mortimer Dill felt that his jaw bit off the last word with decision. He braced himself for the lash of her anger, gratuitously invited this time—practically challenged.

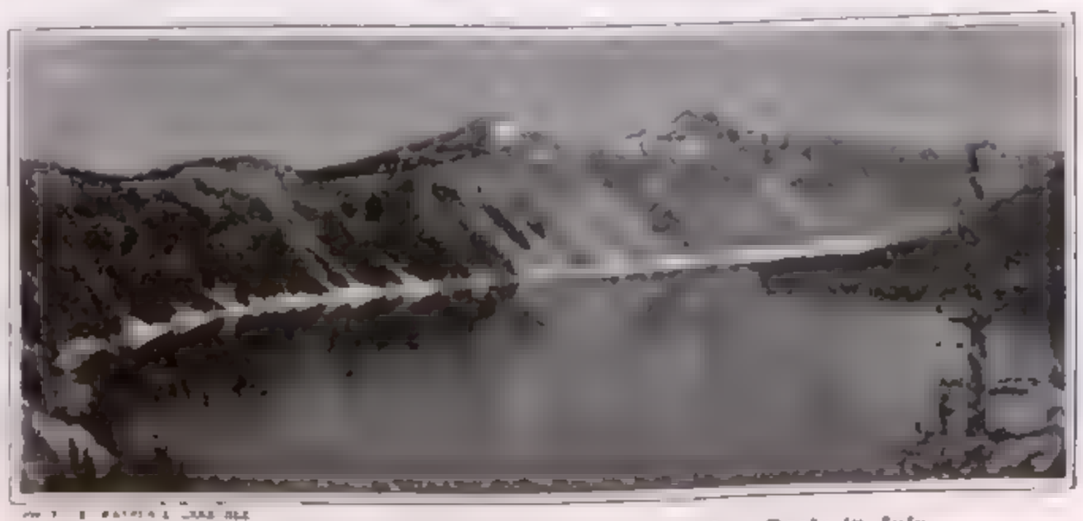
"Is that a promise?" The tone startled him. He could only nod, as he saw the dawning glimmer in the eyes that held his rapt.

"Thank goodness!" said Edna Paige fervently. "If that's how you feel let's go to the movies after dinner—Dutch treat, of course."

Later, emptying his pockets before the crinkly mirror, Mortimer Dill found an orange envelope that gave him pause in the midst of wholly cheerful meditations. For some reason his brows drew together as he unfolded the butter-golden document it had contained. The final lines caught at his glance and he read them under his breath.

"You can't catch flies with vinegar!" The pleasant tang of it came suddenly to his lips. He crumpled the paper.

"Of course you can't," he informed himself. "And what good are they?"



Crater Lake, Oregon. From a Photograph Taken Early in July

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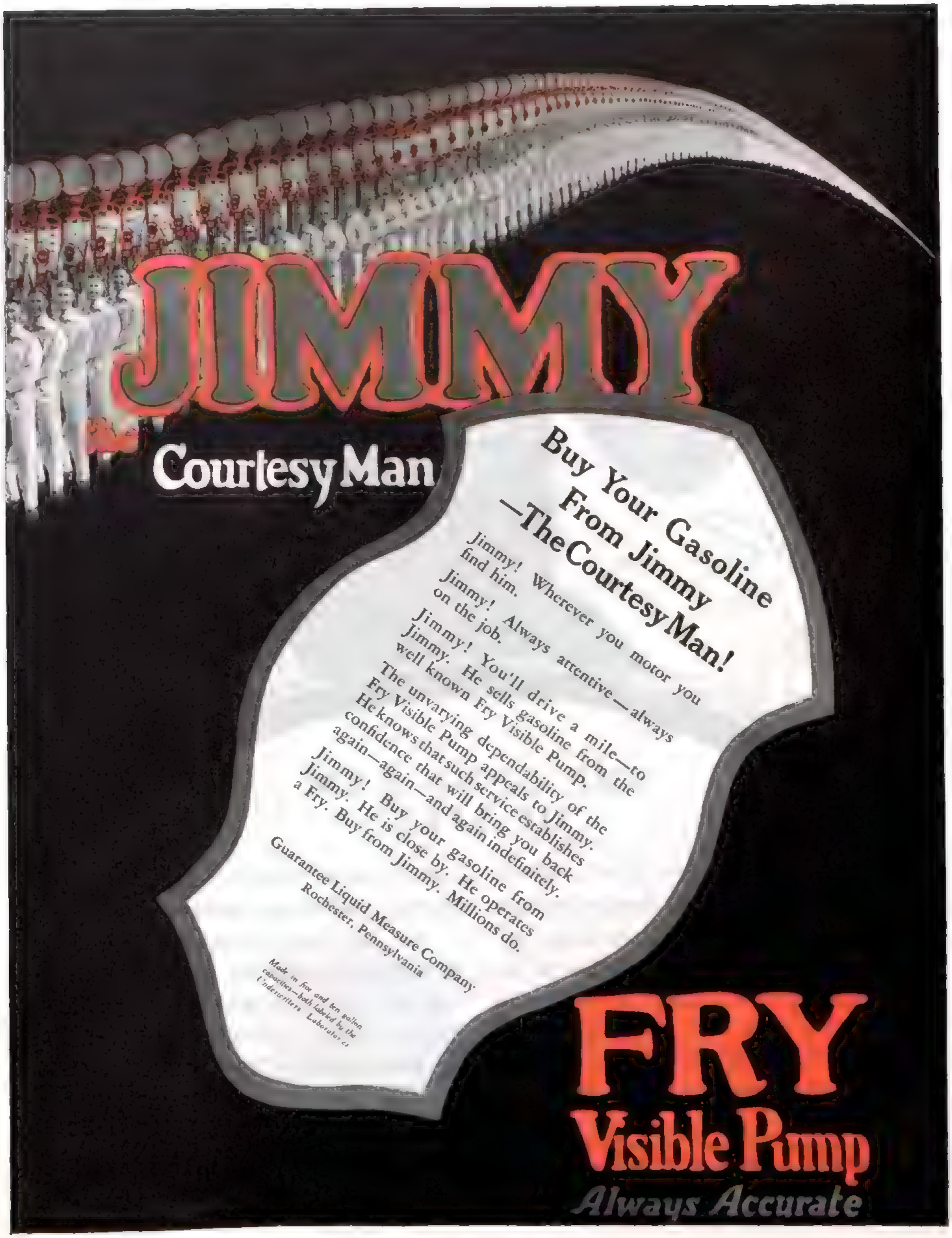
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ASK FOR MR. SMITH

(Continued from Page 23)

else; that Henry James Colburn might be an artist, but that Sam Mather was a business man.

"Hear me, Henry," Smith replied. "You asked me to sit in and make suggestions about this continuity because I happen to be familiar with the South Seas, and likewise a very good friend of Henry James Colburn. What value is my assistance if you persist in talking slapstick gags, which have no place whatever in a tale of this kind? Am I right, Miss Keller?"

Isobel nodded faintly.

"It is a somber story," the specialist continued, rumpling his wavy gray thatch. "It is a thing of scented breezes and magic nights, with the tropic moon looking down upon an elemental people."

"Very well," I gave in, "you know your South Seas, Mr. Smith, and as you say, if you are to help, we had better do it the way you see it."

We proceeded steadily and rapidly with the work and made surprising progress. Isobel was of enormous help to us, looked up data, hunted for strange words and went out to lunch daily with Pinkerton. I had never asked Isobel to lunch, but Pinkerton seemed interested in what we were doing, and, as he said, he did not like to drop the thread of the thing even during lunch hour. So he and Isobel went over to the Bag o' Sugar restaurant, and I had my lunch at the corner drug store, being a light eater and preferring a milk shake and a dime's worth of peanuts.

In no time at all, we had two hundred scenes on paper, and Mr. Mather telephoned and said he would like to see how I was getting on. Of course he did not know that I was being assisted by the world's leading authority on the South Seas. I folded the two hundred scenes into a neat bundle and took them confidently over to the studio, where, when I had departed, they were carefully scanned, first by Mr. Mather and then by Bob Peel.

"Just as I thought," Mather told his director. "This truck is awful."

"You couldn't shoot it in a thousand years," Peel agreed, though this sad news was kept from me until much later.

"Henry Parkman," continued the big chief, addressing his director, "is a failure as a scenario writer."

"Henry Parkman," added Director Peel, with even greater emphasis, "never could write anything that anybody could shoot into a picture."

"Of course he may do better with the rest of the script."

"I doubt it," said Peel, who was always one of my warm friends. "He's worked with me before and he's a bust."

"What we ought to do," said Mather, "is to find somebody else to snap this thing up."

"Certainly," said Peel.

"Yes, but who?"

"Hargrave," the director suggested.

"Worse than Parkman."

"Mullins," said Peel.

"I can't stand that fellow around the studio."

"Martin."

"Worse and more of it," said Mr. Mather. "What we need on this continuity—ah!"

He breathed the last word in a sudden outburst, the exclamatory "ah" of persons looking at skyrockets.

"Ah, what?" asked Peel.

"I have just thought of something," said Mr. Mather, raising his voice and looking bright and intelligent. "In fact, I have just thought of the right and only thing to do, and I am surprised I didn't think of it before."

"What?"

"Coral is a South Seas story, isn't it?"

Peel nodded emphatically.

"And there is one man here in Hollywood who knows the South Seas like you know your hip pocket."

"Who?" Peel demanded.

"I refer to Mr. Pinkerton Smith, the celebrated author of Shining Strands, Nights With a Beach Comber, and Wake Up, Papeete."

Bob Peel smacked his hands together with the delight of a man who suddenly sees a good thing. Mr. Mather smacked his hands together, rose and walked rapidly to and fro. His eyes sparkled with enthusiasm. He called for his secretary and ordered her to call for somebody and have somebody else go at once to Mr. Pinkerton Smith and inform him that his services were anxiously desired by the studio.

That is precisely what happened.

Mather emissaries approached my temporary associate in art, informed him, hinted of money and so Mr. Smith strolled into the studio to see what was wanted.

"You know the book Coral?" Mather inquired of him.

"Assuredly," said Pinkerton, not bothering to add that, at the moment, he was working upon it.

"By Henry James Colburn?" added Mather.

"One of my old friends," Pinkerton smiled.

"We are going to make a picture of it," the boss informed him. "And we want a good picture. At this time, we are having the continuity written by one of our own men, who is not a South Seas expert—who is not an expert at all."

Mr. Smith nodded gravely.

"Now," said Mather, "this continuity will be finished in another week, and I am confident, knowing the man who is doing it, that we will find it unsatisfactory. I would like to arrange to have you, as an expert in South Seas stuff, take over this job and do the scenario the way it ought to be done."

"I am a busy man," said Pinkerton, looking fixedly at the ceiling.

"We know that. We will pay you four thousand for the work."

"Make it forty-five hundred," said Smith, "and I'll consider it."

Mr. Mather turned away and deliberated for three or four seconds

"Very well," he said. "We want the best and we'll pay for the best."

The respectable sum of forty-five hundred dollars was thereupon formally agreed to and written down upon a pink memo pad so that Mr. Mather would not forget the figures.

"This," announced the boss, "is merely a tentative proposition. If the continuity now being done suits us, we will not need you, Mr. Smith."

The expert nodded.

"But I am fairly certain, knowing our man, that we will require your assistance."

"Good," said Mr. Smith. They then shook hands and the conference was over. Mr. Smith returned to my offices—rather to Bill Sutherland's offices and resumed suggesting; and did he open his mouth and inform me of what had happened? Did he come in with a hearty laugh and tell me the details of the unusual coincidence? He did not.

An Opossum on the Lookout

I am naturally not a suspicious person, and I do not believe, even now, that Pinkerton Smith, working with me, tried to produce a poor, worthless job of scenario writing so as to make sure of the forty-five hundred. So far as I know, forty-five hundred means nothing to Mr. Smith. I do not assert for a single instant that he undermined, or tried to undermine, me so as later to fatten his own wallet, and I believe he was conscientious to the very end.

We continued working, I, of course, in ignorance of the improvement scheme, and on a certain morning the scenario was finished. It was, as I look back, a rather somber thing, a gray sort of continuity; not dull, precisely, but rather sad. It contained nothing but authentic stuff and not one fabricated, or synthetic, scene. If Colburn's novel was grim and sombrous, the contemplated photoplay went it one better.

The actual work was done by me. Smith did the advising. And towards the end, Isobel and the expert seemed to reach an understanding of some kind. I could see it in their manner.

"We get along pretty well in this office, don't we?" I asked in a moment of unbridled bitterness, superinduced no doubt by worry over the script and a slight attack of indigestion. Isobel glanced at me inquiringly.

"Who?" she asked.

"You and Mr. Smith," I said.

She smiled in her usual pleasant way. Pinkerton had not yet come in, and there was no need of his coming, for the job was virtually done; yet I knew he would be in.

"Can you keep a secret?" my able aide asked.

"Certainly," said I.

"Mr. Smith has asked me to marry him."

I could feel myself dropping. I glanced from Isobel's brown eyes to the office clock and back again to Isobel.

"No," I said.

"Yes."

"It's impossible."

"It is far from impossible."

"He has a wife."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Parkman."

"He had a wife."

"Yes, but he no longer has."

"How do you know?"

"He told me."

"Rubbish!"

"Is that a gentlemanly way for you to talk?"

"It certainly is, in view of the fact that I intended to ask you myself."

"You did?"

Isobel's manner changed slightly and her lips trembled as though about to break into a smile.

"Yes, I did. What's funny about that?"

"It isn't funny, but it's very strange. I have been working with you for many months, yet I never for a moment thought of you as—as ——"

"As a husband," I helped.

"As a husband."

"Why?"

"Because you never behaved as though you noticed I was in the room. You have never spoken of anything but the work at hand. In other words, you never gave one sign that you even liked me, Mr. Parkman."

"No," I said harshly. "I never invited you to lunch or dinner. I didn't try to hold your hand, did I? I refrained from being mushy. I can see now where I may have made a mistake."

"I am sorry," said Isobel.

"I suppose it's too late to do anything about it."

She nodded slowly.

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The only hope one might have of finding [illegible] perhaps a more elaborate pipe, but that is another story.

Very sincerely yours,
A. H. Kirkland.

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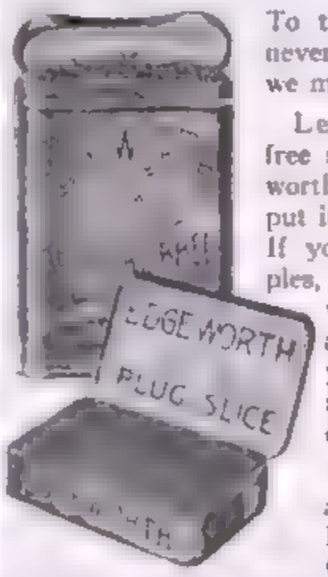

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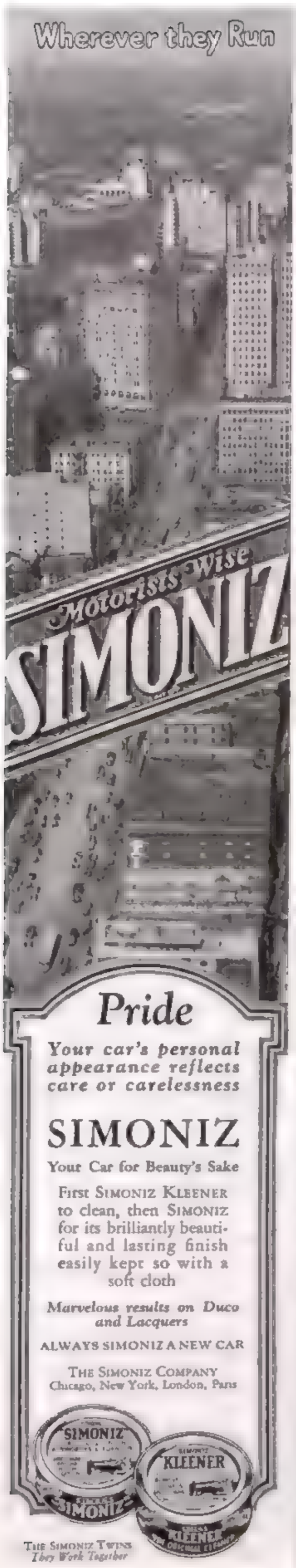

"I have promised to marry Mr. Smith. I think he is the most interesting man I ever met."

"All right," I said angrily, "only you'd better be sure of a few facts before you plunge. You want to watch these gray-haired authors who come strolling out to Hollywood from the East. Some of them act like colts that have never seen a harness, but others are merely breaking up the long monotony of married life."

"You are unjust, Mr. Parkman," Isobel said

"I know it. I want to be."

I then gave up work for that day and took a long, dismal walk, feeling that life is not always a well-ordered and triumphant affair.

A few days later, I sat in the leather chair, facing Mr. Mather. Mr. Peel was present, smoking cigarettes in a twelve-inch holder.

"We have read your script, Parkman," said the executive.

"Yes?" I said.

"I am sorry to say that it will not do."

"Not remotely," interjected Peel.

"It doesn't come within miles of what we require in this studio. There were fine possibilities in Coral, yet you seem to have overlooked them all."

"Entirely," added Peel.

"Sorry," I said. I was feeling so completely down at the moment that I really wasn't sorry at all. I was numb.

"I am too," said the boss, "for you were more or less on trial, and this settles it."

"You mean——"

"I mean that you do not get the studio angle. You have failed to grasp the essentials of our system, and consequently, you are not the man to help us make pictures. After all, Parkman, you know we have to face facts."

"I thought it was a pretty fair continuity," I said defensively.

"It is not. There is nothing in it we can use."

"Not a thing," added the jolly Peel.

"I suppose I'm through here?" I asked.

"Exactly."

And that was that. I walked out some time later, carrying in my vest pocket my final pay check from the Mather Studio, a free man—an untrammeled soul, able to do about as I pleased.

Almost instantly, the expert was called in to take over the job the blunderer had botched, and I learned of that turn with surprise. Mr. Pinkerton Smith began work upon his forty-five hundred dollar contract—not, however, assisted by Isobel Keller, because Isobel was no longer a working girl. She had resigned her job, directed to do so by Mr. Smith, who told her that as the future Mrs. Smith, it would be unseemly for her to go on working in business offices with men all about her.

"The main trouble with this thing," Mather said to the wizard of the South Seas, tapping my miserable script where it lay upon his desk, "is that Parkman didn't realize that we cannot use solemn pictures. We have gone up to success by making photoplays strongly marked by comedy. People like it. We supply it."

"Certainly," said Mr. Peel. "Parkman should have known that, at least."

"In this script," Mather said accusingly, "he followed Colburn's book slavishly, and it is a grim story. All we want from that book is Colburn's name, and a faint touch of his story. On that we aim to turn out a brisk, fast-moving drama, splashed with comedy."

"I think I understand," ventured Mr. Smith.

He then retired to a nicely furnished office at the other end of the studio to do the job right and earn his fee, and it was a simple task for one who had the South Seas at his finger tips.

He first removed the serious element. He changed the tragic fellow who was a beach comber originally and who died, asking the bystanders to tell his mother he was thinking of her. Now, the beach comber did not die. In fact, he was not a beach comber at all, but the rather wild son of a rich Boston family, who stole the ancestral steam yacht and cruised into the South Seas, meeting the beautiful woman about scene eighty-four.

Realizing that comedy is the bulwark of true entertainment, Mr. Smith revived and put back my stone idol, or native god, with which I intended to have such fun. He replaced all the gags, the same gags that had so annoyed him during his incumbency as my literary adviser. He chucked in humorous incidents which I had advocated and also had invented; Henry James Colburn was thrown to the wolves, sacrificed upon the altar df farce and slapstick; and when the masterpiece was finished for the second time, Mr. Smith had a continuity containing what the original would have contained, had I not been experted out of my opinions.

"This," said the delighted Mather, "is what we want. You surely know comedy, Mr. Smith."

"It's what I've been trying to get for six months," said Mr. Peel, who always was around. "You've done a nice job, Mr. Smith, for a man not exactly familiar with motion-picture methods."

"Thanks," said Pinkerton. "I rather like it myself. Those gags with the idol ought to make it a mighty funny movie. Of course, they're hokum," apologetically, "but after all, the trouble is that most South Sea stories are too serious."

"You said a mouthful," exclaimed Peel.

Mr. Smith, I have every reason to believe, collected his forty-five hundred dollars, and the Mather organization proceeded forthwith to the manufacturing of a brisk, entertaining, commercial photoplay of life in the South Seas—"photodrama" as it said on the film when it was released—"by Pinkerton Smith."

That gentleman now has, as a result of his discerning work, a regular weekly retainer from the Mather concern. He acts as an adviser and suggests brilliant bits, and is doing well when you add his various incomes together. Of course, he will never renounce his literary work, his purely literary work, for as he says, the book-reading public has definite rights and they must be regarded.

I saw him the other day, on the boulevard, and he was looking jolly and prosperous, sitting back in his large, blue limousine, the driver of which wears standard New York livery and is quite smart.

Isobel Keller was beside Pinkerton and they were in the midst of earnest conversation as their car rolled down the thoroughfare. I happened by mere chance to be coming out of Joe's one-arm lunch room on the corner as they passed by, on my way over to a studio where, I hear, there is a fair chance for a man to get a job.

You can't get over to this studio without an automobile, because there is no street-car line, and for an instant I thought it would be humorous to ask Pinkerton if he would give me a lift. Of course, I really wouldn't have asked him. He was probably going somewhere with Isobel, and anyway, neither of them happened to see me.

At least, I don't think they saw me. I started to bow, but they didn't seem to be looking at me, so I let it go. When a person is in a limousine, it is sometimes impossible to look out and recognize one standing on the sidewalk.

"That's Pinkerton Smith," a voice said at my elbow, and a head nodded at the departing machine. "There's one smart man in the movies."

"I'll say he's smart," came an answering voice. "They tell me he's getting five hundred a week supervising pictures for Sam Mather."

"And did you get the little queen with him!"

At this point, I decided to move on and look into the question of whether a man can or cannot get to Culver City on a street car.

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A CHILD ACTRESS OF THE 80'S

(Continued from Page 21)

and she was the only person who appeared to do any housework. Grandmother never seemed to belong on the farm, but was rather a distinguished guest, even with her own family. I knew, too, that it irritated her to be called Martha. Her name was Izola and I was her namesake.

When she rose from one of the Windsor chairs and made a dramatic exit into the garden of phlox and bouncing Betsies, I ran after her. Her ruffled alpaca skirts brushed heavily against the flower borders, and I know she wore white stockings and black cloth shoes with silk rubber in the sides. I know because I used to help her on with them. I could hardly keep up with her as she went straight across the garden and orchard to the old burial plot. When she lifted the latch of the wrought-iron gate we went in. I had been there before, but I always climbed over the low stone walls and picked pink and white roses there. I only noticed where the old graves were so that I should not step on them. Now I saw her go to one in the corner and stoop over it, picking off the dead leaves from the flowers that grew there. But she did not cry.

Presently I asked her something that I wished to know very much: "What are foreign folks, grandma?"

"People who are not born in this God-forsaken country," she answered in precisely the same tone she used when she read Lady Macbeth's part aloud to us evenings. Then she moved aside the white rosebush that grew before the headstone. It was small, and of plain marble. It only said on it—and she spelled out the lettering for me, following it with her forefinger:

MARY
BELOVED WIFE OF
ABRAM S. MILLS.
AGED 19.

There may have been dates, but I did not see any. It seemed so very surprising to me to find a great-grandmother only nineteen years old. Even I could grasp the strangeness of that.

"That is my own mother, the first Izola," she told me. "She is the foreigner your great-grandmother meant. She was Izola Maria Mendoza, of Cordova, Spain, and she died at sea when I was born. She was coming here on her husband's trading schooner bound from Spain, and she died off Martha's Vineyard. That is why I was named Martha. And they like to call me that here, just as they put Mary on her tombstone. That is New England."

Treasure Chests in the Garret

She stated it with tragic repression, and I was glad that we had such a delightful foreign person in the family. I knew vaguely what she meant by New England. I escaped from it when I climbed the garret stairs and when I traveled with my mother. I enjoyed the garret because no one but myself ever went up there. It was strangely restful and mystical, too, the long wood-brown interior and chapel roof where sun motes made paths of gold through tiny chinks between shrunken shingles. At the small dusty windows at either end large bluebottle flies buzzed in cobwebs, and wasps worried them.

There were old chests and trunks in the garret, seed corn swinging from hand-hewed beams that showed the ax marks along their length and were put together with hand-wrought nails. Bunches of dried herbs incased in paper bags dangled from nails; sage, marjoram, pennyroyal, catnip, summer savory—the air was redolent with their pungent odor. Over in one corner were placed spinning wheels, winders, a great dusty loom, a quilting frame, and bundles of old flax still twisted about oaken spindles. There was a queer piece of wood with hand-wrought nails driven through it so that they projected several inches from the underside like a wire hairbrush. This was the hatchel, and had been used for combing the flax.

On the opposite side of the garret were old theatrical trunks of my grandmother's. I found wonderful costumes in these to dress up in: A black velvet Lady Macbeth gown which she wore in the banquet scene; a Medea robe of heavy white silk with silver cords to band it about the breast in Grecian style; Julia's riding habit in The Honeymoon, with plumed hat to match; and a green satin hunting costume for Marco in The Marble Heart. The one that I liked best was a gorgeous Florentine gown of crimson velvet heavily embroidered in gold for Lucrezia, in the old play Lucrezia Borgia. These lay up there packed in camphor from the 60's, when she had been a member of the Boston Museum Company. Time seemed nothing to me in these days but the noise the clocks made. Conversation touched upon the Civil War as easily as it did upon what was happening in the village that day. I knew the history of each of the costumes, and when she had worn them. And I knew stories of Edwin Forrest, Lester Wallack, Harry Montague, and John McCullough, told by my grandmother just as great-grandmother related stories of Doctor Wilcox in the village, or old Mr. Lovejoy, the Methodist preacher.

Ophelia Under the Apple Tree

Side by side with grandmother's theater trunks were her father's sea chests. Rummaging in one, I found a large fan of black Spanish lace over mother-of-pearl sticks. The lace was fraying and rotting away. It lay on top of old shipping ledgers with water-swollen covers, a Young Mason's Manual, and a Seamen's Prayer Book. There was also the most frivolous of carriage parasols, one that could be adjusted sideways, very small, of rose silk under black Spanish lace with a deep ruffle of lace around it and a long inlaid handle of ebony and pearl. I could imagine Izola Maria Mendoza riding about the streets of Cordova, with her duenna holding it over her lovely head. I wondered how on earth Great-grandfather Abram Standish Mills had ever persuaded her to marry him and come to New England. Evidently he did it with much persuasion, for he made several trips without her, and finally she only came because of my grandmother. This, however, I was told long afterward.

It is a temptation to tell of these things, because they are the real setting for the stage life, the background that gives verity and perspective to all that followed. Country life in these hill pastures and pine woods and rambling old gardens refreshed and toned me as it did my mother. We would be away from it for weeks and months at a time and come back to rest and play and study new rôles.

I can remember sitting on the tall wood box while my mother ironed widely ruffled petticoats and taught me the lines of the Duke of York, in Richard III, of Fleance in Macbeth, and the apparition of a child with a tree in its hand, which rises before Macbeth at the cavern scene. I played this four years later while we were in a stock company in Minneapolis, at the Standard Theater, and never failed to have a sickening dread of being lowered through the stage trap. It was stuffy and dark under the stage, with old scenery piled high and a network of wires. I would stumble along after Mr. Shaw, who played Banquo and had to be a ghost too, until we found the faint gaslight at the foot of the stairs.

At this time we were planning on a long trip to the coast with the George C. Milne Shakspearean company, and grandmother would make lengthy trips to the garret and return with old costumes to be made over or cut down for me. One I remember was Prince Edward's red velvet suit which my mother had worn in Richard III, when she played with Charlotte Cushman. It was hard to fit the puffed and slashed trunks to me, as I was very thin, and grandmother used to tell me a story she had heard in England of Tom Keene and his little boy in the same rôle. When Mr. Keene saw him he told him to go back to his mother's dressing room and tell her to put pads, or symmetricals, as they were called, on his little calves; and the boy said, "Please, father, I've got them on already."

Sometimes we would go over in the sheep pasture or to the Indian stone in the pine grove, and my mother would teach me delivery of speeches, how to throw my voice and enunciate easily and clearly. Not children's parts altogether, but speeches of Shakspere's women characters. I learned to give Ophelia's mad scene, "They say the owl was a baker's daughter," with my mother smiling at me from over her sewing as she sat under an apple tree. She would take the other parts from memory, beginning with the Queen's gracious line, "Alas, sweet lady?" Or Rosalind—how I loved her wit and gayety—"Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree, the fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she." It was easy, with the beauty of another Arden circling us. Portia's quality-of-mercy speech declaimed with dignity from a tree stump, or Juliet leaning from a pine tree to say, "In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond."

Once when she came home from the road my mother brought me a light pair of fencing foils, and I took my first lessons from her with Great-grandmother Caroline remarking dryly that we would shake the plaster down if we didn't go out to the barn. I always liked great-grandmother, as I have said before. She had a directness of action and purpose that I admired. One of her favorite sayings was "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today," and she had a way of taking time by the forelock and making it do her bidding. When we were out of thread once, I can remember her saying that she had had enough of thread hunting in that house. She had one of the horses hitched up and we two drove away to Slatersville, where the cotton mills were. She had brought along large flour sacks, or perhaps they were meal sacks, and she had these filled with wholesale spools of thread, all colors and all sizes. We drove back in triumph, and as far as I know, thread was not purchased in the family until years after her death. I still have some left after forty years.

The Friendly Freaks

Another time she needed bushel baskets and wood baskets, and discovered that ours were loaned to neighbors. So we hitched up again and drove off to Wallum Pond to Mr. Hosea Hopkins, the basket maker. Mr. Hopkins had a peg leg, and fascinated me by using it as a hammer when he nailed in the handles to the baskets. And when he saw that I was interested he went a step further and cracked hickory nuts for me with it as neatly as could be. Great-grandmother seemed to be buying out his stock of baskets, and when we drove away she said that we had enough to last till kingdom come, and she was glad that was off her mind.

When I was almost six years old my mother returned from the West with disturbing news. I had a professional stepfather, and we were going from legitimate drama into light opera because he was directing Gilbert and Sullivan operas in Chicago.

I didn't mind so very much. A change of scenery was always diverting. The company was playing at the old Chicago Museum. Little Corinne was billed to arrive shortly. The theater had a curio hall upstairs, where I went during rehearsals, or else played with dolls in one of the empty boxes. There were stuffed birds, reptiles, monkeys and freaks. I liked the Mexican midget, Lucia Zarate, and General Mite best. Lucia was so small that she could stand in a tall silk hat and be held out at arm's length by her manager, and the general was enchanting to me with his punctilious manners and elaborate wardrobe based upon the Prince of Wales' latest fashions.

There was the Swiss glassblower too. I would sit beside him while he blew white antlered deer and peacocks out of spinning glass like wind-blown bubbles. The snake charmer was pleasant too. She would raise the lids of the cases and lift me up to look in at her pets, and they would stir all their coiled lengths slightly when she touched their heads.

The melodies and lyrics of the operas I learned almost unconsciously through repetition at the rehearsals. Joseph Herbert played The Mikado. I remember him very well because he used to dine with us on Sundays, and sing old English ballads with Lottie Cruikshank and Billie Betts. Charles A. Bigelow was in the company also, and I remember Dan Daly coming out to see us and making up like a clown for me. We lived next door to the priests' house of a graystone church on the North Side. I forget the name of it, but there were brothers who walked around at twilight like monks, and I used to lean out of the window watching them while Mr. Herbert sang, The Ivy Green, or If I Had But a Thousand a Year, Gaffer Green.

On the Road in Stock

On my sixth birthday Maude Chase, the wife of Billy Chase, who was a famous minstrel before Lew Dockstader, I think, took me to see Zozo the Magic Queen at the Grand Opera House. It had the first transformation scene that I had ever seen, with Columbine and Harlequin, Pantaloon and the Clown, and ending in a gorgeous Amazon march with colored lights. I knew now what I wanted to do on the stage. Not light opera, nor yet the legitimate drama, but this: to wear glittering armor, silk tights, carry a spear and march, march, march through fairyland to heavenly music.

I was taken behind the scenes to meet the actress who played Zozo, but I don't recall her name; she was dimpled and golden-haired. I nearly fell through a vampire trap as I was coming out on the darkened stage. An English actor who played one of the imps, his face made up with huge white rings about his eyes, hauled me out just as I was slipping, and lifted me high in the air before he set me lightly on my feet.

"Now you see it and now you don't," he said cheerfully.

We lived in Chicago about a year, from 1884 to 1885, and after the birth of my sister Beatrice my mother returned to dramatic repertoire, first with Grace Gartland, and later on with Maude Atkinson, companies which played a few weeks at a time in the city, and slipped out on the road for a while. I was back in child's parts, playing Georgie in Frou Frou, Willie in East Lynne, and Manon in Fanchon the Cricket, and a little vivandière in The French Spy. The last thing I remember of Chicago was regret at leaving the torchlight processions during the presidential campaign, dazzling events with blazing gas torches and red fire, and bands playing The Brannigan Band. We left early in November, striking west through Illinois to Iowa, and down through Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, one-night stands in bitterly cold weather.

Christmas Eve we played some little town in Nebraska. I wondered where we would find a tree and presents, but after the show we drove to the station in a hotel bus with a sleepy driver muffled in buffalo robes. The horses seemed to be fastened

(Continued on Page 104)

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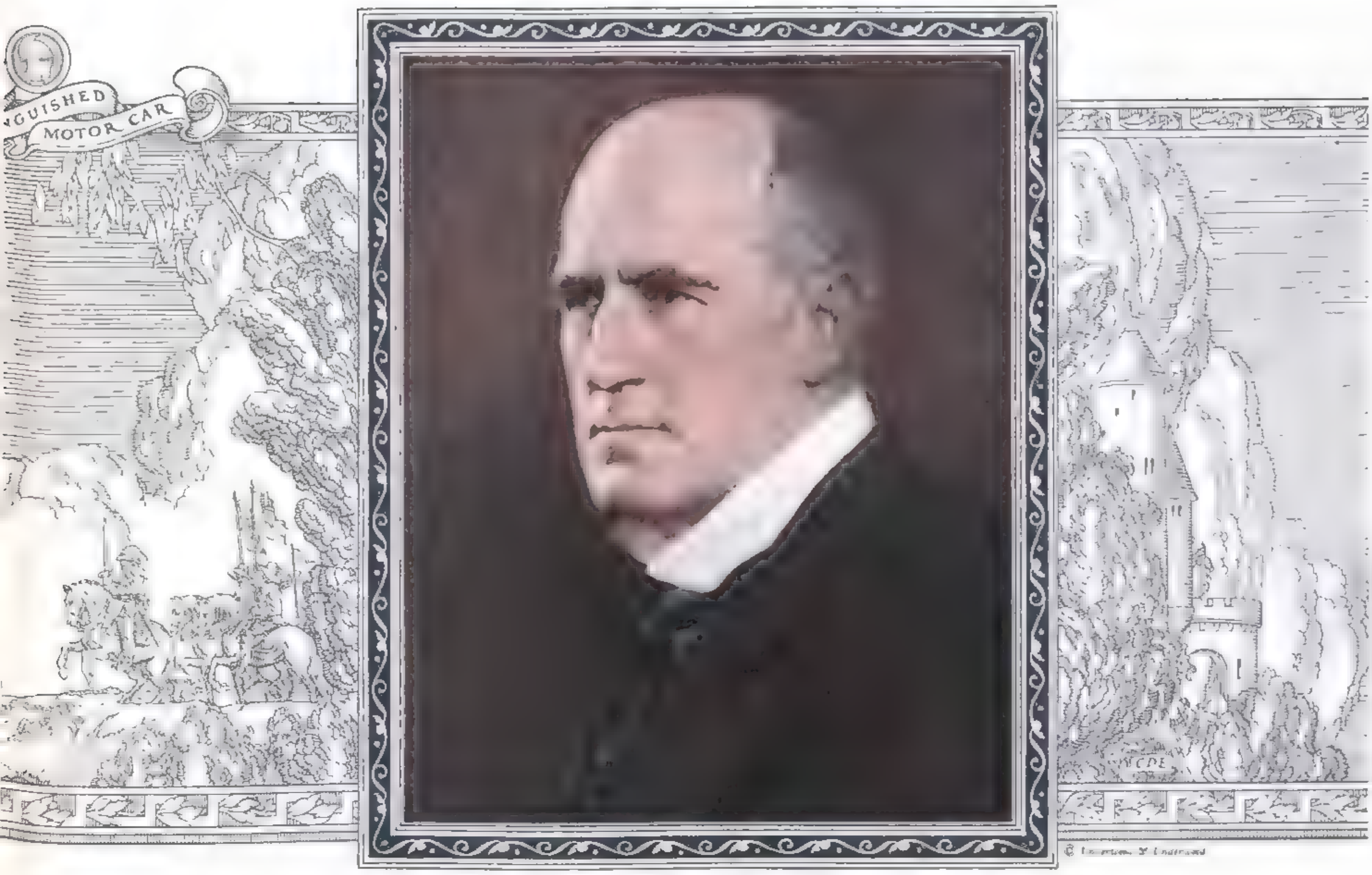

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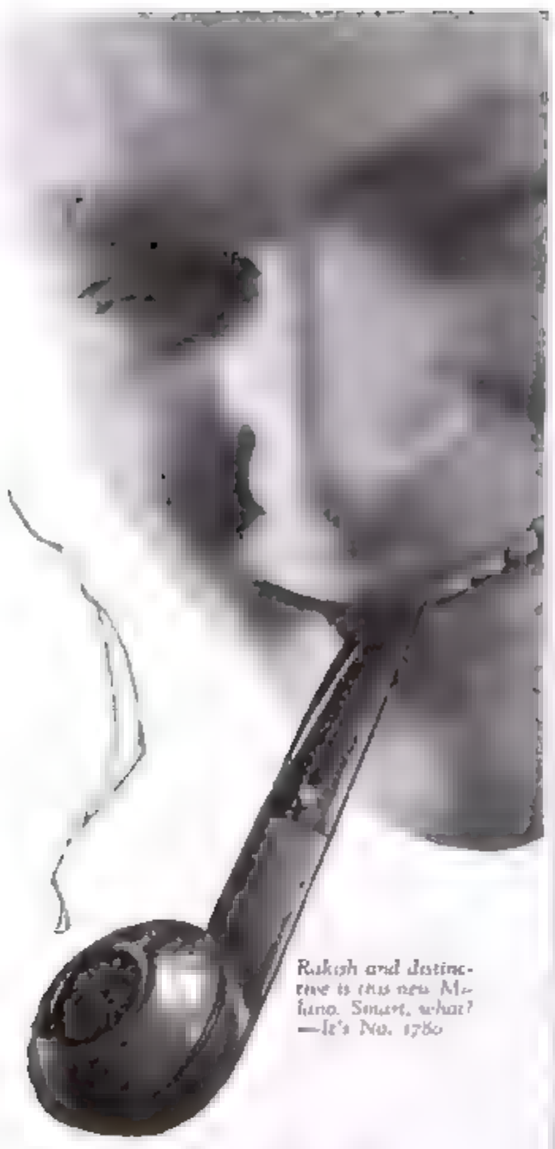

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MILANO
"The Insured Pipe"

(Continued from Page 100)

with the loosest of harness to wide traces that leaped from side to side and rattled when we raced over the slippery streets to the small lonely station. The oil in these rickety Western busses always spilled over, and they would reek with kerosene. But there was merriment among the company that night. I know they were laughing and singing together, and we just caught a west-bound express.

I was surprised to find myself in a real sleeper again, with beds. Usually we fixed up makeshift pillows in the day-coach seats by placing cloaks over grips. I don't remember any suitcases then. But this night I was put to bed in the upper berth, above my mother, and lay awake listening to the jangling of the glass globes on the lights and the rumbling of the train. My mother kissed me good night and told me not to mind; we would surely have our Christmas in the next town. I understood. The ghost had not walked that week. When salaries had not been paid promptly this expression was used. But before we had traveled an hour the train ran into a blizzard and was snowed in. Everyone made light of it, and my mother wrapped me up in a full-length circular cape she had, of black silk lined with squirrel skin. It was edged all about with squirrel tails, and I loved to snuggle under it on cold nights.

Santa Claus on the Road

I grew sleepy, now that the train was still, and it became colder; but I took my stocking and pinned it to the outside of the curtain hanging in front of our section, and went to sleep, sure that Santa Claus would know enough to find me out in the middle of a frozen prairie quite as well as he ever did down East.

When I wakened we were still stationary. I looked down from the berth and saw the porter asleep at the end of the car. Then I reached my hand down cautiously and felt for my stocking. It was stuffed full. I unpinned it and lifted it up to the berth with the most exalted feeling of faith fulfilled. He had found me even in the blizzard. There were the most curious gifts, though, for a six-year-old child. The only toy was a sailor-boy doll, given to me by the conductor from his own stock of toys for his children. Then I found a penknife, a silver pencil with leads, a gilt-topped bottle of perfume, a silver soap box, a package of chewing gum, peanuts and candy, and other things that I can't remember. My mother told me, when I was older and asked her about it, that nearly every passenger put some little gift into the hand-knit stocking pinned to the curtain. I gave the doll to the baby, and we had the gayest Christmas, with the comedian marching up and down the aisle singing:

"I feel, I feel, I feel, just like a morning star;
I feel, I feel, I feel, just like a morning star;
Oh, shoo fly, don't bother me;
Shoo fly, don't bother me;
Shoo fly, don't bother me,
For I belong to Company G."

That is one of the things I remember about these old-time road shows, the fine morale that held us all together no matter what hardships came. Another night we missed the last train after the play, and the station agent locked us all out in a snowstorm and went home with a red lantern. He said he thought there might be a freight around daybreak. I was wrapped up in the fur-lined cape and cuddled the baby with me. We went to sleep on a baggage truck under the overhanging roof, and the men walked up and down telling stories and smoking. I can remember being wakened when the freight pulled in jerkily, and the manager argued with the trainmen, but at last we climbed into the warm caboose with its small round stove and cozy interior. In the next five years I became very well acquainted with cabooses and loved to ride in them. I never could understand why the members of the company groaned when one was suggested.

We went back to Chicago in the spring and joined the Bennett and Moulton Opera Company. Tom Ricketts was singing leads, a gallant, debonair figure. He is in pictures now on the coast, playing courtly old gentlemen, but I can remember him swaggering in cloak and plumed hat singing, "Thy sentinel am I, my lone watch I am keeping," or appearing as the Marquis in Chimes of Normandy, and Mourzouk in Giroflé-Girofla.

Perhaps it was the spring and seeing the open country blooming into wild flowers, but I began to long for home. I was only playing the little Midshipmite in Pinafore, and when we reached Bloomington, Illinois, my mother sent me back to New York alone, by Adams Express. When she gave me into the care of the young express messenger she told me I was to obey him and wait for him to give me my meals. He was a tall young man with thick curly red hair and his cap on the back of his head. He fastened a narrow strip and tag around my wrist, numbered like the ownership tags on our traveling bags, and told me not to take it off.

Across the aisle from my section a lady who was going as far as Cleveland watched my mother embrace me and told her not to worry, that she would look after me. I don't recall having any sense of fear, but I was agonized over leaving my mother. I held her hand as long as I could out of the car window, until the train started to move and I had to let go. Then I curled up on the seat and cried until the train boy came along and fed me peanuts and a banana.

The car that I was in seemed to be divided into three parts like a modern private car. There were six sleeping sections, a buffet and a smoking compartment. It seemed as if we were on the road a long while, about three days, but perhaps not. The conductor was very interesting—a small, dark man, rather old. The first morning I rose early and dressed myself before the curtains were open across the aisle where the lady bound for Cleveland slept. Then I walked through to the smoker and found the conductor combing his hair before a mirror in the smoking compartment. It was very long, I found out, glossy and curly like Buffalo Bill's. He did not seem at all disconcerted to find me looking at him, but rolled up his hair like a Singhalese and fastened it neatly at the back under his cap with a round black comb. I wondered about him during the whole trip, but did not ask about it for fear of embarrassing him.

Smoking-Car Vaudeville

We had delightful times in the smoking compartment—the train boy, the express messenger and the mysterious conductor. I remember there was a traveling man, also from Chicago, who gave me glove samples for my doll, Hazel Kirke; tiny, perfectly made little kid gloves on a long card. I used to stand up on the table and give them my favorite speeches from Shakspere, the same ones I had learned with my mother and recited from stone walls to crows and cows.

The train boy did some very neat clog dancing for us, and the traveling man made rabbits out of handkerchiefs and did conjuror's tricks with his hat. The conductor could only whistle, but he did that beautifully, just like a bird. He could imitate different birds and their calls. Sometimes the other passengers would come and watch us, and examine the tag on my wrist and ask me how far I was going. The lady bound for Cleveland would take me on her lap when I was tired and tell me stories, and when it was mealtime a waiter came from somewhere up ahead and set up a table before me and waited while my express messenger read me the menu and asked me what I would like.

When we reached Cleveland it was night. I was wakened by the lady across the aisle drawing aside my curtains and leaning over to kiss me good-by and tell me to be a good girl all the way.

After she had gone I looked out of my window and saw that we were in a huge station like the inside of an enchanted gnome's hill. Steam rose in colored clouds. People looked unnaturally large through it, and red lights glowed like eyes out of corners. A train hand came along with a flaming torch, which he flashed back and forth under the cars. I put on my slippers and dressing gown and ran out to follow him along the platform. He did not notice me at all, and we got as far as the engine, which seemed to heave and puff like a great animal.

Suddenly I saw my express messenger rushing about looking for someone and I thought it might be I, so I ran back to him. He caught me up in his arms and took me back to my own car, and he told me he would lose his job if he lost me. I felt sorry for him, he was so very much worried, and I promised I would not get off the train again.

I had not seen another child on the train all the way from Illinois, but at Buffalo a colored woman who seemed to be a nurse got on, carrying a child. I thought it must be ill, it was so muffled up and had a dark-green veil over its face. I waited until the nurse went to the water cooler at the end of the car, then I leaned over the back of the seat and said, "Hello! What's your name?"

Unclaimed Baggage

It turned about and raised the veil and I found out it was Jo-Jo the Dog-Faced Man. I was startled, and sorry, too, for him, and I tried to pass off my mistake by offering him a banana. He shook his head and lowered the veil. I went back to my own seat and wondered whether he would rather have had a bone, and I was more lonely than ever. My traveling man got off at some station, and as we neared New York everyone seemed engrossed in his own affairs.

When we reached the West Shore station at Weehawken my Uncle Charlie was not there to meet me. The train boy and conductor both came over to where I sat on a long settee and comforted me with extra bags of peanuts, and a matron washed my face and hands and gave me a glass of milk. She said it was a shame the way some folks shipped children around the country like bundles.

I felt deeply hurt and told her, just as my stepfather would have done, "My good woman, you do not understand professionals."

I was relieved when a ferry came in and my express messenger came for me. He said he had called up my uncle's office in New York and found out that he had gone to the wrong station, so he would take me up on Broadway and deliver me himself.

"If you had not found him I would have been unclaimed baggage, wouldn't I?" I said.

We went up to Healy and Bigelow's office, somewhere around Union Square. I did not know my Uncle Charlie very well. He was my mother's young half brother, and I knew vaguely that he was not in the legitimate. Now and then up in the country curious gifts would arrive from Uncle Charlie, mostly beaded novelties and an Indian blanket that I liked to dress up in like Metamora, and say, "You have sent for me and I have come. If you do not want me I will return to my wigwam."

When we opened the office door I stopped short and stared in surprise, for I had thought we had left the West behind, and I was glad to be back in New York; but here were Indians and scouts with long hair, and squaws sitting around waiting. Uncle Charlie was young and very busy. I asked a young Indian girl named Minnie what he was doing, and she said he was getting off the Kickapoos to Fall River. She introduced me to her father, old Chief Thunder Cloud, who sat on the floor muffled in a blanket, smoking, and only grunted. He had a face like a baked apple,

(Continued on Page 106)

Simplicity

Step on the plunger-Car's all oiled!

WELCOME, twice welcome, is a motor car so free from care as the new Cleveland Six! Welcome, a thousand times welcome, is this great car's "One Shot" Lubrication System. For it means goodbye and good riddance to all the usual automobile bother and expense of keeping the chassis at all times thoroughly lubricated.

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New Model 31
4-Door Sedan
$1090
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CLEVELAND SIX

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All-linen Knickers to match cap $7.50

YOU will appreciate the advantage of now being able to buy Merton Knickers to match your caps. Made from the same exclusive fabrics, tailored with the same care as our caps, you will find our knickers and caps wherever particular men buy. The knickers come in three lengths—regular, plus two and plus four.

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KNICKERS *from* $5 *to* $25
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FREE
Write for illustrated style booklet just issued describing the many attractive Merton Caps and Knickers to match.

Charles S. Merton & Company
210 Fifth Avenue
New York City

Continued from Page 104

I thought, but I shook hands with him with Minnie's help. She took his hand and put mine in it, and he squeezed it and let go as if he had caught a starfish. Uncle Charlie told me when we came away that he had fought with Sitting Bull at Custer's last stand, but this meant nothing to me then. I still have the beaded hunting bag that Minnie gave me, and when we were walking up Broadway, I know that I kept dropping Kickapoo cough candy behind me like Hänsel in the woods.

Once when we reached Madison Square we had to stop because of a crowd along the curb. I thought there must be a parade, but I could see only a large open carriage with two splendid white horses. In the carriage sat a young woman with a black jet shoulder cape and a small red velvet jetted bonnet with a band of velvet under her chin. She did not bow, but smiled about her very demurely. I asked Uncle Charlie if she was a professional, and he told me she was the Jersey Lily, Mrs. Langtry.

The next night we took the boat up to New London. I found out now that Great-great-grandmother Betsy had taken her last nap in the winged armchair, and that since Great-grandmother Caroline and Grandmother Izola did not agree, grandmother had given up the stage forever and had come to live among the Quinebaug Hills at Canterbury, Connecticut. I was sorry about this, because I knew I should miss great-grandmother, with her moderation and little one-sided smile, and her delicious huckleberry pancakes.

As we drove along the road from Norwich the next morning I saw a large white cupola rise among pines on a hill. There were white entrance gates with high posts, and we followed a winding drive up to a very large white mansion with the first real veranda I had seen in New England.

Grandmother had named it Terrace Hall, but people around us called it the Mansion House. There had been woolen mills at the falls below the crossroads where Little River ran. You could see the great brown-rock dam from the windows of the cupola. Above the falls was an island where one could make tepees out of birch trees by pulling their tops down and tying three or four together, then interweaving them with boughs of alder and hazel. There were turtle eggs buried in the sand, and muskrats that edged out of holes at the water line and looked at you.

The Lady of Shalott at Home

But up at the house everything was like grandmother, and totally unlike the house where I was born. Here there were bookcases filled with volumes, black-walnut bedroom sets with marble tops, and old mahogany tables and armchairs and desks which delighted me. The circular staircase swept up to the cupola, with a mahogany hand-carved rail. I learned to start at the top and slide down without stopping. There was a spacious ballroom with nothing in it but family portraits. We used to spread pears and nuts and apples out on the floor and play we were gypsies, myself and the children who came up from the mill and over the hill to play with me.

The cupola was my play room. It had long narrow windows, four on each side, that overlooked the garden and terraces and valley for about two miles; but there was only one white chimney that I could see. I used to make believe that I was Mariana in the moated grange up there, and sometimes the Lady of Shalott, because I could look down and see the road to Camelot and the island in the river.

There was a faded splendor about grandmother that always attracted me. I admired her foreign manner, the one thing that had annoyed Great-grandmother Caroline. She belonged to courts and kings—even those of footlights. Evenings, after supper, she would go to the sitting room and in the glow from the old whale-oil lamp with its capitol steps of colored marble, she would read aloud from the Bible and from Shakspere, a chapter and a scene each night, then she would rise and leave the book open on the table while she walked about, going over whole scenes from memory. She had the gift of pointing up situations for us, of making characters live. She would stop suddenly and visualize whatever she was reading, explaining detail and locale, dramatizing incidents as she went along.

Shakspere and Dime Novels

The difficulty was, to an imaginative child like myself, that there grew up in my mind unconscious analogies between Moses and King Lear. Saul seeking the witch of Endor, for a fevered mind, became a natural comrade of Macbeth and his witches of the heath. Esther and Ruth and Deborah, even the strategic Herodias and Jezebel, joined a group of lovely and distraught ladies of the stage, Hermione and Juliet, Desdemona and Imogene. It was years before I untangled the real from the imaginary. It was during this period, too, when I was between six and eight, that I heard read aloud the novels of Dickens and Scott and Wilkie Collins.

And as an antidote and mental balance, when we walked two miles after mail, my young half uncle Harry, who was only fourteen, and myself used always to take the wrappers off the New York Family Story Paper and read the vivid love stories in it. I remember one called Lena Dudley's Peril that I never finished, and Mrs. Georgie Sheldon became secretly my favorite author after I had read, sitting on a fence rail, Brownie the Governess. Uncle Harry had dime novels, too, borrowed from boy friends, and these I read, but I don't think grandmother knew it. I recall having chickenpox, with Hurricane Nell, or the Rose of the Sierras, under my corn-husk mattress, and hoping I wouldn't die before I had finished it or anyone had found it.

Now and then we journeyed up to Boston, grandmother and I, to visit relatives and call on her old friends of the theater world. We stopped at the Tremont House, where the huge red plush armchairs and glittering chandeliers impressed me more than anything. I always enjoyed these trips. It was like touching finger tips with a past age. We would visit Annie Clarke behind the scenes at the Boston Museum, where she was leading woman for years, a gentle-mannered actress with her hair in a heavy braid about her head like a brown coronet.

Another friend was Mrs. D. P. Bowers. Miss Clarke played light rôles, I think, but Mrs. Bowers always seemed tragic, even off the stage. The last time I saw her was in 1889, with the elder Salvini in his last tour of America. My mother took me then to see Othello, and while we were in her dressing room we heard Salvini scolding in Italian after the curtain had fallen. Mrs. Bowers said he was very much vexed because one of the supers had made a mistake, a terrible one, onstage during the tent scene. He was to stand motionless on a certain spot, as the sentinel, and it seems he never found the right spot onstage. Salvini himself had flown into a rage and had driven a nail into the floor and ordered him to stand there that night. When the sentinel made his entrance he came along the wings, crouching and peering about him. Salvini had called to him, and the super had said hoarsely, "I'm looking for the nail, sir, looking for the nail." Mrs. Bowers said he had a strong temper, and could hardly keep any actress in his company who was willing to play Desdemona, as he almost suffocated them in the death scene.

Another day we went to see Madame Janauschek in the rôle of Mary, Queen of Scots, and I cried over her wonderful acting. When we saw her behind the scenes she was still in her queen's costume, with the high lace-edged collar. I watched her face while people talked about her. She smiled, but said nothing until my grandmother told her that I had shed real tears over her death scene.

She laid one hand on my head and said, "I, too, weep real tears, my child, nightly."

These are a few whose names I can remember. There were many more who visited us at the hotel. They talked of the stage during the Civil War and afterward, of friends who had played their last engagement in life's repertoire: E. L. Davenport, John McCullough, Edwin Forrest, the Kembles, Macready, the elder Booth; names to conjure the imagination with. Grandmother would return to Canterbury refreshed and satisfied, taking up her round of country living as if she were treading the boards again.

The fall of 1887 my mother came home to prepare for a long western trip out to the coast in Shaksperean plays. I was going with her this time, just the two of us, and there began the hurried, exciting period of studying and packing that I always enjoyed. We were to leave on Wednesday for Chicago, where the company opened. I think this was Mr. Miln's players again, because Adele Payn, Stanislaus Stange and Walter Shaw were in the company. I was very happy, as I had never been farther west than Wyoming; but early Monday morning I was awakened by my mother sitting beside me on my bed with her arms around me. She told me that grandmother had died in her sleep and that our best friend in all the world was gone away. She was only forty-nine. It seemed impossible for that bountiful, beauty-loving nature to have vanished. I knew that Great-grandmother Caroline had gone also, and I put my arms around my slender, youthful mother and felt sorry for her because she had to be the oldest grown-up in the family now. The matriarchy had dwindled to just her and us two little girls.

Where the Trunks Are

There was an auction held several weeks after the funeral. I did not see my mother in any of the empty rooms while they were selling off the mahogany and haircloth parlor set, the bookcases and high-post beds, and all the other things that meant home to me. I remember hesitating once with regret when I saw the auctioneer pick up a whatnot made of varnished spools strung on spindles. I knew they were some of the spools from great-grandmother's stock of everlasting thread, and it seemed too personal to let it pass into strange hands. I knew the books and pictures were all packed to go out to Chicago with us.

I did not like the auction, so I went out the kitchen door, past the stacks of chairs and tables and earthenware, and ran down the lane and climbed over the rail fence and went cross lots to the burial ground. It was very quiet there. I climbed the stone wall and slipped down the other side, and then I saw my mother lying with outstretched hands on my grandmother's grave. I went to her very, very softly through the dry grass, and slipped close to her side. She did not speak, but she put one arm around me, and so we stayed together for a while. I know I thought it was too bad that grandmother could not be with her mother in the home burial plot at Pascoag; but perhaps she liked this better, since Great-grandmother Caroline lay next to the stone wall there. I did not talk to disturb my mother. I can remember noticing that the flowers were withered on the wreaths that had covered the grave, all except one of mountain laurel. By and by we got up and walked back by the road hand in hand.

The next day we left for Chicago. On the train I found a little girl to play with and she asked me where my home was. I was doubtful myself now, so I went back to where my mother sat with Beatrice asleep across her lap while she studied a new rôle.

When I asked her I saw the shadow deepen in her dear eyes, and after a pause she said, "Wherever the trunks are, dear."

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Miss Forrester. The next will appear in an early issue.

High Tire Mileage

Fisk Transportation Cords have already made an enviable record for uniformly high mileage. They also have proved satisfactory under the most difficult operating conditions.

These Cords are made under a construction which eliminates cross threads, controls spacing and tension of the cords and uniformly surrounds the cords with rubber. Under the process as used in manufacture by Fisk it is known as "Fisk *Fillerless* Cord."

The Fisk Transportation Cord is designed especially to facilitate service in every field of transportation.

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Time to Re-tire
Get a Fisk
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FISK TRANSPORTATION *"Fillerless"* CORDS

SHAPES IN LIGHT

(Continued from Page 27)

at the long narrow speakers' table; I had been asked to speak; Jesse was at the end; on his left was Mrs. Chaplin, with Charlie next to her; Aileen was at his right; I was beside her, and beyond me were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Nichols. I was surprised to see Nichols in California, for since he was an English poet, it had occurred to me that he would stay in London; but Douglas, he told me, had brought him to Hollywood to help in the production of The Black Pirate. His particular responsibility was to invent and watch the movement, the movements, of the picture; the composition, to clarify it further, of the action. I liked his poetry; Cabell, who knew it better than I, was wholly delivered to his prose, and it was engaging to have him so unexpectedly close to me. The English masculine face, I reflected, could be singularly attractive, at once sensitive, highly amused and reserved.

During dinner Chaplin was very entertaining; we talked, rather than ate, and we smoked a great many cigarettes. Yes, Charlie was in splendid spirits; but as the dinner drew toward its end he fell quiet. Major Hughes, who had the ceremonies in charge, glanced over at me and nodded, and I knew that in a minute more I should have to speak. I disliked this excessively. I hated speaking quite as much as I hated to listen to speeches, and I subjected the gathered crowd to the nuisance of not more than six sentences.

When I had sat down Aileen whispered, Look at Charlie! With his head bent he was gazing darkly at the table. Someone else spoke and Charlie's depression increased.

I can't do it, he said to me in a low voice; I can't make a speech; it's killing me. As he said this he grew visibly whiter.

Mrs. Chaplin tried to reassure him, but Chaplin was beyond the assistance of wives. He slipped further and further into a pit of abject fright. He had been white, but now his face could almost be called green.

How do I know I won't get up and just shout waoof? he demanded. How do I know I won't? he muttered gloomily to himself.

Hughes began a preliminary introduction that could only have described Chaplin. Charlie was announced, and he rose with a face of immeasurable misery. But, standing, the volume of applause instantly floated him upward into a state of happy self-confidence; he spoke adequately; and then he was so transfigured by having that behind him, he put his chair up on the table, he climbed boldly up after it, and not only repeated his pantomime of the indiscreet bullfighter but added to it a scene from the lives of a voluble Frenchman and his dear friend.

The Golden Road to Samarkand

There were, after that, speeches without end—more, probably, than I had heard throughout all the rest of my existence. They had begun long before ten o'clock and lasted until well after midnight; the ash trays near us began to resemble miniature volcanoes. Carmelita was at a table near by; she had more orchids, but she was without the wide hat, and I tried to ask her, by signals, if there would be dancing afterward. There wasn't. I didn't see her again that night, and Jesse left Aileen and me at her house, where, not without acrimony, we spoke of a number of things that had happened, a number of people who had bored or annoyed us. I am afraid we were both too easily annoyed, since rather than ignore what upset us, we were instantly drawn into a sharp, a not entirely incapable, opposition. When our resentment was united on a common subject it was very comprehensively treated; at the moments when we disliked each other our less admirable traits, our doubtful statements, were bathed in a lucid and unsparing light.

What occupied us then was the discovery that we didn't like what generally were called occasions, parties; we had each been to a great many and had come away from them almost invariably in an ill temper.

I don't know why you go, I told her.

I don't, Aileen replied: you took me. It was all on your account.

She wouldn't be troubled again, I informed her; after this I'd devote my time to showing her how little her father's lawyer had known about dominoes. Then ——

You are going with me to a dinner tomorrow night, she asserted; it's a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer party, and I think you will like it. I said that you were coming and no one will want to hear you make a speech.

Douglas Fairbanks Practicing With the Whip for His Picture, Don Q

I was on a broad divan with a small table conveniently near, and the black chow beside me, and Aileen was beyond in a low chair. She was unreasonably alert. I asked:

Have you finished reading The Dark Fleece, which is extremely short, or any one of the eleven books you've begun since I came West?

When, she demanded, had she had time for reading? You are always dragging me around to these places. Before you arrived, Thomas and Lydia and Ming and Sing and I were very contented. I read a lot; but that has been all spoiled.

I could get someone else to take me about I suggested; but Aileen said that she doubted it. No one else would put up with my frightful disposition. My frightful disposition! I was up from the couch. If I wasn't afraid the car from the public garage wouldn't wait, I'd say just a little about yours.

Tomorrow, she told me serenely, we are going shopping. You must buy your Christmas presents. I will stop for you at eleven.

But instead, starting very much earlier than eleven, we drove to Seal Beach to see a great mob, in Raoul Walsh's Hassan, swim across a swift piece of water. We were arrested, wholly without cause—beyond the impressive appearance of Aileen's car, with Ming and Thomas—in one of the townships we passed through. Thomas got lost and we were later than I had planned in finding Walsh. However, as Aileen had protested, we were still too early.

There was the usual bright sunlight, but with, in addition, the edge of a wind; and the supers, in the thin flowing robes of romantic Bagdad, were gathered in all the protected angles of incidental buildings We found a place for the car, and with difficulty, looking for Raoul, we made our way through a mob hardly short of insolent. There was, in their open comments, a bitter and restless, a sharp and questioning, humor. We found Walsh at the end of an overcrowded, insecure wharf projected over the stream, with his continuity clerk and a bank of cameras; beyond, on a bridge, was a line of cameras, and on the farther shore was a third concentrated group. He advised us to go there, to see a remarkable miniature; and following the bridge, we scrambled down a steep mud incline to where Walsh's platforms had been solidly built out into the stream.

We could then see the amazing facsimile of the Oriental city we had left, its walls climbing one above the other, its arched ways and open paved squares. Suspended directly in front of us was a diminished elaborate representation of minarets and domes; and looking through the camera, the miniature almost above us and the far city came together in a perfect jointure; it was one spectacle from water to sky. Walsh was soon with us. Suspended in air was a high amplifying horn, a variety of loud speaker invented by Allan Dwan, and with it he talked to the other bank, perhaps a hundred yards distant: Are you ready? Make that crowd move faster down the steps this time. Bring them in on the left there and take those boats out of range. Are you ready? Cameras!

The cameramen were galvanized into activity, and colorful throngs and streamers of men poured down between the walls of the East and plunged into water that looked to me to be more than a little cold Outside the angles of the lenses there were ropes, boats were ready for any necessary rescuing, but against earlier predictions, no one was lost. Cut! Raoul shouted, and the swimming and paddling mob climbed out of the river on every available solid place. This happened again and then again; the last time the men were required to swim almost across the tide; their excited faces and laboring arms formed a threatening front; I half expected them to demolish the stands and cameras, but instead, emerging, they philosophically twisted the water from their scant draperies.

At lunch, Aileen had gone back to her house, Albert Parker, who was directing The Black Pirate, telephoned and said that Douglas and Mrs. Fairbanks had thought of asking me to dinner that night. I was sorry, I told Albert, but that was impossible, and could I come another time. It was arranged finally that I was to meet them at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios the next evening and go on from there to Beverly Hills. I reached my appointment at the exact time fixed and found the Fairbankses, in two cars, about to leave. Even in the gloom I could see that Douglas' vitality, his immediate contact with life, hadn't been lessened since I saw him last; his voice, his actions were charged with an unexhausted life; his energy of mind and body were unimpaired. We easily picked up our connections where they had been unavoidably broken off, and then drove away from Hollywood.

Dinner With the Fairbankses

Lillian Gish, I learned, was coming to dinner, too, and it seemed to me the evening could not have been improved on. I was always specially comfortable at the Fairbankses'. It was a house, a dinner table, where an enormous variety of subjects and people were discussed with vigor and knowledge. The Fairbankses knew more people than any other two personages alive—kings and architects and painters and dukes and acrobats and cowboys, presidents of countries and of corporations, and tennis players and all the actors, the actresses who interested them; they were familiar with distinguished generals and famous sailors, swimmers and runners and poets and bullfighters.

One by one, when there was sufficient reason, they got to Douglas and Mrs. Fairbanks' house; they had dinners there, exposing their excellencies and vanities and hopes, and departed, leaving a still more varied texture of influences and memories. The popularity of Douglas and Mary Pickford transcended, of course, any in the experience of social man; and that, in itself, was a phenomenon of extraordinary interest. To go anywhere at all with them in public was to invite death by crowding; the report that they were in a theater would mass the street outside from wall to wall, block by block. I detested mobs, I was afraid of them, and the mere thought of this made me wretched; but in their quiet house, remote and guarded in the California hills, there, it seemed to me, I was at my best.

For one thing, there was a great amount of sheer laughter; Douglas was a splendid mimic; Chaplin, who had been usually present, was naturally inimitable; and now Lillian's comments, delivered in an engaging innocence of wisdom—of wisdom rather than knowledge—were in themselves a source of gayety. I usually sat by Mrs. Fairbanks, and, running through the conversation at large, we made our comments and had our discussions. I knew her as Mrs. Fairbanks rather than as Miss Pickford; and while she was familiar to millions of people as Mary, I still liked meeting her as Mrs. Fairbanks better. Not, however, because her personality hadn't survived her marriage to Douglas; it had; what I meant was that I liked the formal intimacy of dinner with her. She told me directly and simply, and very effectively, what was in her mind; and I could disentangle from her thoughts two separate processes and comprehensions; one was the result of her extraordinary success and

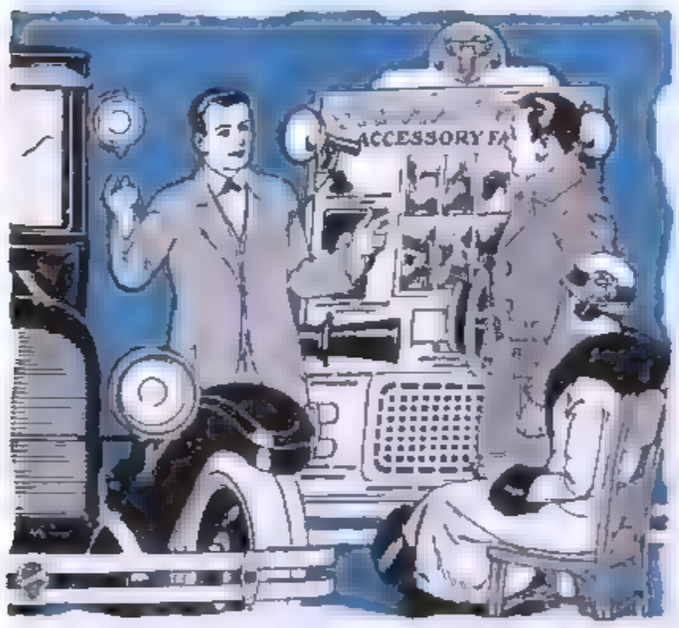
(Continued on Page 113

for better accessories

STEWART-WARNER

If You Were the Car Dealer—

What kind of accessories would you sell the man who buys a car from you?



"The customer's best interests"

Wouldn't you have in mind the importance of accessories—of the safety—the protection that accessories should give to the car and those who ride?

Knowing the necessity for quality that insures safety, wouldn't you urge your customer to buy "better accessories," right at the beginning?

You would consider the customer's best interests of first importance. You wouldn't think of letting him drive away with bumpers that might crumple at the first impact and endanger him and his car.

You would know, full well, that the customer would think, "That was a poor deal, selling me such unreliable bumpers."

Just so with the other essential accessories, Electric Windshield Cleaner, Spotlights, Shock Absorbers, Rear Vision Mirror, Speedometer and Heater—you would appreciate that the only good business policy would be to install only the best.

So, when you buy a car, just put yourself in the dealer's place. Consider that he has your best interests at heart when he sells you a car "fully equipped" with Stewart-Warner Products.

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That is the way to buy a car today—FULLY EQUIPPED—with reliable accessories that will do their duty in every emergency.

The Stewart-Warner name is the guide to quality on the most important articles of car equipment.

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If you were the car dealer you would specify Better Accessories for Better Protection, thereby gaining the good-will of every person in your community through the safety assured to the car owner and his family.

Complete car satisfaction depends upon reliable equipment.

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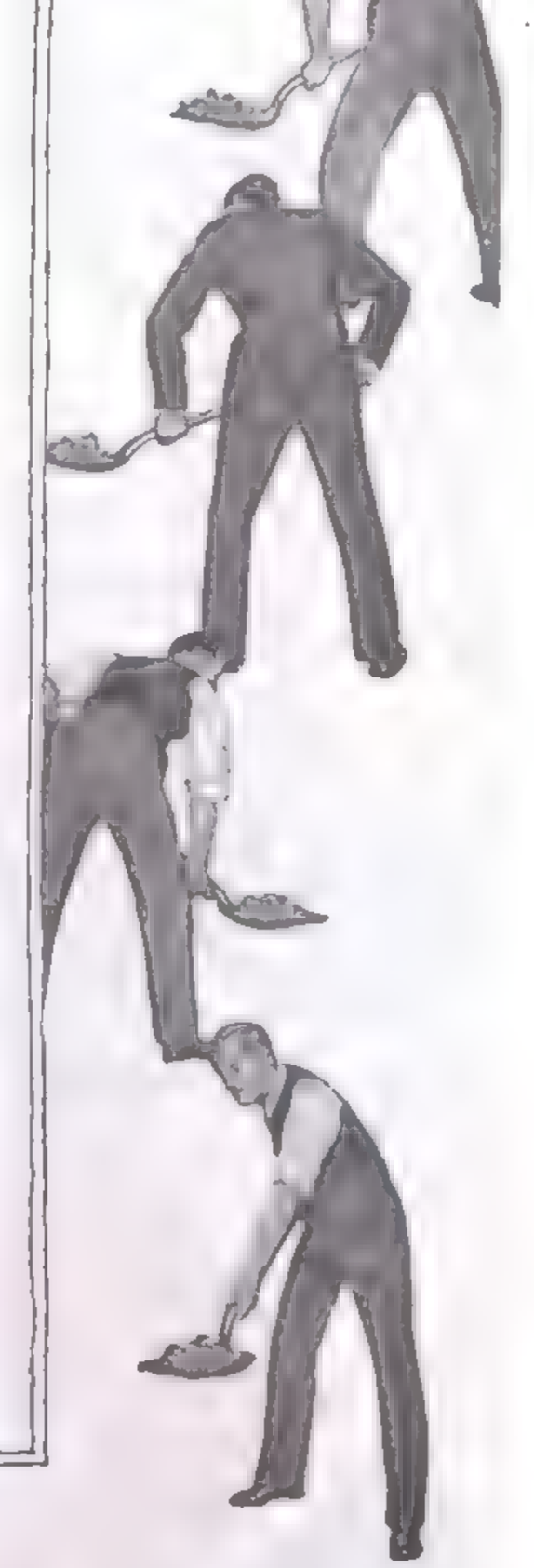

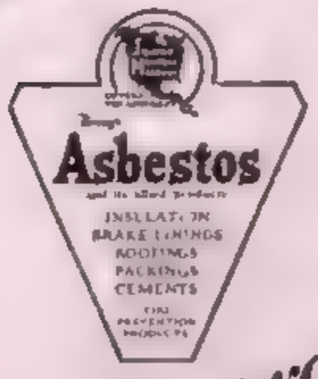

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SAVES COAL

(Continued from Page 108)

consequent beliefs; what, intelligently, she had learned; it was able, stated without any confusion, and, founded on entire common sense, it was expressed with humor. The other, totally different, appeared in observations made at intervals, often in contradiction to the opinions she held closest by. She spoke at times with the prescient understanding of the inherent artist. This, of course, had nothing to do with her popularity, her public success; it was a solitary quality, really, and outside popular applause. At moments she said things from an inner, a subjected, consciousness that were the essence of incomparable realizations never open to mere experience or worth. She seemed to give very little attention to them; she was very apt to disagree with their echo from me; but there they were, in all their unanswerable rightness; and they made me wonder what she would have accomplished if her surroundings, her pressures, and perhaps her temperament, had been different.

We got along together, I liked to think, very well; a state I made every possible effort to preserve. At one time it had been my desire to make a picture with her, for it had seemed to me that together we might have arrived at something of singular excellence; but that idea, with no promise of fulfillment, had died away. What the public had accepted, chosen, she accepted, and inevitably I would have tried a different consummation. I'd have liked to gather all those moments, the feelings, I had spoken of and woven them into the light of a moving picture, saying to the public, You liked the other, but this at least some of you, enough, must accept. Here is a rarer, a more difficult, a heroic, beauty. It was always in my mind that she had the capability of so much.

The Magic Whip

I never, I think, spoke of exactly this to Mrs. Fairbanks, for it had to be very carefully, very accurately, expressed, or it would have sounded absurd. All the more since, in my life, I had been warned against the sin of arrogance. I was amazingly blind to the possible rightness of others where a difference of opinion was concerned. But Douglas, it seemed to me, was perhaps the most fortunate man alive, for every atom of his ability was constantly in play. And, it might be as a result of that, he wasn't introspective; there were no dark recesses in his being for the sufficient reason that he was constantly, wholly, in action; his mind, his intellectual curiosity and abstract opinions were as active, turned over and over in the full light of day, as his body. There was nothing humanly possible, from the most trivial dexterity to a final beauty of complete balance, that he couldn't do with his body. This always absorbed me; I was the least graceful, the most clumsy, of men, robbed of wind and stamina by years in a gray haze of smoke bent over ink and paper; and to watch Douglas in the open, behind the low range of rooms that was the various offices of the studio, filled me at once with regretful sense of impotence and a great pleasure.

When I had seen him before he was practicing the airy flipping of a cigarette from his palm to his mouth; he needed such a moment in a California picture; and now, in the interest of Don Q, he had mastered the long, incredibly wicked cattle-driving whip of Australia and Spain. It was composed of a short rigid stock and a flexible whip and lash, twelve feet long anyhow: standing lightly, Douglas cracked it, a single and then a double report, as sharp and loud and as dangerous, as the explosion of a heavy rifle. Then, in the way of variety, he picked a flower from the bright border along the porch; the whip cut it without disturbing a leaf, hardly moving its stem. Douglas cut in half heavy stakes set in a stump; the whip broke sixteen thicknesses of wood; he slashed the cigarette from the lips of a young man with steady nerves and the nicest confidence in Douglas' skill; and then, with the whip along the ground, he animated it into live serpentine loops and curves.

I took it from him; it was utterly dead and inert, and he warned me to guard my eyes. A futile inept movement did nothing, but a stronger resentful effort brought the lash across my face; a third trial tied the whip very effectually about my legs, and I gave it up. It needs a lot of practice, Douglas observed. Further away, a muscular figure in white tights was practicing on a short slack wire the solitary Olympic athlete from Jerusalem.

This bodily fineness of Douglas' I did not regard as a slight thing; there was too little of it, and it was steadily growing rarer; men more and more like myself were the rule, half-destroyed by laziness and ease. Except for golf, a game that I had come to dislike, I had no exercise; honestly, I had sunk so low, I didn't very much want any; I had grown so familiar with my reflection in mirrors that I had lost consciousness of the evident degeneration. If my life depended on any supreme and continuous muscular force, the outcome would be doubtful.

Symmetrical Fairbanks

What, too, I lamented fully as much as that was a general loss of gracefulness; it was all very well to talk about imagination and understanding, the value and reward in the best of my books; I wanted some similitude between the body and the state of my mind; I wanted to look the way I felt. That, naturally, was impossible; payments were exacted from every accomplishment; but Douglas had an amazing and happy duality. If he had been no more than physically capable, I would have enjoyed him—moderately; I could have watched him for a short while with pleasure and then willingly turned to other and more repaying sights; but, damn it, as I have said, his mind was as engaging as his body. It was never tired or listless or the merely shrewd and shallow repetition of what it caught from around him. Douglas was never closed to impressions of any kind, and he wasn't bigoted. His only rigidity was in his conception of conduct; this had never come up with us; but I was aware that he had a scant sympathy for errors in the accepted scale of moral obligations.

Douglas was so lucky that he was a man quite without what was regarded as temptation; in him there was always a whole combustion of his power; none was lost, none remained unconsumed to distract him and turn him from his desired conceptions and aims. This didn't, in the nature of it, develop a sympathy for human frailty—the quality that Chaplin so signally and instinctively possessed—but Douglas was the happier for that. All his aspects were positive, his voice, his bearing, the interrogation of his brown and vivid looks. The word which, it occurred to me, best described him was symmetrical.

At dinner, on Mrs. Fairbanks' other side, he sat across the table from me, and Lillian was at my right. For me, a charming grouping. At moments we were sensible and at moments ridiculous. Douglas imitated Chaplin mimicking Samuel Goldwyn's restrained manner since the great and deserved success of his picture, Stella Dallas. We moved into the drawing-room to see a moving picture that, title and subject and setting, has faded from my memory; but I remember Mrs. Fairbanks' protests, and Lillian's. Douglas, do we have to watch this, do we have to have all of it? Can't we just cut to the last reel? There was a reason for his interest, but the picture was so bad that even he soon had enough of it; we watched a minute or two at the end and then dismissed it forever.

I was sorry that Douglas and I were always so differently occupied, that a continent usually separated us. His lot became as familiar to me, and as open, as the Famous Players-Lasky Studios. Nothing was in progress, and I would idle in the sun, have lunch with changing collections of figures interesting in themselves or important to the world of moving pictures; I'd talk to Mrs. Woods. The technical staff of The Black Pirate—what little remained to do of that was being photographed at Catalina had not yet been scattered. Douglas practically assembled a new one for each picture, and I discussed pirates and Howard Pyle and colored photography with members of it. I had seen none of The Black Pirate yet. Douglas had spoken with admiration of Robert Louis Stevenson in that connection; I didn't like Stevenson, and I was afraid that, for me, it would be hurt by a merely pretty conception as well as by the limitations put on moving pictures. The chance was, I told myself, that even Douglas will make his pirate sympathetic; he will see him through the weakened eyes of the present. A pirate, naturally, was no more than a murderer in a seaway; in the eighteenth century, violent death, particularly in the West Indies, was not of very great moment; killing was natural to a buccaneer; but today public sentimentality forgave murder in no one; the proportion of guiltiness had been magnified. Yes, it was possible that all I'd see again would be a glorified story for children; polite pirates, pirates with consciousness, pirates by force of circumstance who detested piracy, pirates who, at extremity, revealed hearts of rubies and of gold, noble shapes in the guise of pirates for the purpose of righting unendurable wrongs. There was, for me, scant beauty in that.

I didn't like Stevenson for the reason that what he wrote seemed to me to be without essential vigor—with the man himself I had no concern—it had the texture of an artificial romance infinitely inferior to the beauty of what could be recognized as tragic and unconquerable fact. A man driven by what he was into piracy in the Caribbean Sea, cruel, resourceful, coldly passionate, succeeding temporarily by violence and treachery under a blazing sun as pitiless as himself, such a man in a book—and not drifting up under the stern of any ship I was on—fascinated me; I could understand and believe in him. I had personally been several times at the point of writing about him; I had already described him in a hammock slung in the shade of palms where indigo waves broke whitely on a white beach.

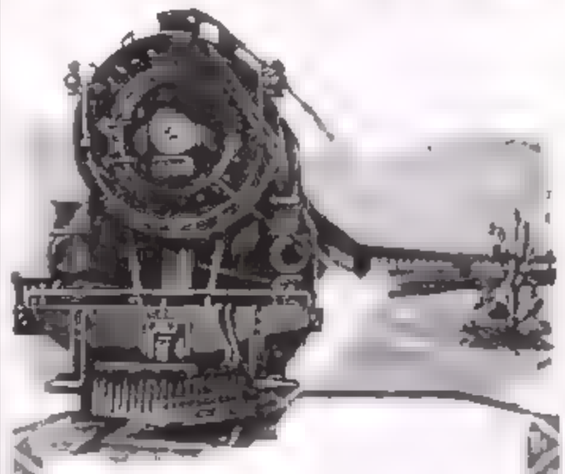
Pirates Bold and Maidens Fair

But, I demanded silently, would Douglas do anything of that? Could he if he wished to? Probably not. And so, seated with him in a projection room, with perhaps a thousand feet of The Black Pirate before me, I was prepared to be charmed by its pictorial beauty and disappointed in the character and drama. I was charmed, however, and not at all disappointed. Here, in lovely rocking salt water, in a subdued range of color, were the sailing ships of the past, low piratical schooners and brigs, and the towering gilded sterns of great merchantmen; and the schooners were filled with the human blackness of the earth. Rotten rascals of every shade and nationality.

They moved, under the influence of Robert Nichols, in sinister and rhythmic mass; negroes with gold collars and Portuguese and the half Indians of the Isthmus, Dutch and English and Genoese, scandalous Yankees out of Portsmouth and Chinamen from Curaçao. The sailors of a captured ship were tied in a writhing garland about a mast and a train of powder lighted at their feet, a hastily swallowed ring was cut from the belly where it had lodged; the inevitable, and excusable, lovely lady was threatened in no vague manner. The longboats of the pirates pulled away and there was an explosion, a great sheet of scarlet on the night, a swift evil reflection across the water.

When, I asked Douglas, can I see the rest? This is an absolutely unique and marvelous affair. I suppose there has to be

California



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a story; in the end you are triumphant and justified; individually you will do nothing very black; but that doesn't matter—the tone, the spirit, are right. And, Douglas, what heavenly pictures!

Again, I realized, he had enormously benefited the medium he worked in; and I was struck by his creative unselfishness, a star who did not insist on shining alone. And yet no other moving pictures were so wholly produced, dominated, by a single individual; Douglas had a part, an interest, in every phase of their progress; every department was adequately provided for and supported; he cast out for the best assistance procurable and then drew it all back to himself. No one else, conceivably, could have made The Black Pirate.

But then he was an individual, he was free; it was his own life, his own conception, his own money, he was spending. Within the necessary boundaries of his own character and understanding, his time, he was doing what he admired and what he chose. Fortunately, his investment, his material expenditure, would be returned to him augmented; for then he could continue even more freely.

Douglas liked what money brought, the things with it he could gather about him, but I doubted if he ever gave money itself, as an end, a thought. Certainly he saved no cost that might in any way increase the effectiveness of his plans; and his preparations were exhaustive. Yes, no impersonal corporation, no commercial hastiness, could have produced The Black Pirate. It was—what I had insisted must be the fact if moving pictures were to reach the proportions of an art—the result of the unpurchasable superiority of an individual. Douglas, with his known deference to proved special abilities, was the sole engineer of his own fortunes and films. He had the accent and manner of final authority, however it might be disguised in intelligent attentions.

Substance and Shadow

I drove away from Beverly Hills with Lillian, and she said again that we must see La Bohème. I was more than willing. Just to sit with her through an afternoon, shut away from interruption and the world, was in itself enough to charm me completely. She left me at her hotel and I went on to the Ambassador with Robert. It was, as usual, quiet, coolly peaceful, in my rooms; there were yellow roses in the sitting room, the flower above all others that I preferred; everything was in a fixed order. This was necessary for me. If my surroundings were confused, my thoughts were interrupted and scattered; mechanically, I was always arranging chairs, putting boxes of cigarettes where they belonged, picking up scraps of paper. My habit of mind, recovering from the incoherencies of youth, had grown to be ruled by exactitude. I put my hat and stick away, laid my gloves on the precise spot where I had found them, dropped the bruised camellia from my buttonhole into a wastebasket and sank contented into a chair.

The brilliant activity of Douglas, Mrs. Fairbanks' remarkable eyes, Lillian at once beside me in her car and remote, like a dream, all came back, passed before me, in imagination; but, for some inexplicable reason, I got no pleasure from them; or rather, where I was concerned, they were without a sense of reality. I had happened to come unexpectedly to California for three weeks, they had been glad to see me, and when I had gone it would be like a shadow dispersed by the sun; I would simply cease to exist. And, worse than that, they would fade out of my thoughts too, Lillian's loveliness and Douglas' smile; what immediately surrounded, occupied me would blot them out. And I began to count the people who were important to me, who were a part of my fiber, of myself—three, one woman and two men; yes, they were constant; the others were like a kaleidoscope, figures whirling past me on a swift merry-go-round. Some I caught momentarily by the hand, or kissed; some I regretted for a little; I saw many go with relief; but they all did go; I could keep none of them in my mind or heart.

Other people—Dorothy, for example—made and held affections; she could attach herself to a number and retain them; she was loyal and—well, I wasn't. That was the unavoidable truth. With me, it resembled coming back at night to the empty rooms in the bungalow at the Ambassador. I was relieved, rested, to be alone. The things that were essential to me I couldn't be helped in; I was too old to learn; the defects of my writing must remain with me now until the end. However, as if in a way to make up for my loss, I had a very great many short happy contacts, moments of comprehension and sympathy, with individuals whose lives were apparently as far removed from me as possible.

I never passed the cigar stand but I stopped to see if a tall fair-haired girl from Utah had it in charge. If she had, then I would linger, looking over the cigarettes and examining cigars, but in reality explaining what I thought of everything. That girl came to know my likes and dislikes, where I had been, what I had done, more fully than anyone directly concerned in my affairs. She volunteered very little in return, but our understanding was faultless. There was a German waiter, resigned to life, who commonly brought my breakfast; and with him as well I entered into a familiar contact. He approved, it seemed, of what I ordered, and he said as much, invariably adding that he had served such a dish in some cosmopolitan city of Europe. All his thoughts, his patient aspirations, returned to the Continent; it was his measure of a lost and gay and polite Eden. I knew most of the bell boys; there was a girl in the hotel drug store who wanted to enter the Famous Players-Lasky school; although, though Jesse had been in the drug store more than once, she hadn't mentioned this to him. But she did to me—as a far less illustrious and impressive person—and yet when I told her that I was a director in the school and suggested that she give me her name, she looked doubtful, as though I had claimed too much.

The Pattern of My Days

With these living threads then I wove the essential pattern of my days; they were apparently only slight, and yet they brought out most of what warmth, what attachment, was in me. I turned to them instinctively, while a great deal of the rest was an effort and a weariness. Yet there was this to be said—that while I could have written a novel about my chambermaid, I couldn't about Douglas; one was a subject and the other wasn't. The girl, hurrying over her impersonal and endless beds, returning at night—with news of me—to her other charge, was, as a subject, brushed with beauty; but Douglas was too complete in himself. And the proof of this was that while he might conceivably put the girl who made up my rooms into a picture, I was worthless for him.

The truth was that writing had absorbed me and spent my emotions; in being faithful to that I had been drawn away from the rest; women, even the loveliest, even Lillian, had come to be like the tea roses beside me on the table—the exquisite causes of perfumed moments and regrets turned into paragraphs of prose. I wondered, realizing this, if I had been finally defrauded. Originally I hadn't been incapable of romantic folly, and the question rose if, in losing that, I hadn't lost too much—in comparison to what, perhaps, I had gained. Increasing age would account for some of my detachment; but not for all; not for most of it. Suppose, for example, that in California I had what was termed fallen in love and refused utterly to return East. Everyone attached to me, responsible for me, after failing to move my determination, to displace my passion, would have given me up and left me in a small semi-Spanish house on the mountain. And there writing poetry and lyrical prose rather than sober novels, or perhaps titles and subtitles for moving pictures, I would exist in a variable rapturous misery. I would be again aware of the moon and walk the streets at night. I would, it was necessary to believe, be loved, at least for a while, in return. And when that was over, I had paid so much, I was so desperate, there might be a tragedy. Oh, very easily!

I could see myself with a small pistol, stunned by its report and bitten by the acid smudge of its smoke, staring at a graceful figure fallen forward across a couch, face down. I paused in order to discover who it would be; but I couldn't very well, at such a time, turn her over. I had no idea who it was—any one of the countless lovely things I had seen at Raoul Walsh's. And at this the train of my imagination broke. How could a vision of love continue when I hadn't the faintest idea of whom I might love? It was ridiculous! The thing for you to do, I told myself ignominiously, is to get into bed. You are simply a fool and very soon, indeed, you will be an old fool. And then I turned the light out on my mental vagaries and went with safe propriety to sleep.

A Hunt Breakfast With Sonnets

I got up early, as a tonic to my thoughts and went to the breakfast given by a riding club I'd spoken of. There was a huge table, laid to form an oval, more or less in a grove of trees, and all the while I was eating I was trying to determine if I was cold enough to recover my overcoat. Everyone, practically, was in riding clothes; and though it was a club of men, there were a few women invited for this special occasion; and remembering the six sentences at the dinner to Douglas and Mrs. Fairbanks, I decided to improve on them, and reduced my speech to one compound sentence. It had the success its briefness deserved, and I returned to my plate. Some club affairs followed, an argument over whether or not it should indorse a state bill in favor of racing; allusions were made to the throngs of people who visited California and to the liberal laws of Florida. Nothing, however, happened; the resolution to support the bill was laid over until a committee appointed to examine its provision had reported upon it; and the breakfast came to an end; but not, however, before some photographs were taken. There had been, at a riding club, songs, a generality of speeches, and the reading of poetry, a variety impossible to accomplish in the East.

Chester County, where I lived, was the most celebrated fox-hunting countryside in America; at the Dower House, on nights of the summer moon, I could hear the baying of the hounds from the West Chester Hunt Kennels; I was familiar with farmers' hunt breakfasts, with drags and flat races, point-to-point races and steeplechases, and with traditional scarlet coats at dinner; but I had never before been to a sporting occasion where one of the gentlemen read a sonnet. It seemed to me to be a very notable and civilizing innovation. When I got back, the whole day, starting so early and so vivaciously, was disorganized; I went alone to the Montmartre for lunch, and when George Melford told me most of the plot for the moving picture then in his head I still couldn't arrange my thoughts. It had to do with the late war, in France. The young man was to have his face partly shot away and there was to be some miraculous surgery; but I objected to this, since it occurred to me that a great many people would find it pictorially too unpleasant. Very well, said George, he could have something on his face that was shot off. But exactly what that might be I never discovered, for he left me, taking the fullness of his idea with him.

I was glad, afterward, to be quietly playing dominoes again with Aileen. In her upper sitting room, above the quiet at the end of La Brea Terrace, where wasn't a murmur of a crowded traffic, not a trace of the sizzle of sun-arc lights or the echo of a director; the game proceeded with such regularity that it didn't afford us the excuse of an argument. When we did talk, Aileen led the conversation to Cuba or New York—for the time she had had enough of Hollywood; she told me about her life in Jamaica, amusing stories of the negro servants; and then we drifted into a silence, the dominoes over, in which each of us was lost in our own thoughts and past.

That was the night Aileen was taking me to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer dinner, and it would soon be time for Thomas to drive me back to the bungalow to dress. The dinner was to be at the Ambassador, and we had arranged for Aileen to meet me there. She arrived after the hour set; she explained that nothing would happen for at least half an hour more. We sat, at dinner, at a small table; as she had pointed out, I wouldn't have to make a speech; and so, except for the other speeches, my enjoyment was uninterrupted. I was introduced to the others, perhaps four, at the table. I failed to hear any of their names or recognize them; and just beyond I saw Carmelita Geraghty.

When this is over, I conveyed to her, we'll dance. She smiled in reply. Orchids, it was evident, were a habit with her. Someone else proposed that we leave the dinner and the mutual felicitations temporarily and dance in the Ambassador Coconut Grove; but Aileen disapproved of this. We had come to the dinner, the dinner of her company, and there we would stay. Besides that, our going out would be noticed. Past midnight, the music began; Aileen was dancing and I went at once to Carmelita.

A Masculine Cinderella

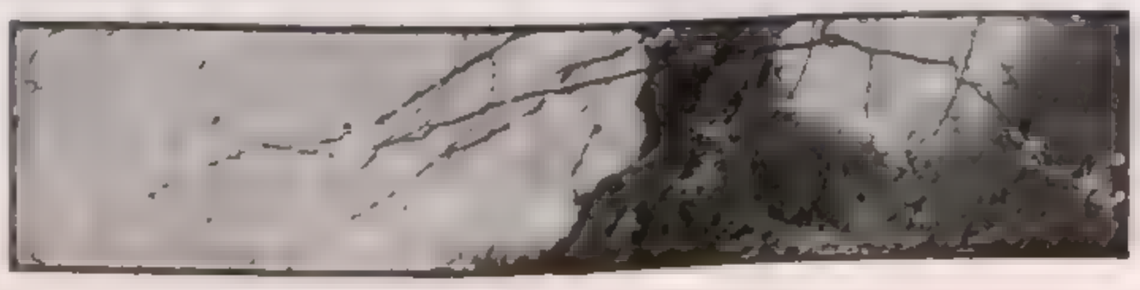
"Not this one," she told me; "it's taken. It is, really. No, you must see it would be impossible. The next. I haven't any idea what he will think."

I didn't care; we were safely out on the floor; in California, no one was allowed to cut in, and I could dance better with Carmelita than anyone else I had ever known. I tried steps, evolutions, closed tangos, with her that would have been simply suicide with any other partner.

"You must watch the floor," she warned me, "it's as slippery as possible." And then we slid to the very edge of a table occupied by three solemn and apprehensive men. One end of the dancing floor was open to the hotel, and it was literally packed with spectators; as someone they knew swept by, her name, more rarely his, would run in a murmur across the solid barrier of faces. Aileen they recognized and Carmelita, but I could see that I was a passing and unimportant puzzle—a bulky individual with gray hair and a red flower. What lovely girls, I thought, and what remarkable dancing; every one of them, naturally, had to dance, it was a piece with their profession and their choice of nearly all occupations; dancing in their perishable shining clothes to superlative music. Youth visible at the supreme moment of its glittering zenith, a curiously public and self-conscious and highly paid youth, a youth principally paid to look and be itself.

And here, taken out of the stillness of the room where I endlessly wrote, I was a part of a gayety transcending in appearance and

(Continued on Page 119)



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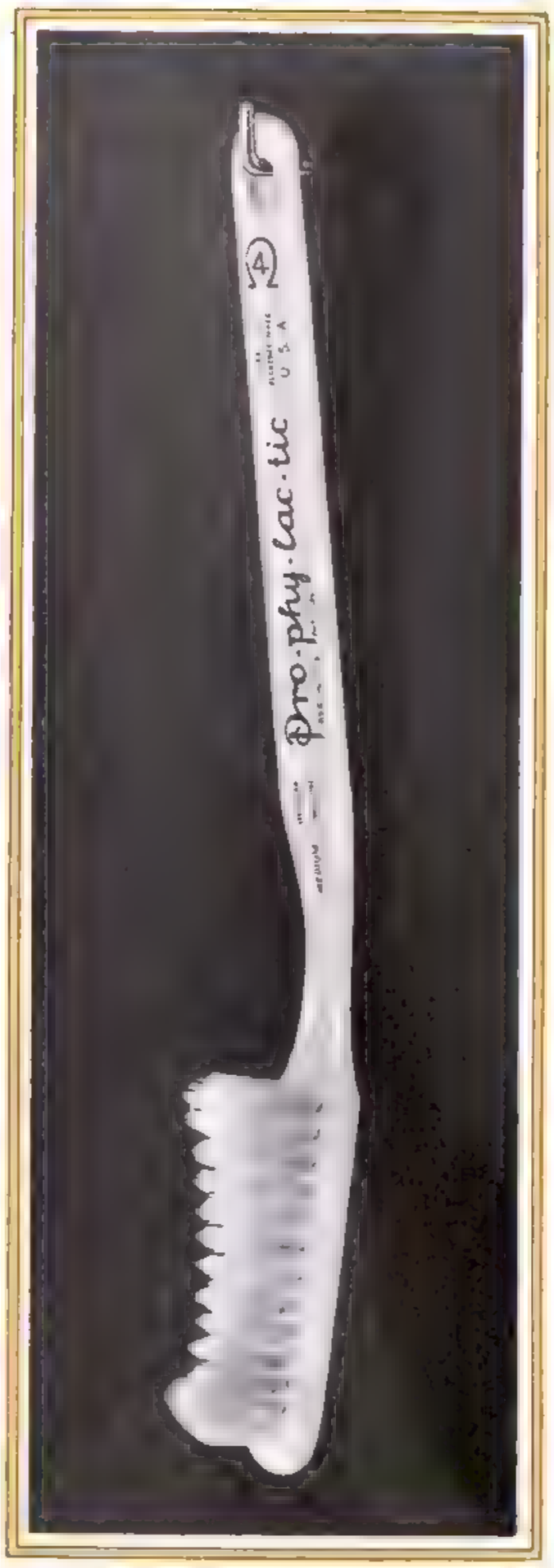

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HOUSEHOLD PAINTING GUIDE
STOPS MISTAKES IN PAINTING

SURFACE	TO PAINT USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO VARNISH USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO STAIN USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW	TO ENAMEL USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW
[illegible]	S-W Auto Enamel	S-W Auto Enamel Clear		S-W Auto Enamel
[illegible]	S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing			
Brick	SWP House Paint S-W Concrete Wall Finish			Old Dutch Enamel
Interior	Flat-Tone	Sear-Not Varnish	S-W Handcraft Stain	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Respar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
CEILINGS	S-W Concrete Wall Finish			
DOORS Interior	SWP House Paint	Sear-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	Floorlac S-W Handcraft Stain	Enameloid
Exterior	SWP House Paint	Respar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	Old Dutch Enamel
FENCES	SWP House Paint S-W Roof and Bridge Paint		S-W [illegible]	
FLOORS Interior	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish	Floorlac	S-W Inside Floor Paint
Concrete	S-W Concrete Floor Finish			S-W Concrete Floor [illegible]
Porch	S-W Porch and Deck Paint			
FURNITURE, Indoors	Enameloid	Sear-Not Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid
Porch	Enameloid	Respar Varnish	S-W Oil Stain	
HOUSE or GARAGE Exterior	SWP House Paint	Respar Varnish	S-W [illegible]	Old Dutch Enamel
LINOLEUM	S-W Inside Floor Paint	Mar-Not Varnish		S-W Inside Floor Paint
RADIATORS	Flat-Tone S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint			Enameloid
ROOFS Composition	S-W Roof and Bridge Paint Metallistic Ebonol		S-W Preservative Shingle Stain	
SCREENS	S-W Screen Enamel			
SIDING	S-W Family Paint	Respar Varnish	Floorlac	S-W Exterior Enamel
WALLS Plaster, Wallboard	Flat Tone SWP House Paint			Old Dutch Enamel
WATER	[illegible]	Respar Varnish	Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel
WOODWORK Interior	SWP House Paint Flat-Tone	Sear-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044	S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Oil Stain Floorlac	Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid

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COVER THE EARTH

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(Continued from Page 114)

morals the revels of Babylon. I felt like the ludicrous equivalent, masculine and middle-aged, of Cinderella. Soon the trumpet of darker thoughts would sound, the brightness and music would dissolve into nothingness, and I'd be back with a pen in my hand, bent over a Hepplewhite table with a blue sheet of blotting paper and a very old pewter ink box. It was extremely charitable of Carmelita, who was as young and pretty as any present, to dance with me so much; and if I had had any influence, any position in moving pictures, I would have given her a part where she'd have had a star for a maid and three leading men simply to fetch, to and from the studio, her make-up box, a chinchilla wrap and her orchids.

If I had influence—but I'd made it clear that I hadn't; I would not, it appeared, pay for it; and, sitting in the dark of a projection room with Allan Dwan, watching the rushes of Sea Horses, I realized that, for all its obvious romantic variety, his occupation was as heavy with repetition and detail as mine. We were watching not more than three short scenes. Allan had taken them over and over, each with infinite small variations, and he was under the necessity of discovering which were the better. The captain of a ship stood talking to a girl in his cabin; they were both greatly troubled; and, for an instant, she slipped into his arms. Again and again this happened until—the girl was Florence Vidor—I knew her every impending expression. It was wearing to watch, but it must have been exhausting to have photographed—to assemble the actors and keep them charged with the appropriate emotions, to watch the lighting, control the cameras.

Vicissitudes of a Scenario

I had no illusion about the easily romantic life of moving pictures; my knowledge of the sheer mechanics involved defended me from that; and yet—in spite of persistent unhappy experience—my impulse to make a picture remained, my conviction that it didn't require a creative ability different from all others. Too tired from dancing for sleep, my head filled with bright flashes of lights and whirling colors, I went over the course of Flower of Night, a picture I was supposed to have made for Pola Negri, and for which I had gone to Mexico. It was, Jesse arranged with me, to be a Mexican picture, a nationality admirable for Pola's coloring and temperament. I went at once, in Mexico City, to the Department of Foreign Relations, where they made no objection to my plan; but that department had several suggestions.

They begged me not to make any pictures of native Mexican Indians; they had little sympathy with the picturesque on that plane; shown abroad, they doubted its value as a national asset; and they explained that, of course, in any picture I'd undertake there must be no politics. No revolution! This sent me back to the Regis Hotel sunk in doubt—no revolutions and no Indian villages, no Indians in serapes. However, I went up into the high silver mines of Pachuca and came away from Mexico with, I thought, an admirably possible story. The necessary rascals were mostly foreign, the presidency in which the action lay was chosen by the Department of Foreign Relations; I had been very fortunate. I explained this to Jesse, in New York, and he congratulated me and suggested that I tell the story to Mr. Ralph Block, who had charge of the selection of stories. I did this very gladly, since, though the story was complicated, it was very clearly in my mind, and, depending on the detail I included, I could recount it fully in a half hour or slightly more.

I told the story of Flor de Noche to Ralph Block and he liked it; he believed it would work; and he asked me to repeat it to Mr. Willis Goldbeck, who had been chosen to make the scenario from my invention. I told it to Mr. Goldbeck; he agreed with Mr. Block that it was very possible, particularly for Pola, and at once they took me again to Jesse, so that he could hear the story. By then I was more than familiar with it, my throat was a trifle rough and I went back to the Algonquin Hotel spent in energy if not yet in enthusiasm. I returned to West Chester; Pola, who had sailed from Europe for New York, arrived, and I got a telegram asking me to come immediately to New York and tell her the story of my nocturnal flower. I did this at once, naturally; now, with all its embellishments, it took nearly an hour; and when I had finished, and was drinking some cold but very grateful tea from a long neglected cup, she was wholly encouraging. I saw her the next day; we went over the story lightly; and then, once more in Pennsylvania, I was asked to come again to New York, to tell the story of Flower of Night to Mr. Courtland Smith, who, representing Mr. Hays, had arrived from Washington for that purpose.

When, on a July day of unendurable heat, I reached the Famous Players-Lasky offices on Fifth Avenue, I found waiting for me Pola, Jesse, Mr. Smith, Mr. Walter Wanger, Mr. Willis Goldbeck, Mr. Ralph Block and Paul Bern, the director. I thought, splendid, they are all here and I'll never have to tell this cursed story again. For that reason I proceeded carefully and at length. I was more than commonly weary at the end, and Mr. Courtland Smith wasn't sure that the Mexican Government would find it sympathetic. But, I pointed out, I have kept within the limits they placed—there isn't an Indian, not an adobe hut, and no objectionable politics; and they selected Victoriano Huerta—they handed him to me.

Nevertheless, Mr. Smith repeated, there was a chance they wouldn't approve of it, and Jesse looked depressed. At the same time, he added, I wish the end could be a little happier; Mr. Wanger had another idea for the end, which he told me privately by a window; Mr. Goldbeck defended the present arrangement; and Mr. Zukor put his head in at a door and at once prudently withdrew it.

"If the Mexicans won't like this," Mr. Bern said, "we'll take it out of Mexico and put it in a Central American country; that wouldn't affect the story at all."

"Better still," Mr. Wanger added, "we will place it in a mythological South American country and end all the trouble at once."

Thus ending the trouble, they looked at me.

"I suppose that wouldn't hurt it," I replied; "I suppose not."

Through the weeks past both Mr. Bern and Mr. Goldbeck had been in West Chester; and, on the terrace of the Dower House, so that they would comprehend every turn of the action, they had each asked me to explain the story again; and nearly every morning, since then, with Mr. Goldbeck in the rooms where I wrote, I told him the story, part by part. I suppose you could lay it in an imaginary country, I admitted to the engaged assembly in Jesse's large and delightful office; and as I said this something of my interest in Flower of Night, in moving pictures, evaporated, died. Anyhow, my actual connection with that picture was at an end; the rest was to occur in California; and, leaving open the unimportant question of locality, I returned to my own setting and labors.

Where, I wondered, had they laid Flower of Night, a story painfully evolved in Mexico from Mexican character and history and scenes? Was it in Central America or purely a thing of air? And then, by telegram, I learned that it was, after all, a simple American narrative of early California! Some changes had to be made, naturally, but they were very slight; the Mexican Government had absolutely disclaimed all connection with it, they would regard an effort to place it in any other Pan-American country as mere subterfuge, and looked on a mythical land with suspicion. And so, when, at last, I saw Flower of Night, most generously credited to me, there were certain passages, aspects, to say the least, that I found strange.

Creating Pictures

But this wasn't Jesse Lasky's fault; the blame was to be equally divided between the system of his corporation, the Mexican Government and me. Looking back, I could see that the story originally wasn't so good as I had thought it to be—there was too much action and not enough emotion. I had complained about the loose construction of moving pictures, declaring that they had neither beginning nor middle nor end; and, as a result, Flower of Night reached the other extreme; it was constructed with the neatness, and a great deal of the monotony, of the pattern on a checkerboard. It wasn't absolutely bad; it was better, I still insisted, than most moving pictures; but if it had been made exactly as I had planned it, I would have been dissatisfied with the result. It wouldn't have been good enough to have justified my engagement and hopes. Douglas showed me that. It could never have been in the same world with Stella Dallas or The Big Parade.

No, a picture worth the effort wasn't to be made offhand, between, as it were, novels; it required long preparation and thought and, more than anything else, genuine creative emotion and integrity. Those were not superficial qualities, but neither were they singular; there was no reason, I told myself stubbornly, why I couldn't, in the proper circumstances, accomplish them all. I got up, I was so widely awake; and, with a cigarette, moved restlessly from room to room, faintly lighted by the street lamps outside. Here I was facing the possibility, remote but actual, of being implicated in another picture. Perhaps; but this conclusion, at least, I reached—that I wouldn't sacrifice a page of my writing; if I could make a picture between the necessities of that I'd be glad to; but aside from that the industry as it was so widely and acutely called, was not for me; I was too old, too far gone, I saw, in the reprehensible luxuries of an art for industries.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

PLUPY'S LIFE IS DESPAIRED OF

(Continued from Page 34)

Wensday, March 10, 186— today they had a boiled dinner, i dident have enny. only milk and tost and a apple. gosh corn beef and cabbage. all i cood eet was the smell. i cood have et rost cat. ennyway i waulked out into the yard and went into the barn and patted Nellie. she dident know me at first and pawed and snorted at me. but when i spoke to her she whinnied father sed tonite i cood eet moar prety soon. he sed the fact that the wind dident blow me away today spoiled his trade with Barnum and he had rote him not to come. he sed it was tuff to lose so mutch money

Thursday, March 11, 186— it has been vacation sense last saterday and i have lost neerly a weak of it. today i was well enuf to go down stares and waulk out a little. it was sunny but there was a cold wind. i herd a blew bird but coodent see him. but it always maiks a feller feal better to hear a blew bird. befoar long i shall hear a robin. bully. this afternoon evrybody is going down town. i am going to be alone i

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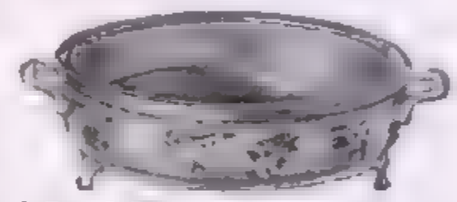

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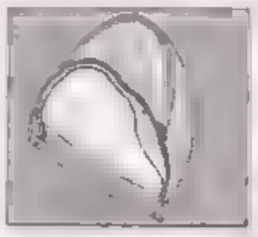

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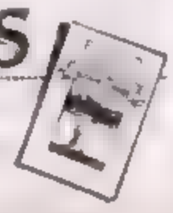

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wanted mother to let me have some of the fellers up but she sed she was afrade it mite be two mutch for me and i mite have a relaps.

so i have maid up my mind that as soon as they are all out of site i will have all i want to eat. i have been most starved to deth. i know what the feller went throug in the book when he sed

give me three granes of corn mother
give me 3 granes of corn
to keep the little life there is in me
till the coming of the morn.
i am dieing of hunger and cold mother
dieing of hunger and cold
and haff the aggony of sutch a deth
my lippe have never told.

i learned that peace oncet to speek in school and that is why i know it so well. i can hardly wait until they have all went.

Friday, March 19, 186— i have had a relaps. a awful one and for 2 days i was gave up for ded. father sed if it hadent been for doctor Bill Perry old Ammi Wigin wood have had a gob. old Ammi is the man whitch berrys peeple whitch is ded. the fellers maid up a poim about Ammi whitch went like this

am i Ammi
or am i not Ammi
if i am not Ammi
who in thunder am i.

well father he sed old Ammi was teribly disappointed. mother sed if she dident know how scart father was when i was dieing she woodent like to hear him goke now i am better. well it is a very paneful story and i cant wright it now.

Saturday, March 20, 186— i am getting better so fast that i shall be able to wright it all out tomorrow or nex day.

Sunday, March 21, 186— am better now and can wright my story. i mite as well do that because i cant do ennything else. well the afternoon the folks all went down town i went down to the kichen and the pantry. i got sum cold corn beef and sum milk and boiled 3 eggs and 2 peaces of mince pie and bread and butter and a big peace of frute cake and 2 apples and et them all. then i smoaked 6 sweet firn cigars. then i washed the dishes and cleened up and put everything back except the corn beef and milk and boiled eggs and mince pie and frute cake and apples.

i dident want enny supper and mother asted me if i was sick. but i sed no because i wasent sick only i dident want to eat so i went to bed erly.

well in the middle of the nite i had auful panes. i thougt i wood die. father and mother got up and put hot cloths on my belly and rubbed me and gave me mustard and water to drink and it maid me wirse. then father hiched Nellie up and went down for doctor Perry and he came up and sed sumthing must be did at onct. so he give me a subteranean interjection in my arm 2 or 3 times and then he sed he wood get a stomach pump and off he and father went. i felt kind of floty. then i wondered whether he wood bring up a iron pump with a iron handle like Pewts fathers pump or a wood pump or a chane pump like old J. Alberts. then i kind of wondered if they wood find a bull frog in me like we did onct in Beanys pump or a green snaik. i felt as if i was full of fish hooks or porkipine quills. ennyway i dident cair mutch what kind of a pump it was or what they found in me unless it was a toad. i dont beleeve i cood stand a toad.

well bimeby they come back with the pump and it wasent enny of them kinds of pump and dident have enny chane or handel and not even a bucket and a rope to hich to it and wind round a winlass. i am sorry because i wondered how they wood have went about it to let a bucket down my gozzle.

ennyway i dont see why they called it a pump becaus it was only a rubber pipe with sum brass or silver on it and i wasent going to open my mouth until father he maid me.

well first doctor Perry wood pump me until i was prety dry and then he wood pull up his old pipe and maik me swalow a couple of quarts of warm water and then pump me dry again and then he wood poar sum moar warm water down my gozzle jest like when a feller poars hot water down a pump which has froze up. bimeby he sed he gessed i was out of danger.

but the next day he had to come up and pump me out again and give me another subteranian interjection. it was 3 days befoar i was out of danger and well enuf to have doctor Perry talk to me and i wish you cood have hird him. he wood start to say sumthing and then he wood pick up a vase and say Joanna, Joanna is mother you know, where did you get this, and then he wood say to aunt Sarah, Sarah do you remember old Man Diar and when he licked young Sam by dropping a five cent peace in a empty barrell and when young Sam was bent over reeching for it he licked him with a cart stake. well that is the way he taulked but he sed that i wood die if i tride enny moar xperiments and he sed the laws of helth was like the laws of the medes and percherons and if they was broke a feller was in danger of deth.

i gess he was scairt two as well as father. i herd father tell mother that it wood have been a grate blow to him to lose me. he sed evry time he come home he wondered what sort of a dam scraip i had got into sence he had went away in the morning and what sort of a story i wood maik up to get out of it. he sed it apealed to his gambling spirit and was jest like betting on a horse race and if i had dide there woodent be enny moar fun in life until Frankie and Ned grew up big enuf to get into scraips.

[I am well within the facts when I say that both Frankie and Ned fulfilled father's expectations—H. A. S.]

he sed he hadent saw mutch improvement in me sense i got away from Pewt and Beany and if he got a chanct to hire a house down town he wood do it. gosh i wish he wood.

it is funny but when i was sufering so mutch aggony i wished i was ded, and when the doctor had jabbed his little popsquirt into my arm and i felt better and kind of floty i dident cair mutch whether i dide or not. i kind of wanted to die then and i kept wondering who i wood see if i dide.

i have never saw my granfather Shute and i had herd so mutch about him that i thougt i wood like to see him and find out jest what sort of a boy father was. then i had never saw my uncle Henry whitch i was naimed for. father always sed he was the smartest feller whitch ever lived and went to Dartmouth college and roomed with Daniel Websters son and dide very young. father sed he naimed me after him because he thougt i mite amount to sumthing but i had disappointed him almityly and he had thougt of changing my naim to Annynias or sumthing like that. so i wanted to see uncle Henry and see if he was sutch a hel of a feller as father sed he was.

then i was almost willing to die enny time to see granmother again and my little brother Willie whitch dide when he was 3 three years old. enny of us wood be willing in our family.

so when doctor Perry sed he gessed i wood get well i was disapointed and cried. of coarse i had delirious tremens from the subteranean interjections the doctor had give me and i dident know what i was doing for a long time. of coarse the fac that i was a unitarial and gnew there wasent enny hel was a grate releef to me.

then i wondered if i wood see George Washington and find out what he thought of my prise composition whitch dident taik the prise after all and old John Whealrite whitch discovered Exeter and i wanted to find out who struck Billy Patterson becaus i have herd moar peeple ask about that then about enny other thing and nobody appeared to know ennything about it. ennyway that is sumthing that had augt to be cleared up sumtime becaus proberly a lot of fellers has been suspected whitch dident do it whitch is wirse than doing it and not being suspected.

ennyone whitch has went round for years with Pewt and Beany as i have knows what it means to be suspected of things whitch he has not did and nobody knows better than Pewt Purington what it means to do sumthing and have peeple chasing round after fellers whitch dident do it and dident know ennything about it.

Monday, March 22, 186— i am fealing a lot better now. i can eat if i am cairful and i am going to be cairful you bet. i went to ride today. the roads are prety dry in town. i dident think i cood hold Nellie and so i took Plug Atherton with me, but Nellie went fast but dident pull mutch. when i got home Plug helped me unharness her. i think she was glad to see me for she kep nibling at my coat. i saw Beany and Pewt and Ed Tole and a lot of fellers. evrybody seamed glad to see me and was glad i hadent dide.

jest think while i was sick that girl the naim of whitch i shall never speek and her family moved back to New York. i shall never see her again but i dont cair.

the birds are coming back and it is almost time to set a hen so evrything is all rite. of course i have lost about haff of the marble seeson whitch begins as soon as the bare ground shows in front of the ingine house and the saw mill and lasts until the mud is dry. and i have lost the bone seeson whitch means a good deal of money to me.

but never mind. it is fine to be alive and althoug i am as hungry as a bare all the time i am going to be cairful. and it is auful good to know how menny friends a feller had got. i never gnew it befoar. Pewt and Beany come up and Ed Tole did and the Chadwicks come up and fit for me and Luke Mannix brougt over his red squirrel and it bit me wirse than Gimmy Fitsgeralds chipmunk did and i had a fine time.

and besides that father has promised to taik us all to Washburns Grand Sensation with indians and evrything. because when my life was dispaired of Dolly Bidwell come to the town hall and played East Linn and the gipsy queen and of coarse the folks coodent go until they found out whether i lived or dide. but father is going to maik it all rite. so on the hoal i am prety glad i dident die and most evrybody is glad two whitch airprizes me verry mutch considering the things peeple have often sed about me.

Tuesday, March 23, 186— what do you think. gosh hooray. father has bougt a house down on Coart Street. not down where we lived befoar. but up near the swampscott hotel and jest opposite the big stables. it is the house old Gim Odlin lived in. it is a splendid house. there is a big piazza in front and high steps with chanes to swing on and a big garden with apple trees and pear trees and plumb trees and graip vines and a barn and summer house and a splendid hen house and what is best of all there is a high board fense running all round it.

there is 2 big horse chesnut trees in front of the house and evry fall there are buchels and buchels of horse chesnuts to plug at peeple and to tie strings to and hang on telegraf wires. i never xpected to have enuf of these in my life.

then again if you have a sharp pointed stick you can plug a horse chesnut with it almost as far as you can a hard green apple if you dont let them get two dry, and they go straiter even if they dont hit quite so hard.

but the best of evrything is that i am only a short distance from Beanys and Pewts and where sumthing is going on evry day. father says the papers have not been passed yet whitch means that the house is not his yet but he says there isent enny doubt becaus aunt Sarah is going to fernish the money and father will fernish the mortgage and so we will get the house soon. i gess me and Pewt and Beany will have plenty to do when we get together again. but i am triing hard to maik father and mother think i am sorry to go.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue

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UP ROSE EMILY

(Continued from Page 9)

and have a good time, and not start worrying till afterward."

"Be too late then," he reminded her. "You're awful foolish. You've got enough so we could get married and get along all right. But if you spend it all we'll have kind of a hard time."

"You won't have to marry me," she assured him.

"But I want to marry you," he urged; and she got a faint tremor of happiness out of that, for he had never said so much before; had urged their marriage rather as a matter of expediency than of desire. "Only I don't want you should go and be so foolish."

"I know," she agreed. "You think it's foolish, and the people here will all think I'm foolish. But I'm sick of being sensible." She hesitated as though listening to her own words and liking their sound. "I'm sick of being sensible," she repeated warmly. "I don't know as I'll ever be sensible again. I'm sick of living in this house, and teaching music, and wearing brown. I'm going to be as foolish as I can for a while."

"You'll be sorry," he warned her.

She shook her head.

"No," she retorted. "No. Oh, I may be unhappy, but I won't be sorry. I may have a miserable time, but I'll be glad. It's just something I've got to do, Luther."

"You'll get over feeling that way in a little while," he urged. "You're bothered now, with Armen just dead and all. Upset, prob'ly. But you wait a while and you'll get over it."

"I don't want to get over it," she told him softly.

"You've always had better sense," he said critically. "I never looked to see you make a fool of yourself."

She hesitated, then laughed a little.

"Didn't you ever do anything foolish, Luther?" she challenged. "Never do anything you knew was foolish, but thought would be fun anyway?"

"What are you going to do in Boston?" he asked.

Her eyes were thoughtful.

"Well," she said, "I don't know. It will depend on what happens, some. But Mary Brant's going with me, and I'm going to buy a lot of pretty clothes."

"You can buy clothes here—at Stone's," Luther urged. "They've got nice dresses in the window."

She said, gently enough, "You see, Luther, I want to do things I haven't always done. It's just that I want to go somewhere and do different things. There are so many things no one ever does in East Harbor, and I want to do them."

He protested suspiciously. "I've been to Boston. Folks act about the same there. You won't be let."

She laughed. "I'm not going to be a disgrace to you, Luther," she promised. "Unless being happy is disgraceful." She had a curious inclination to bubble with laughter, but Luther was so exceedingly serious that she was afraid he would be wounded.

"When you coming back?" he asked, and his tone was unhappy.

"I don't know," she confessed. "I don't really know what I'm going to do. That's the fun of it."

"I guess you'll be back in a week or two," he suggested, something like a plea in his voice.

"I may be back right away," she conceded. "But I don't think so. I may not come back for weeks, Luther, or for months." Her eyes widened as though they looked upon a dream. "I may not come back at all."

He hesitated. "I've been planning on us marrying," he reminded her.

"I know," she agreed.

"Don't you figure to?" he insisted.

"I don't know."

"You're going to," he said doggedly. "I'm going to keep at it till you do."

She colored a little, happily.

"Are you?"

"You better figure to come back in two weeks," he urged. "What you taking Mary with you for? To cook?"

Emily May waved her hand airily.

"All great ladies have a maid," she told him.

"You won't get her to stay away more'n two weeks," he warned her.

"She's devoted to me," she said, with a curious air. A more discerning man might have guessed that she was playing a part, but Luther only thought she seemed queer.

"Better stay about two weeks," he urged.

"I don't think so," she told him.

"I'll look for you," he said.

She hesitated. "I'll write you, Luther," she promised. "I'll let you know if I'm coming back then."

"You ain't planning to go right away, are you?" he hazarded, catching at a new hope.

"Tomorrow, on the afternoon boat," she replied.

"Well, I'll look for you about two weeks from now, then," he said again. He got up to go. "Unless you change your mind," he added.

She rose to say good-by.

"I'm not going to change my mind," she assured him.

"I—wish you would," he confessed, the word catching in his throat; and for a moment Emily May was dismayingly near defeat. For Luther was a nice boy. She wondered whether he would try to kiss her good-by; and she knew that if he did, and did it in just the right way, she would stay here and never go away at all. She wanted to go away, but she wanted Luther to kiss her, too; and she let this appear in her eyes, in her posture, in her smile—not tangibly. There was nothing upon which you could lay a finger; but anyone who knew the signs would have recognized them, would have perceived the fact that Emily May wanted to be kissed.

Perhaps Luther did recognize the signs; it is never possible to count too certainly on the insensibility of a sensible young man. But if he did his courage failed him, for he only held out his hand.

"I wish you would," he repeated.

Emily May sighed, and the signs disappeared, and her tone was merely kind.

"I'll let you know," she promised.

So Luther went home, and Emily May went upstairs to play with her dreams.

II

IT IS no light matter to go away from a small town where you have lived almost all your life when everyone thinks you are foolish to go; and perhaps if everyone had been in fact united against her, Emily May might never have gone. But Arthur Tuck and his Dora supported her, seeming to share her delight in her dreams; and Arthur took charge of all the necessary practical arrangements. Emily May said she wanted a great deal of money to spend right away, and he arranged with the bank for a mortgage on the old house and the fine pieces that furnished it; and he promised that if she needed more funds there were bonds that could be sold. He advised her to open an account in one of the Boston banks and arranged this for her. Thus Arthur took care of everything except the business of packing her bag, and Mary Brant did that.

Emily May took only one small bag with her, for she meant to throw the past aside just as soon as she could get to a suitable shop. She had kept her plans to herself till the day before she was to leave, when she told Luther. But he told others, and they came hurrying to warn her that she was making a mistake, so that Emily May was very glad indeed when she had said the last good-by, answered or ignored the last remonstrance and locked herself in her stateroom with Mary Brant. Even then she did not feel safe till the whistle blew its signal to cast off the lines and she felt, far beneath her in the boat, the rumble of the reversing engines.

"I suppose I'm a fool," she said then, a little tearfully, to Mary Brant.

The wise old woman calmly took Emily May's head upon her spare bosom—they were sitting on the edge of the lower berth and the posture was extremely awkward and uncomfortable—and spoke reassuringly.

"There, if I was you," said Mary, "I'd cry some. You'll have a homesick spell. But you did just right and you'll not be sorry long."

Emily May giggled through her tears.

"Uncle Armen will turn in his grave, the way I'm going to spend money."

Mary smiled. "That's right; think of what a time you're going to have. And what's the good of money anyway, if you don't spend it? I've saved my money for the many a year, but I never got the satisfaction out of a bank book that I do out of a new bonnet now and then. I shall spend a bit myself, my dear."

So by this and that Emily May felt better before they had rounded the first point down the bay. But just the same she did not go down to dinner. There might be East Harbor folk aboard, and Emily May did not wish to answer questions. In the morning, in Boston, she took care to be ready to go ashore very quickly after they berthed; and when she and Mary Brant were safely in a taxicab she felt herself free at last; and she pulled down the curtain in the rear window as though to shut out all the past. She was no stranger in Boston, for she had had a year at the Conservatory three or four years before. So she knew exactly what she meant to do and where she meant to go; and twenty minutes after the boat docked she and Mary walked into the lobby of the hotel she had chosen, and Emily May tried to appear extremely sure of herself as the clerk behind the counter turned to face her.

"A room—a corner room," said Emily May distinctly. "And an adjoining room for my maid."

The clerk thrust toward her a pad on which to register, and she wrote quickly: "Emily May Cutter and maid." But when she came to the column headed "Residence" she set down "New York" without a quiver; and the clerk glanced at the sheet and said respectfully, "Third floor, Miss Cotter?"

Emily May started to correct him and then held her tongue.

"Very well," she agreed; and a moment later she and Mary were following the bell boy to the elevator. In their rooms, Emily May gave the boy half a dollar; and his face broadened into a grin of honest surprise. Such a sober brown dress usually meant only a dime, perhaps not even so much as that.

"Thank you, miss," he exclaimed. "Anything you want, miss? Anything I can get for you?"

Emily May looked to Mary Brant for strength, but her voice was steady enough. "Please have them send the barber to my room," she replied.

He grinned again. "Going to bob it?" he inquired. "Karl's the best in town at that, but he don't come in till ten o'clock."

"That will be time enough," she assented.

He shook his head. "He's dated up," he told her. "You have to put in your name."

Emily May smiled; and she said confidently, "I'm sure you can bring him here promptly for me if you choose."

His eyes lighted. "Sure, miss. I'll fix it." And he waited expectantly. But Emily May had Yankee blood in her and a trick of wanting value for her money.

"You come up with him," she told the boy; and he touched his cap in smart agreement and retired. Emily May swung to Mary and hugged the little old woman rapturously. "You see!" she cried. "You see! I can do it as well as anyone."

Mary Brant took her capably in hand.

"You take off your clothes," she said. "Lie down and rest till he comes, while I unpack and put things in rights. And then this afternoon we can go and shop, with plenty of time."

Emily May obeyed readily enough—that is to say, she lay down, but she could not rest. Her thoughts were too full; and she had to be ready when Karl presently arrived under escort of the boy. Emily contented the boy and dismissed him; and then, in a chair before her own mirror, she submitted herself to Karl's hands, and he told her how lovely her hair was, even while his scissors ranged through it, and her heart shuddered at their rasping note. When Mary Brant let down her hair for him Emily had colored furiously; but afterward she became paler and paler still. Till abruptly her eyes cleared, she was able to see herself emerging under his hands; and she saw in the mirror the face of a stranger, incredibly more youthful and infinitely more appealing. Before he was done she was flushing again with pleasure. He gave her advice.

"Just for a few days," he explained, "till the hair has time to wave itself, a touch with the iron. May I send up one of our young ladies, miss?" So after he was gone, Emily May had to submit to further ministrations; and before these were done it was time for lunch. And her hat no longer fitted her!

"We'll have to have it sent up to the room," she wailed to Mary Brant, but Mary shook her head.

"You didn't come to Boston to stay in your room, my dear," she reminded Emily May. "And a one with hair as pretty as yours has a right to go without a hat."

"Is it pretty?" Emily May demanded, swinging to the mirror.

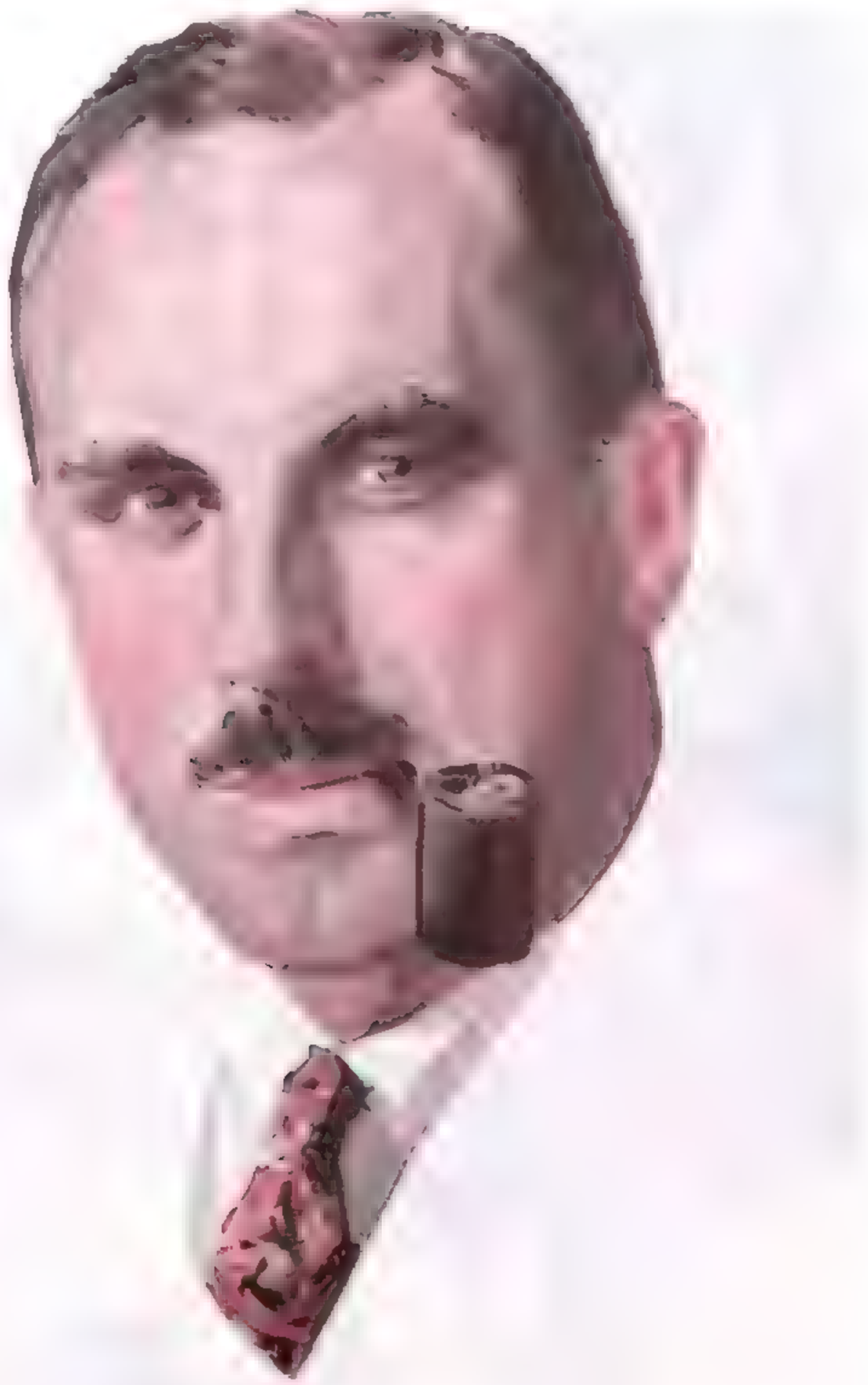
"Go on with you then!" Mary scolded. "And you know it is. If it wasn't for them glasses you'd be a sight for any man."

So they went to the elevator and down; and Emily May wore new color in her cheeks and looked very straight in front of her and was sure everyone was watching her. But the waiter who took their orders seemed to find nothing extraordinary in her appearance; and after a time the great confusion all about her cleared and she was able to perceive details, and then individuals.

She saw a young man at a table next theirs, against the wall. He was lunching with an older man, to whom he talked with a steady persistence. And Emily May saw him because he looked at her so long that she seemed to feel the weight of his regard. Without turning her head, she perceived that he was looking at her hair, and she wondered whether he thought it pretty. He was still talking to the older man, but his eyes were fixed, as though one intelligence dwelt behind their glance while another actuated his conversation. Then, abruptly, he met her eyes, and his own changed; they lost the light which had dwelt in them; they expressed something like surprised regret and his attention returned to his companion again.

Emily May was instantly furious and miserable. She read his thoughts so clearly. He had found her hair beautiful, but her eyes and her face had disappointed him. She hated him for this, and herself for disappointing him. Yet she realized at the same time that it would have been delightful if he had been pleased, for he was an attractive young man. There was a certain earnestness about him, yet he was not serious as Luther was; wore rather an eagerness, full at once of gayety and strength; she thought it might upon occasion be full of tenderness too. And while she waited for him to look at her again, and while she talked to Mary Brant as though nothing had occurred, she rearranged her eyes and her lips and the color in her cheeks, making herself beautiful against the time when he should once more look toward her—did all these things,

(Continued on Page 127)



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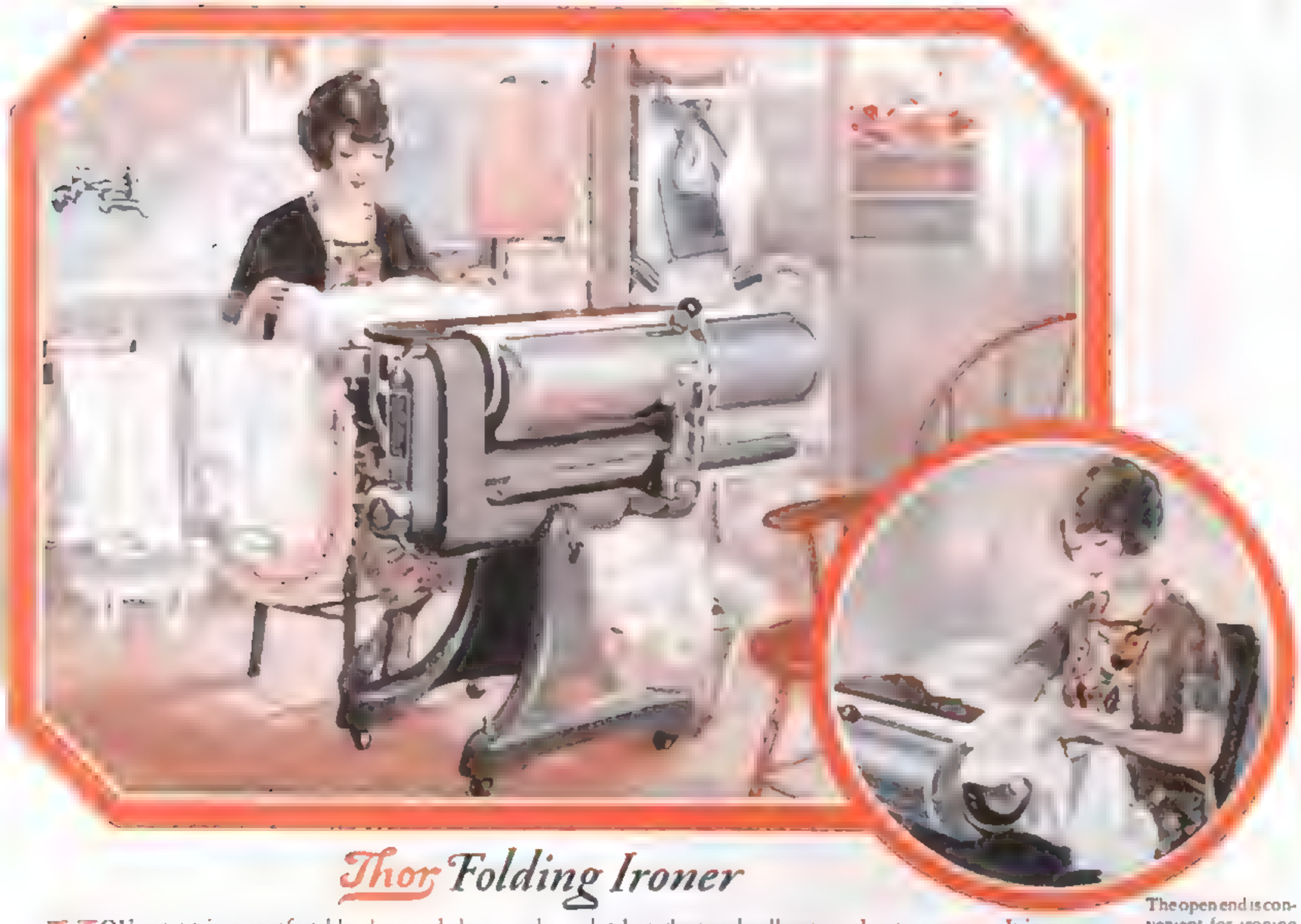

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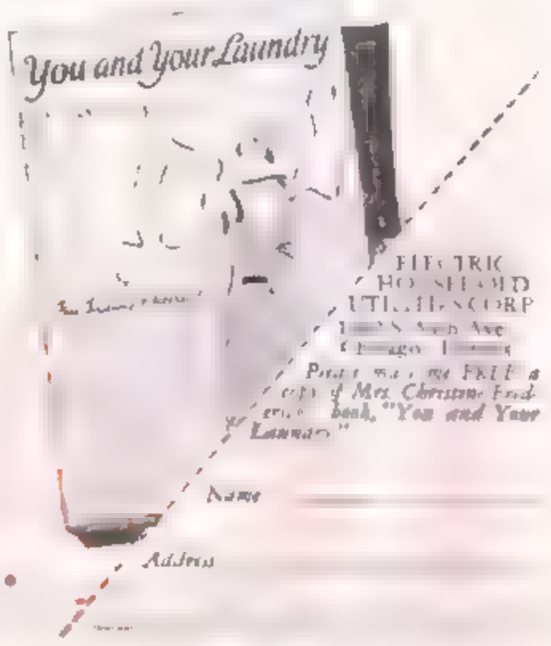

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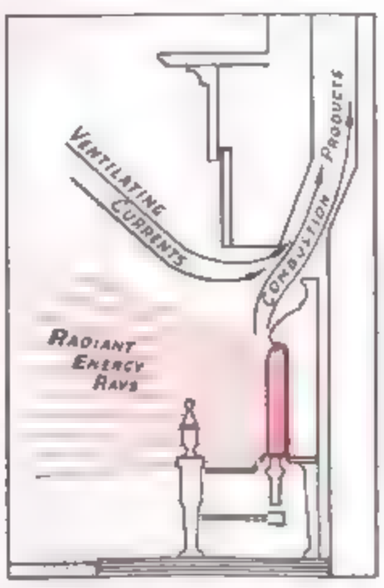

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The HUMPHREY

Radiantfire

(Continued from Page 122)

it should be understood, from within. It is not necessary in these matters to resort to adventitious aids, as every woman knows.

But this young man did not look at Emily May again; he rose at last with his companion and went out, passing their very table; and Emily May felt his glance rest for a moment on the top of her head. But there was no good in that, of course. He had already seen her hair.

Upstairs in her room with Mary afterward, she looked in the mirror, and she thought unhappily, "Well, I can't blame him. You're a dull little thing with those glasses." So she took the glasses off and her eyes assumed that bleak and empty look to be expected under the circumstances. But Emily May set her lips stubbornly. No matter how her eyes looked, if people disliked her glasses she would stop wearing them. They had been prescribed, three or four years before, at a time when she was doing a great deal of studying, to relieve a recurrent distress; but this distress had not since returned, and she might be able to do without them—except perhaps to read. At least she need not wear them all the time. So she put them aside now; and still she was not satisfied, and she said to Mary Brant, doubtfully, her head a little on one side, "Mary, do you think I need a little—color on my cheeks?"

Mary Brant raised her head with the quick, attentive motion of an astonished hen.

"Eh, then? You do not, my dear." She added quickly, "New clothes is what you need. I saw that young man my own self. It was that brown. You'd never ought to wear brown at all."

Emily May laughed a little, happily.

"My glasses, maybe," she suggested.

"Come away," said Mary. "There's a million shops and we ain't been in one of them yet. Come away."

So Emily May and Mary Brant went shopping; but first, of course, they had to go to the bank, and Emily May found that delightful; and she thrilled to the smooth, slightly greasy feeling of the crisp new bills; and she stroked the soft leather back of her neat little folding check book and wanted to purr like a cat. Then the shops opened enchanted doors before them; and when she and Mary Brant came back to the hotel late in the afternoon the little brown dress was gone forever, and the clerk looked at Emily May with a glance of astonished appreciation.

Emily May saw him and felt the color in her cheeks, and took very good care not to seem to know that he was looking at her; but she could not resist walking the length of the long lobby and back again, as though she had business there. Thus she felt other glances that ran through her veins in an intoxicating flood.

Upstairs in their rooms, she threw herself into Mary Brant's arms and then burst free again to dance around the room, and then sobered to regard herself in the mirror; and she cried to Mary, "But I don't look like the same person, Mary. I don't at all."

"Eh, it's pretty enough," Mary Brant agreed. "But wait till you see yourself in the blue one."

"And the velvet!" cried Emily May.

"And the satin!"

"And those wonderful stockings!"

"And the slippers with the buckles!"

"And everything!" cried Emily May.

Mary Brant smiled her neat little smile.

"They'll not look away from you again," she promised.

"I want everyone to look at me," Emily May confessed.

"There's some I'd as soon not," Mary reminded her. "They're bad ones"

"Bad ones and good ones," Emily May protested, in gay defiance. "I want them all to look at me and think I'm pretty as can be, and want to know me, and follow me, and make love to me."

"You'll have enough of that," Mary Brant prophesied; "enough of that before you're through."

Emily May was suddenly serious.

"Will they mean it, Mary Brant?" she cried wistfully. "Will they mean it? Or will they just be wanting what they see?"

"Maybe one will mean it," said Mary Brant gently.

"One's enough!" said Emily May. And she thought of the young man who had been disappointed with everything but her hair.

Next day there were floods of gay boxes and soft parcels and compact packages. And Emily May and Mary Brant were smothered in the great heap of discarded wrappings that littered the floor; and the closets filled, and the bureau drawers, and the trunks that came empty were soon as full as the closets.

But Emily May stayed more and more in her room, for she was beginning to be a little afraid. So many people looked at her, and some of them spoke to her in a way she did not like. Her plans had only run so far; she had not yet decided what next to do. But one early morning when she rose she went to her open window to look out into the pleasant square, and below there were folk just departing—two men in knickerbockers, a middle-aged woman and two girls no older than Emily May—in a great car, incredibly long and gray and glistening. There was luggage and golf bags and tennis rackets, and the voices all were laughing; and Emily May listened with all her ears.

When presently the great car wheeled and straightened out and glided smoothly away, Emily May turned and she ran into Mary Brant's room, and she cried to Mary, "Mary, Mary, we're going away!"

"Away?" Mary Brant protested, still abed and sleepy.

"We're going to the mountains," said Emily May; "to the Mount Hamilton. I've decided." Mary Brant's wig was awry and she straightened it carefully while Emily May bounced on the edge of the bed. "We'll get a car," said Emily May, "and a man to drive."

"A car, is it?" Mary Brant exclaimed. Her face drew long. "That goes into money, Emily May."

"You sound like Uncle Armen," said Emily May reproachfully.

"Spending money in reason I like," Mary Brant explained. "None can say different. But a car!"

"Wait till you see it," Emily May challenged.

"You've seen it then."

"It's ever so long," said Emily May, "and beautifully gray, and shiny all over. Get up, Mary Brant. We've a lot to do today."

She did not even know the name of the car, but she knew the door man who had sent off the parting guests that morning, and he was able to tell her. So—it was not yet ten o'clock—Emily May and Mary alighted from a taxicab at the salesroom, and Emily May went in, conscious that she looked very well indeed in soft gray, with white at throat and wrists, with a little gray hat on her head and madness in her veins. And a young man approached her, a businesslike young man with gray on his temples; but Emily May had already discovered her car upon the floor.

It stood sleek and sedate, long and gray, with doors and cowl outlined in black lines striped with cream; and there was a great deal of nickelplate about it; and the mirrors above the windshield glistened; and the top was down and tucked away behind; and under the wheel the instrument board was polished till it shone. Emily May walked around it, walked on tiptoe, holding her breath; and she stretched out her hand at last and touched the soft leather of the seat cushions; and at that the young man, who had been following her, said respectfully, "You like that car, miss?"

"Isn't it beautiful?" she asked, and he had to laugh at that.

"Why, of course, we think so," he agreed.

"Is it a good car?" she inquired. "I mean, I don't know anything about automobiles. But is it a good car?"

He was constrained by her honesty to honesty on his own account.

"There are others more expensive," he confessed. "And a custom job made to your own specifications might suit you better. But that's really a custom body, and we think it is about on a level with any car made."

"I want it," she said, half to herself; and then, remembering, she added, "I'll take it."

He smiled. "Well, we can make delivery in about three weeks," he told her.

She shook her head, suddenly in a panic.

"No, no, I want it today," she explained.

"This is a show car," he objected.

"Isn't it for sale?"

"Of course. But we like to keep a car here to show, and it's the only one here now."

She smiled at him.

"I know you can let me have it if you will," she told him. "And unless I can have it today, I'll have to get some other kind."

The young man hesitated, then he grinned.

"Wait a minute," he suggested. "I'll see."

And he turned away toward the rear of the great salesroom, where a dozen other young men sat behind desks, busy with large affairs. Mary Brant tugged at Emily May's arm.

"My dear, you haven't asked the price of it," she protested.

"I'm not going to," said Emily May. "I'm never going to ask the price of anything again."

Mary Brant sighed, but then she smiled and patted the girl's arm, and she made no further objection at all.

In the end, of course, Emily had her way. There would have to be number plates; a messenger was dispatched to the registry to fetch them. There were papers to sign, and Emily May signed. And there was a check to write, and when she heard the amount Emily May had a momentary qualm. She had to add up, very quickly, the stubs in her check book; and she found the margin that would be left over was small indeed—and a hotel bill to pay. But there was money in her pocketbook for that. So she made out the check, and reminded herself that she must write to Arthur Tuck at once to put more money in the bank for her. There was no hurry about that; she felt abruptly that she would not want to buy anything else for a long time—ever so long. She had, it seemed to her, everything she could possibly want to buy.

After the whole transaction was concluded Emily May said to the salesman, "Now I shall want a chauffeur."

The young man looked sorrowful.

"A chauffeur? I don't know of anyone ——"

"You can get me one, I'm sure," Emily May told him; "a good one, an old one," she added cautiously. "But a good driver."

He smiled. "I'll see if any of the others know anybody," he agreed, and he hurried away to the men behind the desks. Emily May turned her back on them, pretending not to know that they were all watching her appreciatively. But she was enjoying it just the same. And then, all of a sudden, she saw the young man again—the young man who had liked her hair but found her face disappointing. He had just come in from the street; and she began to tremble and to hope that he would turn and see her and remember her, and not be disappointed. But he went past without looking toward her, approached the rear of the room. So Emily May perversely turned away from him.

But Mary Brant said proudly, "There's the young man that didn't like your looks, my dear. Let him have a sight of you now."

Emily May shook her head.

"It's not the same one," she said. "I noticed him as he came in."

"Go on with you!" protested Mary Brant. "And your cheek like a rose at sight of him." She added quickly, "Get ready, my dear, they're bringing him over here." (Continued on Page 129)

A Running Mate *for the* Unbeatable Pen

The Conklin Endura Pencil is a fit companion for the Conklin Endura, the fountain pen that carries an *unconditional* and *perpetual* guarantee. The Conklin Endura pencil is of ample "easy-grip" size; it holds a lot of lead, and the operating mechanism is simple, sturdy, and positive. Bright gold tip and band enhance the rich beauty of its red, black, or mahogany barrel. Fitted with gold clip or ring—$3.50. Other Conklin pencils to match any Conklin pen, $1 and more.

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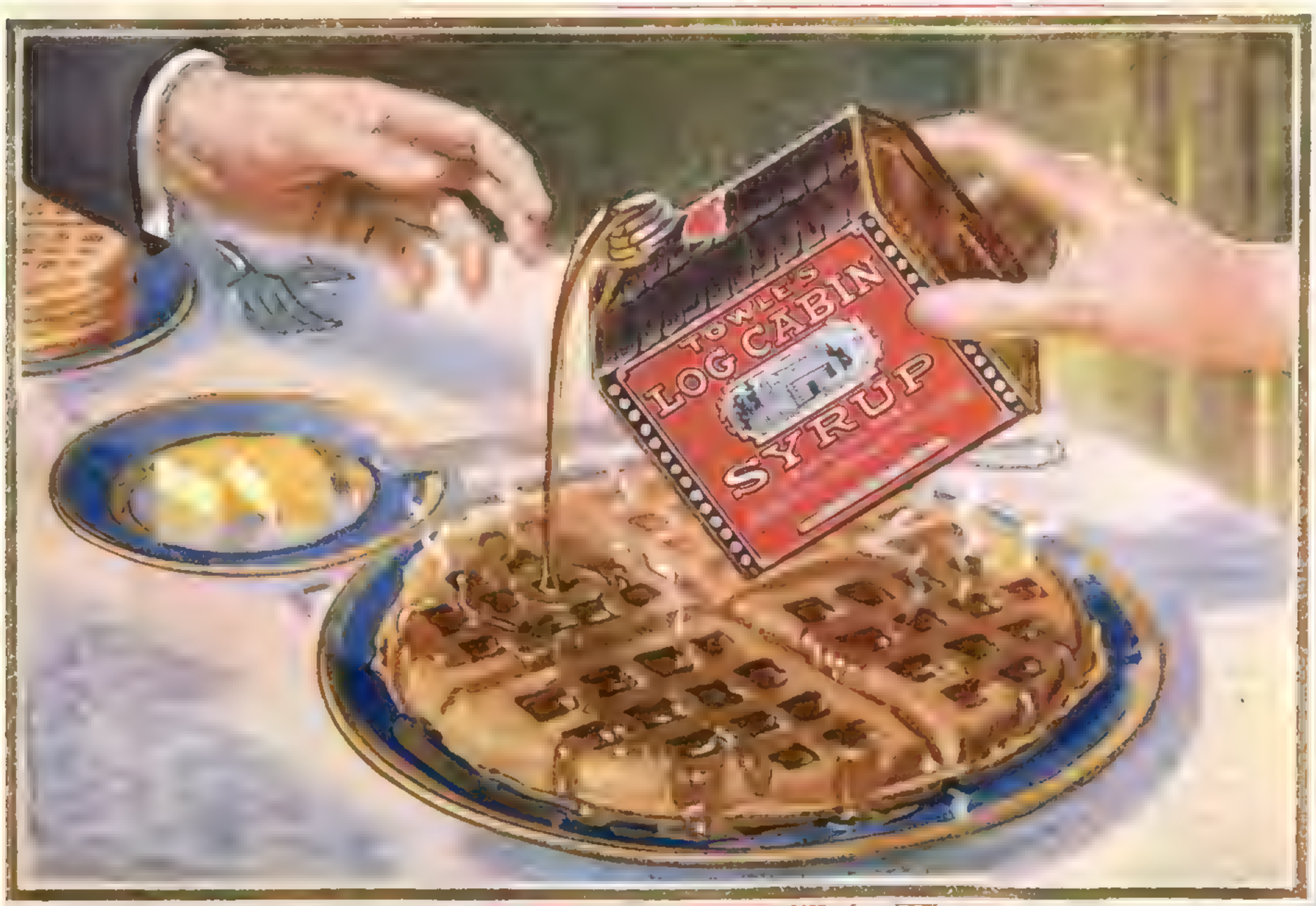

Here is the secret of my famous pancakes and waffles

By Mrs. . . . . .

"For many years I have had the reputation of making the finest pancakes and waffles in my neighborhood. Neighbors learned about it first because they saw my husband leaving home with a smile every morning, and asked me how I did it.

"(This is quite an accomplishment. For, as you know, a man is a trying thing in the morning.)

"I showed them how to make my light, fluffy, fragrant pancakes and waffles. Then I told them to use Log Cabin Syrup. For, after all, the finest pancakes are still 'flat as a pancake' without the right kind of syrup."

* * * *

That is why more than a million women today always use Log Cabin Syrup. Because it permeates the pancake or waffle and blends with it. Not just an added sweetness. But a *permeating* maple flavor that makes the taste of the pancake or waffle actually become the taste of the syrup. It adds new life.

Log Cabin Syrup is entirely different from any other. This different maple flavor is due to the Log Cabin blend. The two choicest kinds of maple—New England and Canadian—are blended with purest granulated sugar by the famous Towle process. A 40-year-old secret. That is why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world today.

Try at our risk

At breakfast tomorrow serve pancakes with Log Cabin Syrup. To the surprise and delight of your family. Try this at our risk.

If you do not find that it has a *permeating* maple flavor—*more delicious than any syrup you have ever tasted*—then return unused portion of can to us by parcel post. We will refund full price, including postage.

Log Cabin Syrup is equally delicious on French toast—fried mush—hot or cold cereals—and a hundred other delightful dishes.

Order Log Cabin Syrup from your grocer today. If he does not have it, send us his name. We will see that you are supplied at once. Try this test today.

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
St. Paul, Minn.—the center of North America

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Towle's LOG CABIN Syrup

(Continued from Page 127)

Emily May looked desperately right and left, and she wished to flee. But before she could move, the salesman stood at her elbow, smiling with pleasure.

"You're in luck," he told her. "This gentleman happened to hear me say that you wanted a chauffeur."

The other met her eyes.

"I know a good man," he said pleasantly. "He drove my father for twelve years. I can get him for you if you like."

Emily May could hardly speak.

"Please do," she said. Then added desperately, trying to play her part, "I will interview him."

The young man bowed. "I'll have him bring the car to your hotel," he suggested. "He should be there in an hour or so."

"Please do," she directed, herself again, her tone cool and assured; and she smiled upon them both. "Thank you," she added, turned to Mary Brant. "Come," she said. "We must go."

"Can I run you down in my car?" the young man suggested.

Emily May shook her head.

"Thank you, no; we have a cab," she explained.

So he came to hand her into the taxi, and he lifted his hat in farewell, stood there a moment while they drove away.

"Well, I guess he wasn't disappointed that time," said Mary Brant, with a triumphant sigh.

Emily May made her voice ever so cool.

"He was very courteous," she agreed.

Mary smiled her dry smile.

"With his eyes sticking out like a lobster's," she amended.

"They didn't!" protested Emily May.

The chauffeur pleased them. His name, he told Emily May, was Draper; and she bade him bring the car to the door in the morning.

"We're driving up to the Mount Hamilton," she explained.

So next morning they departed, Draper austerely under the wheel, Emily May and Mary Brant at ease behind. Some of their hand luggage Draper had expertly packed about their feet, the rest would go forward by express.

And they rode all that day, at a pace smooth and easeful.

"Have to humor her till she's broken in," Draper explained apologetically. "Thousand miles or so."

"I like going slow," said Emily May.

Early in the afternoon the blue mountains began to appear before them, lifting against the sky; and they drew nearer, and bright lakes lay now on this side of the road and now on that, and now and then they crossed a silver stream. Vacation folk were here abroad; the roads were full of cars whose running boards carried bags and luggage.

"But none so beautiful as mine," thought Emily May.

Now and then they passed tent camps beside the road; and at last they plunged into a wood of birch and beech and oak, and the road wound through the dappling golden sunshine. And they began to climb and came out presently before a great hostelry perched high in a mountain bowl, peaks rising against the sky across the valley. Emily May had, as they passed, a glimpse of a girl, tall and dark, in a flowing cloak which only half concealed the fact that she wore bathing dress, that her limbs were warmly bronze. And Emily May remembered with sudden panic that she had purchased no bathing costume, and she planned to remedy the oversight at once upon arrival at their destination. She could swim rather well, and Emily May was already learning the wisdom of making the most of what abilities you have.

She would order the suit from Boston, she thought; and this reminded her of other letters she must write; to Arthur Tuck, so that he might replenish her bank account; and to Luther Hillis, to warn him that he could not expect her return at the fortnight's end. She remembered Luther a little wistfully.

Late in the afternoon they drew up at last before the Mount Hamilton, and Emily May caught her breath at its vastness. A city under a single roof, and behind it the level intervale; and beyond, the mountains, like a towering wall against the sky. She went dazedly through the preliminaries of establishment here; but when she came to register and saw "New York" and "New York" over and over in the residence column where other guests had signed, she thought that they would expect her to know people whom they knew. So she wrote, desperately, "Los Angeles," because that was so far away that she was quite sure no one would appear to embarrass her.

The clerk, looking at her signature, said curiously, "Los Angeles?"

"Yes," Emily May assured him, trying very hard to keep her voice cool, and succeeding well enough so that he asked no further questions. But when she turned away to follow the bell boy he watched her with a great deal of interest, a puzzled look in his eyes, as though he were trying to remember where he had seen her before. But Emily May was unconscious of this; she found herself presently in her room, secure, with Mary Brant in the most matter-of-fact way unpacking the bags.

Emily May let Mary do this; herself sat by her window, watching the shadows cross the flank of the mountains beyond the valley. Beneath her window the approach drive wound up to the hotel, and as she sat there, cars came and went. And sometimes she looked down at them, wondering who the people were who came here, and whether she would know them all in time, and what they would think of her.

So, suddenly, she saw a familiar figure. A smart car, driven by a man alone, the man unmistakable.

And Emily May called breathlessly, "Mary!"

"It's time you dressed to go down to dinner," said Mary Brant.

Emily hesitated, then flung to her feet with shining face.

"Quick, Mary!" she bade. "Make me pretty as I can be. He's here."

III

HE WAS not in the dining room when she and Mary went downstairs. Emily May saw this in her first glance as she approached the great doors, and even before the head waiter caught her eye and bowed before her, and ushered her to a table in the very middle of the great room. The man drew out her chair and seated Emily May as though she were a princess in disguise. She got a thrilling pleasure from this, and it touched her sense of humor, too, so that she leaned across the table to whisper to Mary Brant, "He'd never have treated me so a week ago."

"It's the clothes that get the men," said Mary Brant with tolerant cynicism.

"But it's loads of fun," Emily May reminded her, and her eyes strayed around the room again. She was a little surprised to find how often, in this journeying, her eyes met other eyes turned in her direction. Emily May had learned what it is like to be looked at, and she understood quite well that she was worth looking at tonight. But so many people were watching her, and so shamelessly—not only men but women, too—that she was vaguely disturbed, and dropped her eyes to the menu which the waiter had placed in her hands.

"If I didn't know a little French, we'd starve to death," she told Mary Brant as her glance ran down the column.

Mary Brant sniffed. "I'm hoping the victuals ain't as dressed up as their names," she agreed. "You pick out something for me, my dear." And a moment later she added under her breath, "There he comes now—him and another man."

Emily May froze like a frightened bird; she moved not so much as a muscle, but the back of her neck prickled, and her shoulder blades crawled, and she felt suddenly cold. Then she heard a chair drawn out somewhere behind her, quite near; and then his voice.

"How about further down the room, waiter? If you don't mind."

Mary Brant whispered, "He's seen you. That's why. He wouldn't be set behind your back." And then he passed their table, without looking down; and presently he and his companion were seated three or four tables off, directly in front of Emily May. Emily May did not lift her eyes from the card, and even Mary Brant kept eyes front, made no move to turn her head. But she asked softly, "Where is he?"

Emily May made no reply, but Mary Brant saw the color in her cheeks. Even though she did not look toward him, Emily May had seen the young man, in the act of unfolding his napkin, look ever so casually about the room; had seen his eyes check and rest on her face as though he were ready to answer her slightest nod. But she held her glance perversely down for as long as she could, till she understood that he would not look away till he caught her eye. So at last she yielded.

Instantly he smiled, nodded; and spoke apologetically to his companion; and so rose and came toward their table, bowing over them.

"Do you think I'm following you?" he asked smilingly.

"Are you?" Emily May countered; and at that he laughed, and said honestly:

"Matter of fact, I am. Draper told me you were coming up here; and I was wondering where I'd come for this week-end, so I tagged along. Fine here, isn't it?"

"It's my first time," said Emily May.

"Draper behave himself?" he inquired.

"He's fine."

"Good man," he agreed. "How do you like the car?"

"It's beautiful," she assured him, enthusiasm in her tones.

"There'll be dancing after dinner," he said hurriedly, glancing back toward the table where his companion, an older man, still sat. "Mind if I look you up? I don't know whether they told you my name. I'm Douglas Riddle."

"I may go to my room," said Emily May—"after the long drive."

He smiled eagerly. "You won't feel tired when the music starts," he assured her, drew away. "I'll come and find you," he promised, and nodded and went back to his table again. And in spite of herself, Emily May's eyes followed him as he went; and Mary Brant looked at her with her wise thin smile.

He sat down facing them once more and caught her eyes turned toward him; and he smiled at that, so that Emily May realized what she was doing and let her glance pass on around the room. She realized then that more and more people were watching her; and she saw by their manner, by the fashion in which here and there one leaned toward another for a whispered word, that they were talking about her. She said as much to Mary Brant.

"Why, do you suppose?" she asked, faintly frightened. "It makes me feel like an impostor."

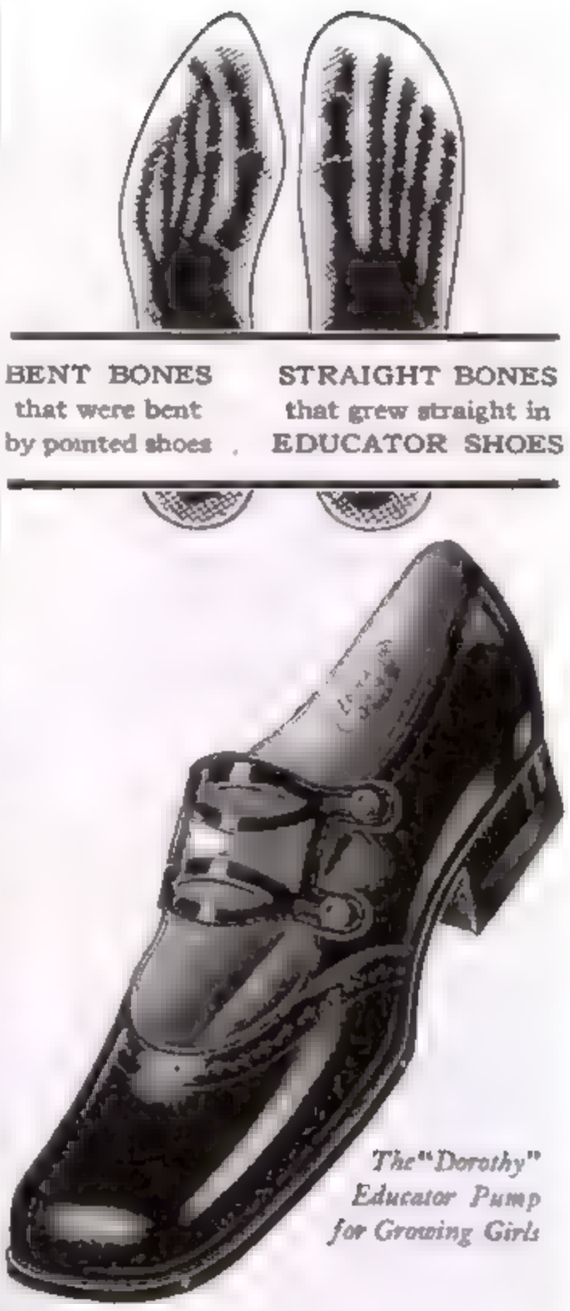
Mary Brant smiled proudly. "You're better worth looking at than anyone in the room, that's why," she replied.

That reassured Emily May.

"But I don't think that's it," she protested. "They act as though they had a right to stare at me. Is there anything wrong with me, Mary Brant?"

"You're too pretty to be let loose," Mary Brant replied.

"If there was anything wrong, they'd be laughing at me," Emily May decided. "And they're not doing that." She became conscious that the waiter hovered at her elbow, and so gave her attention to the business of ordering dinner, while he scribbled attentively upon his pad. A party of four, who had finished dining, passing out of the room, went out of their way to skirt her table, and she felt the burden of their eyes, and after they were gone, heard their whispers without catching what they said. She was immensely confused, but found this pleasant too.



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He may saw a lot, or only a little. He may work with clear, dry lumber. Or he may run into a job where he'll want to cut heavy green wood. Probably he'll do both.

Anyhow, if he needs a saw at all, he needs a saw that *cuts*.

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He trained his own saw-makers, developed his own steel, made a saw that cut well enough to build the world's greatest saw business.

For no blade takes and holds an edge like Disston Steel. No saw cuts so easily, for none is tapered and balanced like the Disston.

And Disston master-craftsmen smith and file it to cut true—"The Saw Most Carpenters Use."

Get yourself a saw that will cut under all sawing conditions. Say "Disston" to any hardware dealer.

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DISSTON

She and Mary Brant lingered, eating leisurely. This was not design on the part of Emily May; she did not consciously plan to stay in the dining room till Douglas Riddle should have gone. Nevertheless, her strategy, though unconscious, was good. If she had been the first to leave the room she must have seemed to wait for him outside; but before she and Mary were done he and his companion went out, and he caught Emily May's eye with a smile and a nod, as though to assure her he would be waiting.

She realized then the error she had escaped, and gasped to Mary Brant, "Mercy, I'm glad we ate slowly!"

"If you'd gone first, he'd have been after you in no time," Mary Brant assured her.

"I haven't danced a dozen times in my life," Emily May reminded her. "I'm an awful fraud, and he's sure to find me out."

The old woman shook her head wisely.

"You'll have no trouble at that, my dear," she assured Emily May. "It's just a matter of looking up at him and smiling, and he'll never know whether you dance well or no."

"You really think so?"

"No sensible young man with his arm around you is going to care whether you keep step or not," said Mary Brant.

Emily May laughed softly.

"I hope he's not too sensible," she confessed. "I ran away from a sensible young man."

When by and by they rose to leave the dining room, the head waiter and their own waiter combined to escort them to the door, and a little whisper followed them.

Mary heard one woman say to the man with her, "I've heard that's really her name!"

And a little farther on, near the doorway, she heard another snatch of conversation. Two girls, sisters apparently, with an elderly couple who were perhaps their father and mother, sat there; and one of the sisters murmured, "But she has long hair!"

And the other retorted, "Silly! She probably has simply dozens of wigs."

Emily May, for all her innocence of guile, was neither without wit nor wisdom; and she felt quite sure these people were talking about her. She began to wonder what their meaning was. Yet though her thoughts were busy with this puzzle, her countenance was calm enough. When she and Mary Brant emerged into the great lobby young Riddle, waiting somewhere near, saw them and came up from one side and spoke to Emily May.

"The music's begun," he reminded her.

Emily May hesitated, not because she was reluctant, but so that she might steady her breath.

"Once, perhaps," she agreed, smiling up at him. And turned to Mary Brant. "You needn't wait for me, Mary," she told the little old woman. "I expect you're tired. And I shall be up very soon."

"I'll fetch you down a scarf," said Mary Brant, "if you're going to be dancing."

"Do," Riddle agreed. "I don't want her to go upstairs too soon." And he caught Mary Brant's eye and smiled as though there were an understanding between them. But Mary, whatever she may have thought, looked at him with the utmost gravity before she turned away.

"Is she a dragon?" Riddle asked Emily May, leading her toward the broad verandas where the orchestra this night was stationed. "Do you mind dancing out here? It's warm tonight."

"Not a very fearful one," Emily May assured him. "She's really my oldest friend. Oh!"

This last was more a heartbeat than a word; for they had come out upon the veranda, and since the music was at pause, had crossed to its rail so that they could look out from it across the moon-drenched intervale to the mountains like a wall against the sky.

"Oh!" she whispered again.

"Great, isn't it?" he agreed. "There's a brook over yonder beyond the first tee, with a path along the bank. . . . I'm glad she's fetching your scarf. . . . I'd like to take you along there after a dance or two. I don't know anything prettier anywhere."

Emily May smiled at him—smiled with her eyes and with her lips and with the freshening color in her cheeks; the sort of smile in which there is no coquetry at all in the strict sense of the word, but in which rather dwells the most powerful of all charms, the frank acknowledgment of liking. A blind man in Douglas Riddle's place would have known Emily May liked him, and this young man was far from blind. There were a good many things he wanted to say and might have said, but the music began, and instead of speaking he held out his arms and Emily May, to the music's beat, swayed into them.

She made, in the first half circuit of the floor, a mistake or two; failed to understand what he meant to do, and so felt awkward and humiliated. There was a curious little stiffness in her movements, like a resistance, which made it difficult to guide her. And she was frightened at her own ineptitude; and then she remembered what Mary Brant had said, so the next time things went wrong she looked up and smiled at him, and his steps quickened so abruptly that for a moment he was out of time and had to discipline himself back into accord with the music again. Emily May knew that error was not her fault, so she kept on smiling and looking up at him, and she found this rather pleasant, so that before she knew it she had forgotten herself and forgotten the music, till her body and her limbs responded to it unconsciously. The result he found intoxicating.

When the music stopped, while he applauded, Mary Brant came to Emily's side with her scarf, and then disappeared again as the strains from the orchestra were resumed. Emily May remembered her a moment later and looked to see where she had gone. Mary Brant had disappeared, but Emily May in this glance saw that everyone was watching her, and that embarrassed her, so that she decided she must talk to her partner.

"You've been here before?" she asked.

He nodded, smiling. "Yes, it's on my regular beat," he confessed; and she asked accusingly, "Who did you follow up here the other times?"

That made him laugh aloud. "Matter of fact," he confessed, "I was joking when I said that. I came up to see the chap I dined with. He's a golf hound; just knocks around hotels the year round and plays golf, but I had to see him on business. Draper did tell me where you were coming, but I was headed here anyway."

He paused, looking over his shoulder; and Emily May saw that someone had touched his arm on that side. Riddle shook his head

"No, we're finishing this," he said.

Emily May caught a glimpse of the other man; a tall fellow, rather old, she thought; and she did not like his eyes or the small mustache he wore.

"Who was that?" she asked.

"Name's Jasper," he replied briefly. "Wanted to cut in. You don't want to dance with him."

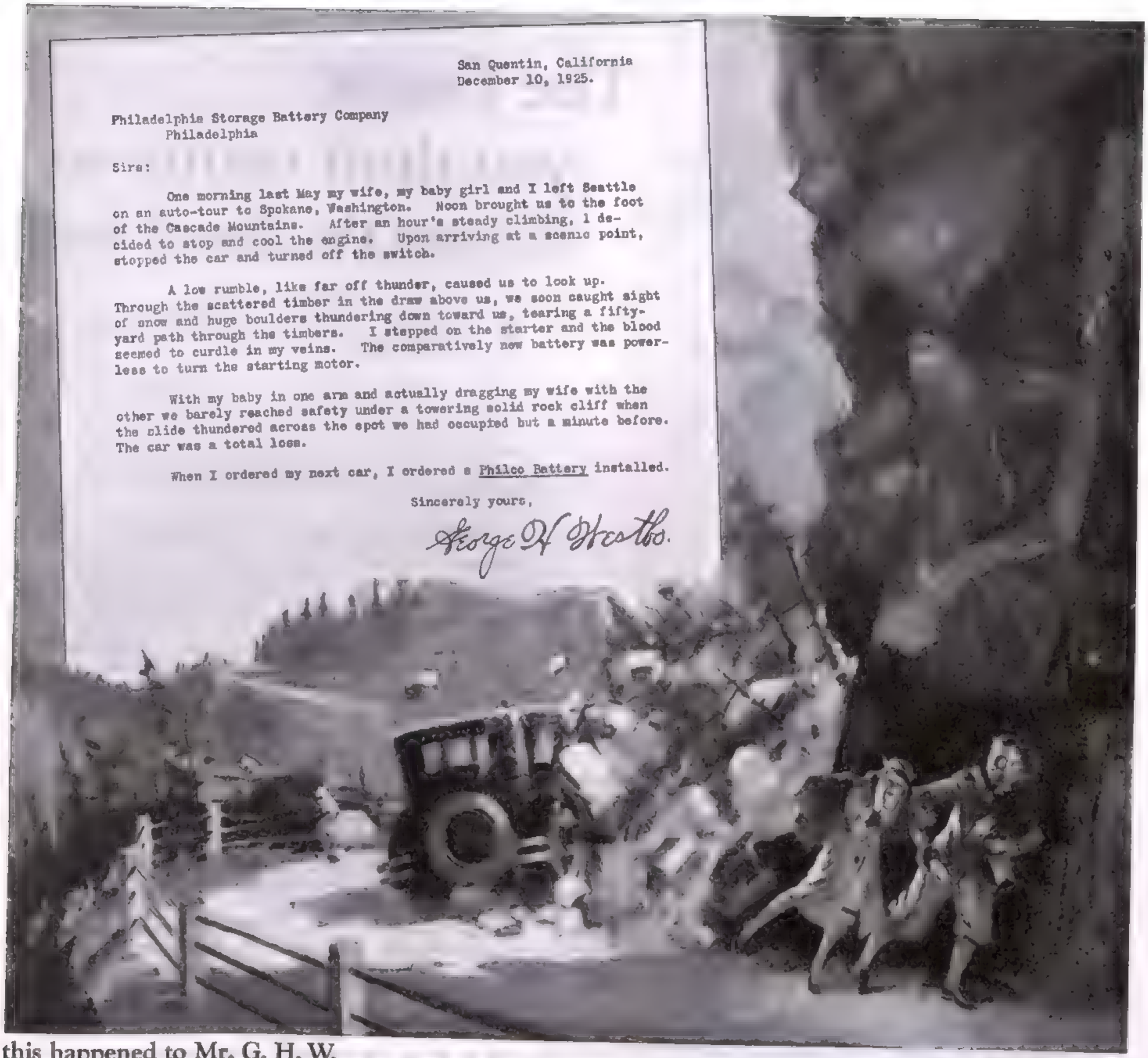
"I don't even know him," Emily May exclaimed.

"That wouldn't bother him," Douglas assured her. The music stopped again, and he swung her toward the veranda steps. "Let's get out of sight till it starts again," he suggested. "I want you to myself tonight. May I?"

"I don't know anyone here but you," she replied. The words were little in themselves, but the tone in which she said them added, "Nor do I wish to." He laughed with a little catch in his breath.

"We'll duck then," he agreed.

They went around the corner of the hotel and saw cars parked there, and there were people in some of them. So on across the tennis courts; and there young folk who had been dancing to the remote strains of the music now stood around by twos and fours. *(Continued on Page 133)*



San Quentin, California
December 10, 1925.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company
Philadelphia

Sirs:

One morning last May my wife, my baby girl and I left Seattle on an auto-tour to Spokane, Washington. Noon brought us to the foot of the Cascade Mountains. After an hour's steady climbing, I decided to stop and cool the engine. Upon arriving at a scenic point, stopped the car and turned off the switch.

A low rumble, like far off thunder, caused us to look up. Through the scattered timber in the draw above us, we soon caught sight of snow and huge boulders thundering down toward us, tearing a fifty-yard path through the timbers. I stepped on the starter and the blood seemed to curdle in my veins. The comparatively new battery was powerless to turn the starting motor.

With my baby in one arm and actually dragging my wife with the other we barely reached safety under a towering solid rock cliff when the slide thundered across the spot we had occupied but a minute before. The car was a total loss.

When I ordered my next car, I ordered a Philco Battery installed.

Sincerely yours,

George H Heath.

this happened to Mr. G. H. W.

—and then he got his Philco!

Tremendous SURPLUS POWER for quick, never-failing starts! OVER-SIZE capacity for steady, white-hot ignition and brilliant, road-flooding lights!

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The new *Drynamic* Philco has SUPER power because it does not have the usual power-reducing diaphragms between the plates. Even with the famous Diamond-Grid Plates, Philco Retainers and a two-year guarantee, it costs you no more than just an ordinary battery.

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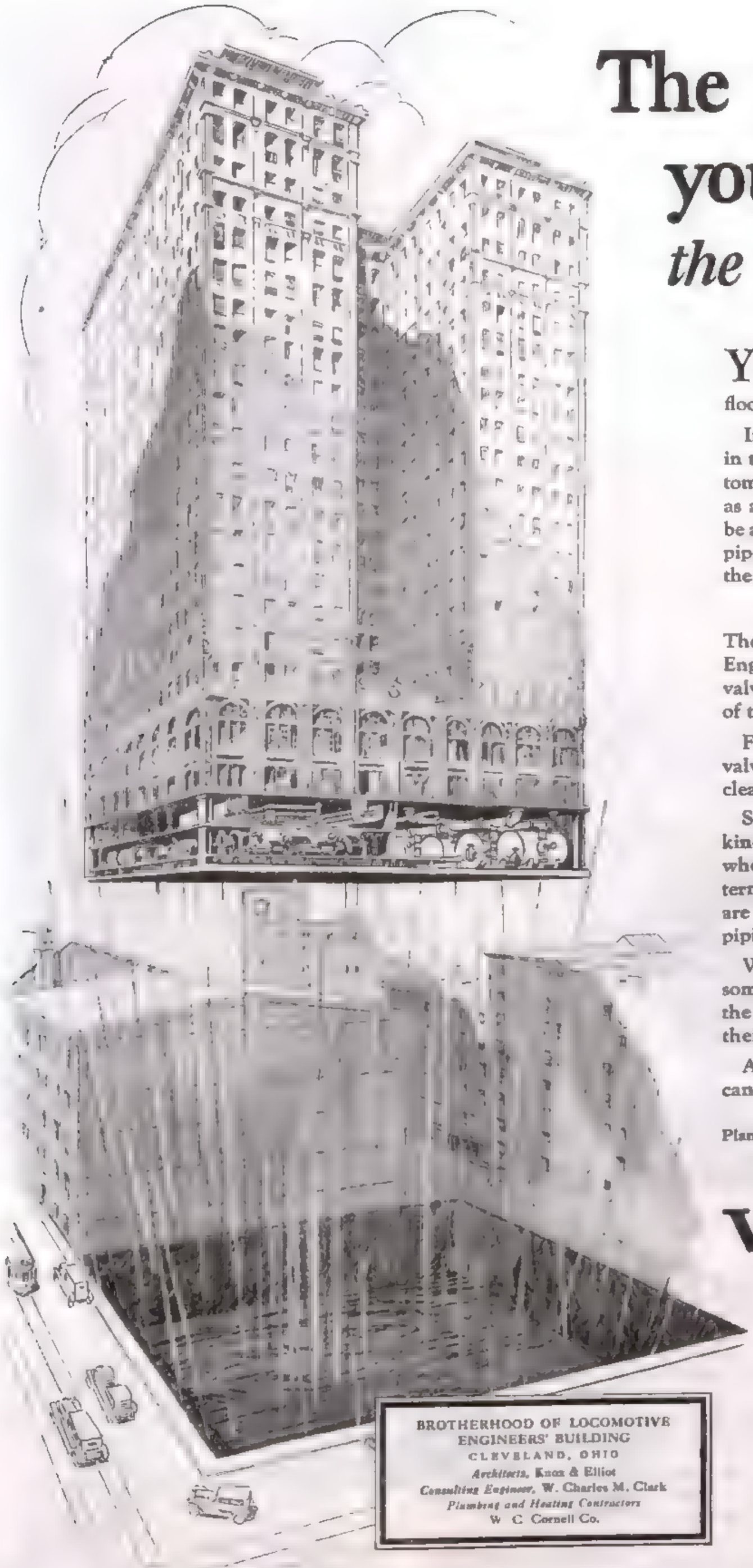

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The floors you don't count—*are the ones that count most*

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Whatever You Build
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(Continued from Page 130)

"You'll be warm enough?" he asked her.

"Surely will," she promised.

"Probably you'd rather dance," he confessed.

"I—like this," she replied.

So they found the path he knew, and came to the little brook babbling in the moonlight over its gravel bed; and they walked on beside it, the hotel behind them in the moon, prickings of light in its windows and the lower floor ablaze. The night was so still that when the music played it came to them clearly; and once they stopped to dance, gravely and silently in the moonlight, on a putting green beside the brook; and he said with a little laugh, "This would raise a row. Spoiling their greens. We'd be disgraced for life."

She made no reply. In fact she evidenced during this hour together a persistent habit of silence, saying little; yet he did not find her dull or tiresome, for there was light in her eyes and in her smile, and her glance was as good as many words. Emily May did not know how much her silence told; she was very happy and she liked him and liked being with him, but she thought she was keeping this to herself, not letting him see. Only she tried very hard to be as beautiful as she could; and the result Douglas found faintly dizzying.

They turned back by and by, and he asked her if she would dance again, but she remembered the young man named Jasper and she was a little afraid of him, so she shook her head.

"I'm sorry," she confessed. "But I am a little tired."

"I've kept you out too long," he regretted. "But it's been worth it, hasn't it?"

"Yes," she confessed.

"And I'll see you tomorrow," he reminded her. "I'll have to play golf in the morning, but I'll look you up at lunch if I may. Care for a ride in the afternoon?"

"You mustn't let me interfere with your business," she warned him; but she so desperately hoped that he would let her come before his business and all his own concerns that her eyes were shining and her lips parted and her cheeks were flushed and warm. The young man started to reply, but he had to wait a moment and swallow hard before he could speak quietly.

"It's quite all right," he told her. "I'll do my business on the golf course. In the afternoon we'll ride down to the Notch."

She thought of her beautiful car with a thrill of pleasure.

"I'll tell Draper," she said, with a little pride.

"Let's take my car," he urged. "I'll teach you to drive. Unless you want to take your maid along."

She knew he must want her to himself, so this suggestion seemed to her astonishingly generous and disinterested, and she liked him more and more.

"No, we'll go in your car," she agreed.

They had come to the hotel by this time; and since the veranda was filled with dancers, they also danced half around its circumference till they came to the inner door and so passed in and to the elevator.

She turned to him there, said softly, "Good night, then."

"Look here," he urged, "you won't change your mind and stay downstairs a while? It's such a great night." Caught himself even while she was on the point of yielding. "I oughtn't to bother you, though. Tomorrow, then. Good night, Miss Carter."

She stepped into the elevator.

"Good night," she repeated; and as the door closed she wondered why he had called her Miss Carter. Then laughed softly to herself. "He couldn't read my writing on the register, I expect," she decided. "And he didn't hear my name in Boston." The cage stopped at her floor and she nodded to the operator and went down the hall toward her door.

Mary Brant, she found, must have gone to bed, but before doing so she had turned down Emily May's coverlet.

She did not disturb Mary, but went quietly about the business of getting ready for the night, removing her garments with an affectionate care. Her pajamas were still so novel an experience that she derived from them an astonishing sense of daring and adventure. She was reluctant to have this day end in sleep, as though afraid such another day would never come again; and she sat for a while on the couch by the moonlit window, her arms about her knees, her eyes drifting off across the valley.

She was thinking of Douglas, but suddenly and for no particular reason she remembered Luther Hillis guiltily. She had promised to write to him, and she crossed contritely to the desk and switched on the electric light there and took stationery from the pigeonhole. She must tell Luther that she would not be home at the end of the two weeks he had allotted her, and that she was not coming home for quite a while. She thought she might not go back to East Harbor at all, but there was no need of telling Luther that.

As she wrote, because she was more and more sorry for him and anxious to make him what amends she could, she told him a great deal about herself. Told him, in fact, about everything except Douglas and the car; for Luther would, she felt sure, disapprove of both of them most heartily. But she did speak of the amusing fact that at the hotel in Boston they had thought her name was Cotter and that they thought it Carter here.

"I never could write so that anyone could read," she confessed. "But it's loads of fun, like being a princess incognito or something." She remembered then that the people here thought she was someone of importance or interest, and she considered that fact for a while speculatively. But there was no reason for telling Luther. So she merely added, "Probably you'll not be able to read this at all. But I guess you can make it out if you try." And she signed herself, "Your friend, Emily May Cutter," printing the last name and putting after it three exclamation points. "So you'll know who I am," she added in parentheses below.

When the letter was done she sat for a moment looking at it, feeling much better about Luther, now that she had kept her promise to him. It did not occur to her that she might be wise to write also to Arthur Tuck, and report to him the depleted state of her bank account. In fact, she did not think of Arthur at all as she stamped Luther's letter and drew on the flimsy negligee which Mary Brant had left across the foot of the bed and went into the hall to drop the letter down the chute there.

She had written Luther on the hotel stationery, so that he would know where she was, but this did not seem to Emily May of any consequence. She forgot, or perhaps merely underrated, the stubborn persistence of that serious young man.

When she came back to her room she allowed the door to close with a little slam, and instantly from Mary Brant's room came the old woman's voice, "Is that you, Emily May?"

Emily May went to the door and looked in.

"Yes, Mary," she said softly. "Sorry I woke you, dear."

Mary Brant switched on her bed light and sat up, adjusted her wig. There was a twinkle in her eyes.

"Emily May, do you know who they think you are?" she demanded. "A man come up and spoke to me downstairs."

"Think I am?" Emily May echoed.

"They think you're a moving-picture actress," said Mary Brant triumphantly, "that's who."

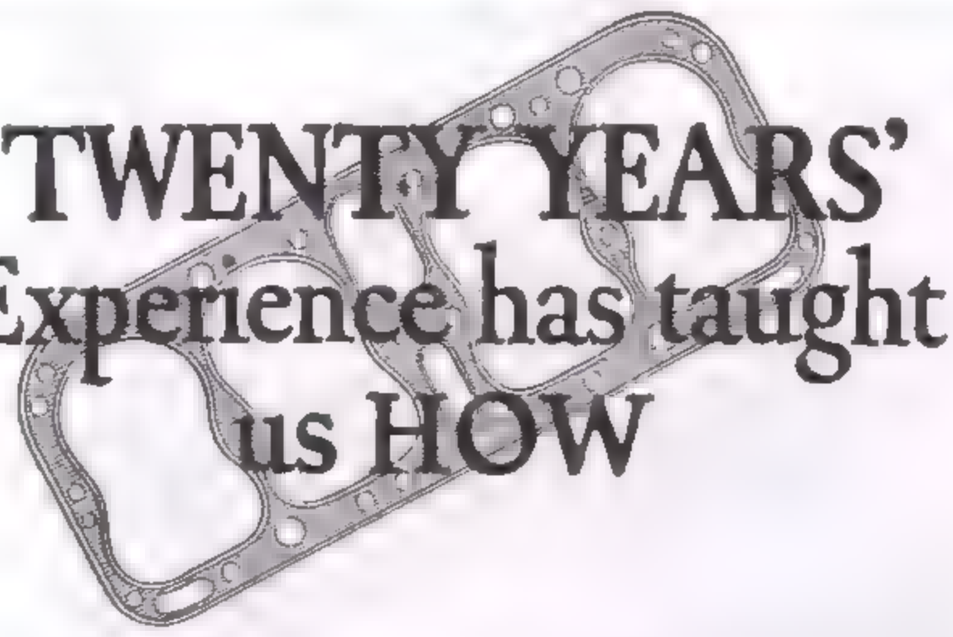
"But—why? Why?" Emily May stammered, startled and afraid.

"You're pretty, and you registered from Los Angeles," the old woman told her. "That was enough for them."

Emily May began to laugh, but she was frightened too.

"But, Mary," she cried, "what in the world are we going to do?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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WILLIE CHEATHAM LOOKS AT THE SENATE

(Continued from Page 15)

gets by with everthing just fine, as a vice president is supposed to keep still and listen to the Senators argue, and not open his mouth except when it is necessary in presiding: as to state a question or to decide something. And when much thinking is needed, to think up what a vice president should say. Mr. Crockett the reading clerk and parlimentarian either tells the vice president or helps him think up what he should say.

"Mr. Coolidge speaks loud and distinctly so the things he does announce are usually heard in all parts of the chamber. That is another requirement of a good vice president. So really the vice president isn't meant to be anything but an ornament for the Senate Chamber, and as Mr. Coolidge isn't at all ugly he makes a very nice ornament. Sitting still and listening always seems easy for Vice President Coolidge to do.

"Vice President Coolidge never bails out us pages, for he never has that much to say. Most Senators snap their fingers when they want a page, but Vice President Coolidge either claps his hands or calls at us. I guess he can't snap his fingers.

"This Christmas, V. P. Coolidge not only didn't scold us but he kept up the custom started by Vice President Marshall, by giving the pages a nice big dinner, and he even had his picture taken on the front steps of the Senate Wing with us pages standing around him. This picture was published in a Geographical magazine. So he received a lot of publicity by having his picture taken with us.

"We ate on a T-shaped table with the V. P. sitting at the head. The dinner was good. About six of the older boys had prepared short speaches to say after the dinner. But Vice President Coolidge finished eating long ahead of us and said he was sorry, but he couldn't wait to hear our speaches. It seems funny that he didn't wait and listen to the pages, when he can't listen to us speak but once a year, for we don't give him the chance of listening to us any oftener like the Senators do. Well, anyway we had a nice audience, for Mrs. Coolidge stayed to hear the pages' speaches. Tom King had a snappy speach. I guess V. P. Coolidge was sorry he missed them when Mrs. Coolidge told him about them."

Willie's Favorite Senators

Later on Willie grows very eloquent in his praise of Coolidge, but at the time the famous taciturnity of what he calls the V. P. evidently hurt. But President Coolidge has no small talk; never has had and never will. And he has, too, what few people suspect in him—a sort of boyish shyness.

But to return, to our senators:

"Senator Smoot is one of the pillars of his party and what he says generally goes. But he speaks so low you want to yell 'Louder' at him so you can hear what he is trying to put across or prevent. After he has talked with a lot of Tarrif experts he can say more about the Tarrif than any one I ever heard."

I have always wanted to spell tariff that way myself, personally.

"I am on speaking terms officially with Senator Wadsworth, but personally we are not very well acquainted. I suppose I don't know how to approach him or he has never noticed anything attractive about me.

"Senator McNary is a very nice sort of man to us pages. He is full of jokes. The first time he sees a new page he will tell him to find Senator Sorghum and tell him Senator Spivinsky wants to see him. Then when the page can't find Senator Sorghum and is good and nervous, Senator McNary will point out some Senator and say, 'Why, there's Senator Sorghum now. You'll never make a good page.' And the page rushes off and tells the Senator that Senator Spivinsky wants to see him, and everybody laughs. We hardly ever take anything serious that Senator McNary says to us.

"Senator Pepper is especially nice to us when we need base ball equipment. One summer he bought us a catchers mitt and mask, three nice big white canvas bases and a bat and several balls. This enabled us to have a fairly good ball team. And on top of that, Senator Pepper got permission for the pages to use a part of the capitol grounds for a diamond. And then he and Senator Harrison came out on the grounds and played ball with us. Not many great men would take up their valuable time doing such things.

"Senator J. Thomas Heflin is very friendly with the pages, and we pages delight to get to hear some of the jokes he tells to the Senators. He is the best joke teller and impersonater in the Senate. Senator Heflin looks like a Senator, too, with his great big white vest and long stiff white cuffs and large black bow tie. His favorite words in a speach are, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.'"

Looking the Part

"Senator Borah is ever so nice and friendly with me. He always speaks friendly and offers to do me a favor or to help me get a job during the summer months when the Senate is not in session. But Senator Borah has been way ahead of the style, for he has been getting boyish bob haircuts for a number of years, even before the young flappers began doing so. He doesn't seem to be very strong for the World Court. I guess he thinks our Supreme Court is good enough. Senator Borah is never caught napping, for he always has a good reply to anything that is said to him or about him by other Senators.

"Senator Robinson is a good scout and he is plenty good and feiry. But I guess the minor party needs some firing up now and then. Senator Robinson wants us to do things for him quickly, and as perfectly as possible. He makes a fine leader, he lets nothing escape his attention. Dusty had to take care of Senator Robinson's desk last year, and as no one is allowed to have it but an old boy, I am afraid I will have to have it when the Senate convenes next."

But Willie's real love is Senator Overman.

"When Senator Overman walks around, visitors at the Capitol look at him and say, 'There's a man who is my idea of what a Senator ought to look like.' And he is just as kind to us boys and every one else as he is good looking. Senator Overman is friendly with every one, and he always takes time to see everybody who comes to the Capitol to see him, no matter who they may be or what they may want.

"Today Senator Overman told this story. He said when he was a young man he was private secretary to Gov. Zeb Vance of North Carolina. At that time the Govenor had a political enemy or oponent, who was Judge Merrimon of North Carolina. Senator Overman says that he had fallen in love with Judge Merrimon's daughter and was going to marry her, but he was afraid to tell the Govenor about it. So he finally told the Govenor what he was going to do, and said, 'I guess you will want me to resign from being your Secretary.' Govenor Vance laughed and said, 'If Judge Merrimon can stand you for a son-in-law, then I guess I can stand you for a secretary.'

"I like Bob La Follette, Jr. He and I have been good friends for years. I think he is going to make a swell Senator; he hasn't had a chance to do any fighting yet, but I'll bet he can fight when he needs to, although I don't think he can fight as hard as his father did.

"Senator Morris Sheppard is like a real conscientious school boy, for I don't believe

(Continued on Page 137)

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You can't save rubber by using less of it

BY W. O'NEIL, PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

IN the news of the day practically every statement regarding rubber conservation supports the idea that rubber can be saved by using a few pounds less of it in a tire. This means substituting cheaper compounds, a growing practice that is not only short sighted but extravagantly wasteful. It is as fundamentally wrong as the subterfuge of putting sand in sugar or water in milk.

Putting shoddy or reclaimed rubber in tires does not save rubber. It reduces the cost of the tire several dollars but at the same time, by diluting the quality of the entire rubber structure, it *takes out two-thirds of the wear.*

This goes deeper than the tread rubber. It affects the quality throughout in the important rubber cushions that insulate and protect the costly fabric carcass. In addition the blowing out of inner tubes must be considered. This means more trouble on the road and the buying of more tubes.

Such saving of a few pounds of rubber in making a tire gives the consumer a negligible cut in his initial tire cost but a greatly increasing running cost. Using three sets of tires and tubes to go the distance one set of the best quality will travel, certainly does not save rubber.

The way to conserve rubber is to use it in whatever generous quantities are required to manufacture a tire that lowers the owner's cost per mile by giving the longest possible wear.

A policy of building more miles into a tire does more for rubber conservation than any efforts to save rubber by using less of it.

It's the second 10,000 miles that makes the big hit.

NOT AN OUNCE OF RECLAIMED RUBBER USED IN THE GENERAL TIRE *CARCASS OR TREAD*

(Continued from Page 134

he has ever missed but one roll call. Whenever he leaves the Capitol with his hat and coat on, I know that the Senate is just about to adjourn.

"Senator Peter Goelet Gerry of Rhode Island is a very dignified man of the finest New England type. He is the tall collar senator and the many overcoat senator. Nearly every time I notice his overcoat, he has a different one, some of the best I ever saw, some fur, some fur lined and some just extra fine cloth. Some of his big fur overcoats were so heavy I could hardly carry them when I was smaller.

"The red carnation Senator Copeland always wears in his button hole is one of his good points. I guess he must have a greenhouse full of them.

"Senator Trammell and Senator Fletcher certainly have nice constituants, for several times people in Florida have sent up crates of oranges or grape fruit for the Senators to eat while they sit around in the cloak room. The pages are usually allowed one apiece. Senator Fletcher is a handsome man with curley hair.

"Senator Kendrick of Wyoming is our dollar a year man, for every Christmas he always gives us boys each a dollar. Last spring I told Senator Kendrick that I had saved up all the dollars that he had given me, and that I thought I would get something nice to keep to remember him by. He suggested that I get a nice book and said he would autograph it for me. So, now I have bought Life and Letters of Thomas R. Marshall, but as it was five dollars and Senator Kendrick's money wouldn't quite cover that I put some to it and I call it his book, as he has the controling interest in it.

"This year—1924—there being no Vice President, Senator Kendrick gave us the annual Christmas dinner in the Senators private dinning room. It certainly was nice of him to go to so much trouble and expence. He told us stories after the dinner, about his expiriences with the Indians out in Wyoming and other parts of the West. They sure were interesting.

"Senator Boise Penrose of Penn. was one of the bosses in the Senate when I first went there. When he died the last real big boss of the Senate was gone. The Senators used to kidd him about eating $7.00 breakfasts at the Willard, but I ate that much there one night when an uncle of mine was up from N. C. to see the first World Series in Washington and took mother and I to the Willard for Dinner."

Verses to Senator Curtis

"During a night session after he died, one of the pages was sent down to his committee room in the Capitol to get something. It had been said that Senator Penrose's officers were haunted, so as soon as the page opened the door and looked in, he turned around and ran back up to the floor. He told me and a few others that he saw something walking around the room which looked like Senator Penrose. We were scared too, but of course we didn't want to show it. So we went down to see what it was. He was too frightened to go back with us. On opening the door, we saw a large light something moving around so we shut the door and waited a minute, then we opened the door quick and without looking in front of us we scrambled for the switch to turn on the lights.

"Boy! Those few seconds did seem like a week, but when the light was turned on we saw nothing. One of the colord men who had worked for Senator Penrose got so he wouldn't go into the room at all.

"Senator Owen is a handsom man and a nice one. He gave us a dollar apeice one Christmas. Senator Frelinghuysen gave us a dollar each one Christmas too."

Once or twice Willie lapses into poetry, as for instance:

"Here's to Charles Curtis of Kansas,
I could sing his praises in stanzas.
His big kind heart he has shown us.
He's never failed me since he's known us."

Again his comments are brief

"Senator Reed of Pennsylvania is always in a hurry

"Senator Warren of Wyoming is the Dean of the Senate, for he has been in the Senate longer than any other Senator of the present. A state ranks higher when her Senator is dean, for her Senator knows more than the rest. He is the father-in-law of Gen. Pershing and that makes him more promanent.

"Senator Copeland started talking at the opening of the Senate yesterday and talked all day and until eight o'clock last night. Different Senators tried to get him to yeild the floor, but he would not stop except for a spare breath or two. He spoke on everything he could think of to hold the floor. Fat men and fat women was one of them. He also told the Senate all about different medical terms when he could not think of anything else, he being a noted doctor and knows all about medicine."

And after a careful résumé of the senators, Willie adds naïvely:

"I guess I am a Democrat politicaly and a Republican socialy."

The White House Reception

Thursday, January 1, 1925, proved to be Willie's great day.

"Mother and I slept late this morning after staying up late last night. After eating a light breakfast we got ready for the White House Reception. I wore my new blue shirt today, and a new bow tie too. Mother and I saw John Coolidge wearing a blue shirt to Church Christmas Day and so that is the reason she bought me a blue shirt.

"It had rained a little in the night and the streets were hard and icy under foot, as it all froze over after the little rain or sleet which fell during the early morning. In some places a person could hardly stand up on the ice and snow. We reached the White House just before twelve. There was a line of people waiting for the reception to start, and it went from the front door of the White House all the way out of the White House grounds, on to the street and then to West Executive Avenue, which is between the White House and State, War and Navy Building. In all it was almost two and a half blocks long, but we knew it would not take long for the President and Mrs. Coolidge to receive that many people after they started receiving.

"We took a stand at the end of the line, and in less than fifteen minutes we were standing on the front portico of the White House. Mother told me to take off my gloves and not to give a gloved hand to the President of the United States and Mrs. Coolidge. The line had been too abreast, but just before we entered the door to the White House it was thinned down to one abreast. That was done so everybody would have a good chance to shake hands with the President and Mrs. Coolidge. We entered the front door of the White House. There was a large band or orchestra seated in the large room just inside of the front door. It was the Marrine Orchestra in their full dress uniforms.

"Just as we entered the door of the blue room we passed a secret service man who was standing at the door. I knew he was a secret service man because he has been with the President at church ocasionally. Mother had her hand in her pocket, and as the secret service man looked at her he saw that she had her hand in her pocket, and so he said, 'Take your hand out of your pocket.' Mother pulled her hand out of her pocket with a jerk as if he had frightened her something terrible.

"The President said, 'Happy New Year,' and I said 'The same to you.' But I don't think he remembered me, although when he was V. P. I sat by him for two years in the Senate Chamber and blotted lots of his signatures. But Mrs. Coolidge said, 'I see you at church every Sunday morning.' I said, 'Yes, I see you too on Sundays.' That sure was nice of Mrs. Coolidge to let me know that she had been seeing me every

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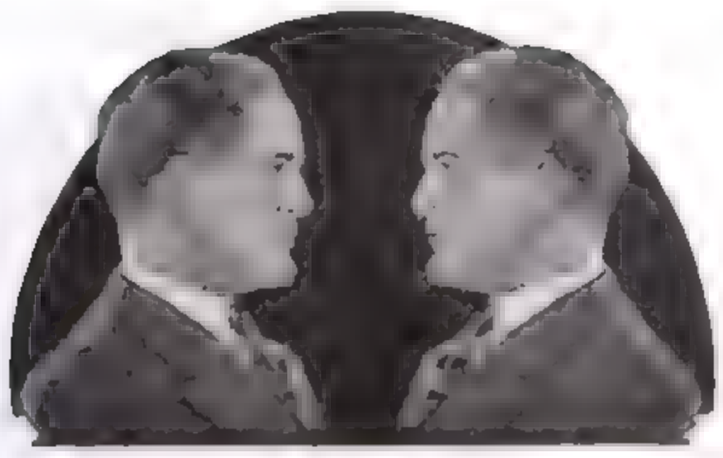

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as others see you

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If your office equipment is old-fashioned and nearing exhaustion, it may give a negative impression which you would like to avoid.

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Sunday in church, and that she recognized me.

"Then we went into the East room. The East room is trimmed in gilt, and the gold piano that was given to Miss Alice Roosevelt by some European King and Queen when she got married is in the northeast corner of this room. The piano has pictures painted all around the sides of it. It was given to Miss Alice, but the King and Queen that sent it made a mistake and addressed it to her Papa, who was Pres. Roosevelt and then she couldn't take it away from the White House when they moved out. Because nothing of much value that is sent to a President can be taken from the White House. But I guess Mr. Nickolas Longworth has bought her another piano by this time.

"Most all that Women look at and think about when they meet Mrs. Coolidge is what she is wearing, but I was too interested in her and her conversation to even think about her outfit, as to me she is the one that seems sweet and not just what she is wearing."

This is not all the diary contains about the start of that eventful day. From the lady whose stockings were so thin that a scandalized Willie at first thought her legs were bare, to decorations and paintings, Willie describes the White House reception in detail—the chandeliers, the flowers, the people. He is irritated over a statement he overhears that Mrs. Grover Cleveland was the handsomest First Lady, insisting that Mrs. Coolidge is the most beautiful of them all. But we have a long day ahead of us and had better get on. At three that afternoon they started out again:

"Mother took a newspaper along with us, so we could read it as we rode on the street car and in that way find out just how many Cabinet Officers and other dignataries that were going to have open House today between four and six. Friends of ours had told us to go to Secretary Mellon's if we ever did any New Year calling in Washington. But till this year we had never done any New Year calling except to the White House. Because Mother never seems to have a whole outfit new enough on New Year to go any place except the White House. This sounds like you don't need good clothes to go to the White House, but you do; but there is always such a crowd there and of course the President and his wife do not know many of their callers."

Calling on the Cabinet

"Secretary Mellon lives in a large appartment house on Massachusetts Avenue. It is five stories high and covers quite a space. And yet after being so big, there are only five appartments in the whole building. Each appartment occuppies a whole floor. Sec. Mellon's appartment is number five and is on the fifth floor. Before we quite reached the appartment house we could see fine cars driving up and wealthy men and ladies getting out of them and going into the front door. We did not drive up in a fine car, but we went in the door the same way the rest did. After getting off of the elevator on the fifth floor we followed the rest of the folks.

"Then we were in a long wide hall of the Secretary's appartment. It had tappestry on the walls and wonderful rugs on the floor. It seemed like the White House or some fine Palace. And in a way it is a fine palace and except that the whole thing is on one floor is the only difference that I see in it and the White House or some fine Palace, from the interior standpoint at least.

"At the center of the hall I saw a large open door and a tall buttler was standing in the doorway. He asked me my name. I told him, and then to my surprise as I entered the door, the buttler announced me and called out loud so every one could hear him, 'Mr. Cheatham.'

"Miss Ailsa was standing just a little way inside the door. Secretary Mellon was next to her. The Secretary held out his hand to me. He greeted me very cordially with a 'Happy New Year,' and I said, 'Same to you.' But I was so excited at having my name announced so loudly that I hardly knew what I was doing.

"After shaking hands with Sec. Mellon and Miss Ailsa, I stopped right where I was so I could get my bearings a little after being so excited, and it would also give me a chance to look around the room. It is some beautiful room too. Some of the prettiest paintings I ever saw were hanging on the walls. They all had lights at the top of them, reflecting on the picture and nowhere else. That was a good idea, as it brought every quality of the picture out that the ordinary daylight would not."

Finally he was invited into the dining room, and there partook of the first of the afternoon's Gargantuan refreshment.

"There was a long table in the middle of the room. It was about fifteen feet long and was wonderfully laid out with good things to eat. At each end of the table there was an electricly heated thing which holds tea coffie or coco or any other kind of drink one wants to put in it. And there was a lady at each end of the table, sitting by these containers or what ever they are called. They were sitting there to serve people with either coco or coffie. The lady at the end nearest to where we were standing was serving coco. She asked mother and I if we would have coco. We told her we would. She poured two cups full of coco out of the container and then dipped from a bowl a large spoonfull of delicious whipped cream which she put into each cup. We were then handed a plate by a buttler, and then the buttler passed us several kinds of sandwitches. I took one of every kind he offered me. One sandwitch had the nice white meat from a turkeys breast in it."

At Home With the Hoovers

"After I had eaten up all the sandwitches and had finished the hot chocolate, the buttler brought me a dish of chocolate ice cream with nuts in it and then passed me several kinds of little cakes.

"We both enjoyed our visit at the Mellons' very much, as he is not only the Secretary of the Treasury but is also one of the richest men in the U. S."

It was raining by that time, so to get to Secretary Hoover's and Willie's next meal they hired a taxicab.

"There were two men stationed in front of Sec. Hoover's house to help the people out of their cars as they drove up. They helped mother and me out of our car I might say, as we had hired it for the present. It seemed fine to have a car and a chauffer that we could give orders to.

"There was an awful big crowd of automobiles all around the Hoovers. Mother and I went up to the door and rang the bell. The buttler came to the door and invited us in. We took off our raps and checked them as before, at the Mellons. I told mother to leave her coat on as I saw several others with their coats on. But the maid that helped mother off with her coat told her that her dress was so pretty she should take her coat off so it would show. I had thought that her new red coat would show up better, but after the maid said what she did about mother's dress I thought she had just as well take her coat off too, so she did.

"We saw the receiving line was in the large front room to the right of the hall which we entered, so mother and I went into this room. It was a handsomly decorated room also. There was a longer receiving line here than there was at the Mellons'. Some lady was first. She asked us our names and after she had shaken hands with us she turned to Mrs. Hoover and introduced us to her, and next to the Secretary.

"I think a lot of the clerks from the Dept. of Commerce were at Secretary Hoover's, as we saw some there that looked about like ourselves. However, there were a good many prominent people at the

(Continued on Page 141)

This amazing discovery
means finer silk lingerie for American women

This test showed the unequaled strength of Noe-Equl pure silk

Noe-Equl pure silk fabric was tested in comparison with the best glove silk, loaded silk and rayon garments that could be purchased. The test was made on the machine officially endorsed by the government for testing fabrics. Following are the results:

Rayon fabric, breaking strength	70 lbs. per sq. inch dry 40 lbs. per sq. inch wet
Loaded pure silk, breaking strength	70 lbs. per sq. inch dry 63 lbs. per sq. inch wet
Pure glove silk, breaking strength	80 lbs. per sq. inch dry 72 lbs. per sq. inch wet
Noe-Equl pure silk, breaking strength	110 lbs per sq. inch dry 100 lbs per sq inch wet

IMAGINE a pure silk fabric, sheer and exquisite, yet far stronger than any you have known before. This is the new material created by the Noe-Equl Mills for exclusive use in Noe-Equl pure silk underwear.

The strength of this fabric has astonished even the experts. Actual tests have shown it to be 37½ per cent stronger than pure glove silk and more than 50 per cent stronger than loaded silk. It is 50 per cent stronger than rayon when dry and more than twice as strong when both fabrics are wet.

The economy of pure silk underwear is in its strength, wearing quality—and its ability to withstand repeated tubbing. It is economy to wear Noe-Equl as well as a luxury, especially when you can buy these beautiful garments in your home—at a saving—direct from Noe-Equl Mills.

The Noe-Equl representative will bring these garments to your home

He will display, for your selection, a superb variety of styles and colorings, to accord with latest fashions. Then, in the quiet of your own home, you can examine at leisure, matching dresses or stockings with matchless values.

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Pure Silk Hosiery and Pure Silk Lingerie

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AUBURN

SUCCESS

The policy of the Auburn Automobile Company is to continually strive to build each and every car better, so that it will always run satisfactorily and maintain its maximum efficiency. We adhere rigidly to the sound policies that have made great successes. Fundamentally a motor car is transportation. As such, it must be so well built as to endure with an extreme minimum of petty annoyances and also protect the owner's investment by an extremely high resale value. Resale value depends first upon the up-to-date external appearance, second upon internal appearance and third upon performance. Only the most scrupulous quality methods and meticulous attention to every detail can produce such a fine car. Auburn's remarkable success is built firmly upon this policy—not upon attempts to divert the buyer's attention from fundamentals by trick appearance, trick feats of performance or trick prices. The reward for this policy is found in the inalienable goodwill of Auburn owners and in Auburn's rapid growth.

On March first last year Auburn had unfilled orders representing a valuation of $75,000.00—today over $8,000,000.00. Our factory sales increased 200% in 1925. We expect this year an increase of 300%.

Auburn has greatly enlarged its production capacity and conservative estimates indicate a public demand for over $35,000,000.00 worth of Auburn cars in 1926.

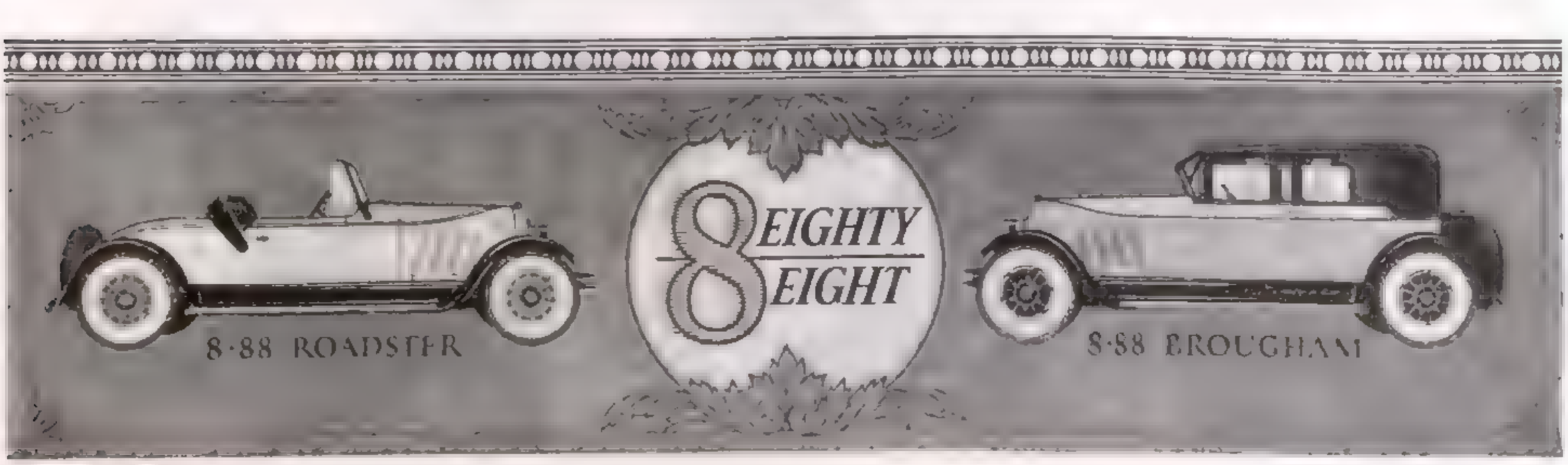
Despite the hectic "price cutting war" which Auburn predicted in 1925, Auburn prices were not reduced during that entire period and our sales increased from month to month because Auburn gave the greatest value for the least commensurate cost at the START of the year. Again Auburn continues the policy in 1926 of giving the greatest value for the least cost.

In contrast to superlatives in advertising and extravagant sales-talk Auburn simply says: See, drive, test, and compare the new Auburn. If it does not sell itself on sheer merit, you will not be asked to buy.

—E. L. CORD
President

8-88 Sedan . . . . . 8-88 Brougham . . . . . 8-88 Roadster . . . . . 8-88 Coupe . . . . . 6-66 Sedan . . . . . 6-66 Brougham . . .
6-66 Roadster . . . . . 6-66 Coupe . . . . . 4-44 Sedan . . . . . 4-44 Roadster . . . . . 4-44 Coupe . . . . . .

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, *Auburn, Indiana*



(Continued from Page 138

Hoovers' too. After we had been received by the Sec. and the others we were asked to go into the next room and have some refreshments. The rooms were so crowded it took us several minutes to get into the next room, but finally we succeeded in doing so.

"This next room was packed full too. Another table about fifteen feet long and six feet wide was again before us, just covered with good things to eat. In the center of the table there was a very large bowl filled with fruit and farm products, red and yellow ears of corn, bunches of red sumac berries and purple egg plant. We were first given a cup of tea apiece and then some sandwitches. I only took one sandwitch; I thought I had better start to eat a little light, for if we went to many more places and they all had so much to eat as these two we have already been to have had, I would certainly burst before I finished the tour to the different places which we have on our list.

"Before I had hardly tasted the sandwitches and tea, I was asked if I would not have a piece of delitious chocolate cake. I did not know where I could keep it until I would have a chance to eat it, but as it looked so good I took a piece anyway. With my tea in one hand and the sandwitch on the saucer and then another little plate with the cake in it in my other hand. And as both of my hands were full I did not see how I would ever get to eat anything. The room was still dence with people. But finally, after edging into different ones near me, I reached a table that was on one side of the room and ate my refreshments.

"We then went to the residence of Chief Justice Taft. Our car drove up to the front door and we got out. The chauffer drove off a little way and parked. Some class to that, I'll say.

"We were met at the front door of the Tafts' and shown in. This time our wraps were taken off and checked at the same place, and the colored man who checked our coats is one of the messengers at the Supreme Court, I have seen him around there quite a goodeal

"Mother told Mr. Taft that she came up from North Carolina to see him maugurated and that she took some snap shots of him that day. The Chief Justice said, 'It was an awful day when I was maugurated.'

"Mrs. Chief Justice Taft is real pleasant too. After the people in front of us moved along, we went on down the line too and shook hands with all the wives of the Associate Justices. I told the Chief Justice that I was a Page at the Senate and that I saw him right often at the Capitol. Then he said he believed he remembered seeing me around the Capitol too."

The Best Part of Open House

"I also reminded the Chief Justice of the day about two years ago when he tried to come into the Senate Chamber one morning before session and how he was turned away by one of the new pages that did not know who Mr. Taft was. But of course Mr. Chief Justice Taft should have been allowed to go on the floor, and so when it was found out around the Senate about what the boy had done, ever body laughed and joked about it for the next three or four days. The new Page boy was awful scared when he found out what he had done.

"We were then shown into a room just across the hall from this rear room. The refreshments were in this room. There was a great big bowl of chicken salad, a large plate with good old country ham, like can't be bought in this town, just pilled up on the plate. There was a lady at one end of the table to serve the tea like we found at ends of tables at the other two receptions we attended. A butler gave mother and me both a plate with a large helping of some of the best chicken salad I ever ate and a great big slice of the good ham, two hot buttered biscuit and two different kinds of sandwitches.

"A lady asked me if I would have tea or punch, so I told her that I prefered punch and mother said the same. So she told the butler to give us some punch. The butler went over to the side of the room, just across the table from where we were standing; there he dipped from a magnificent large silver punch bowl two glasses of punch. Later we went over and inspected the big punch bowl. It was silver outside and was lined with gold, and was about three feet tall. And the whole thing full of punch sure looked good. It looked especially good to me, as I did not get to drink my glass of punch even after it was given to me.

"I put it on a side table so I could eat my ham and salad along with it. But before I got ready to start on it some man came along and seeing a glass of punch sitting there, picked it up and drank it without stopping to even think that it might belong to me."

Needless to say here that this liquid accompaniment to Willie's third meal was innocent of alcoholic content! It was at this point in the copying of the manuscript that my secretary asked leave to go out and buy some digestive tablets.

But don't think Willie is through.

"Upon finishing that extra good ham and the rest of the food, mother and I told the lady serving the tea how much we enjoyed the things, and then we wrapped up and left. It was dark by this time, and I think it must have been about 5:30 o'clock too. Our taxi drove up and we drove off once more. We had had the car for about one hour and the meter registered around three dollars and something. We directed him to take us to Speaker Gillett's residence. When we arrived here we paid our chauffer and told him to go, that we didn't want to over work any of our cars too much in one day.

"Well, for the fourth time we were met at the door. This time by a white butler. Helping us off with our wraps, he asked us our names and told us to follow him. By this time I had got over the fright of having my named yelled out."

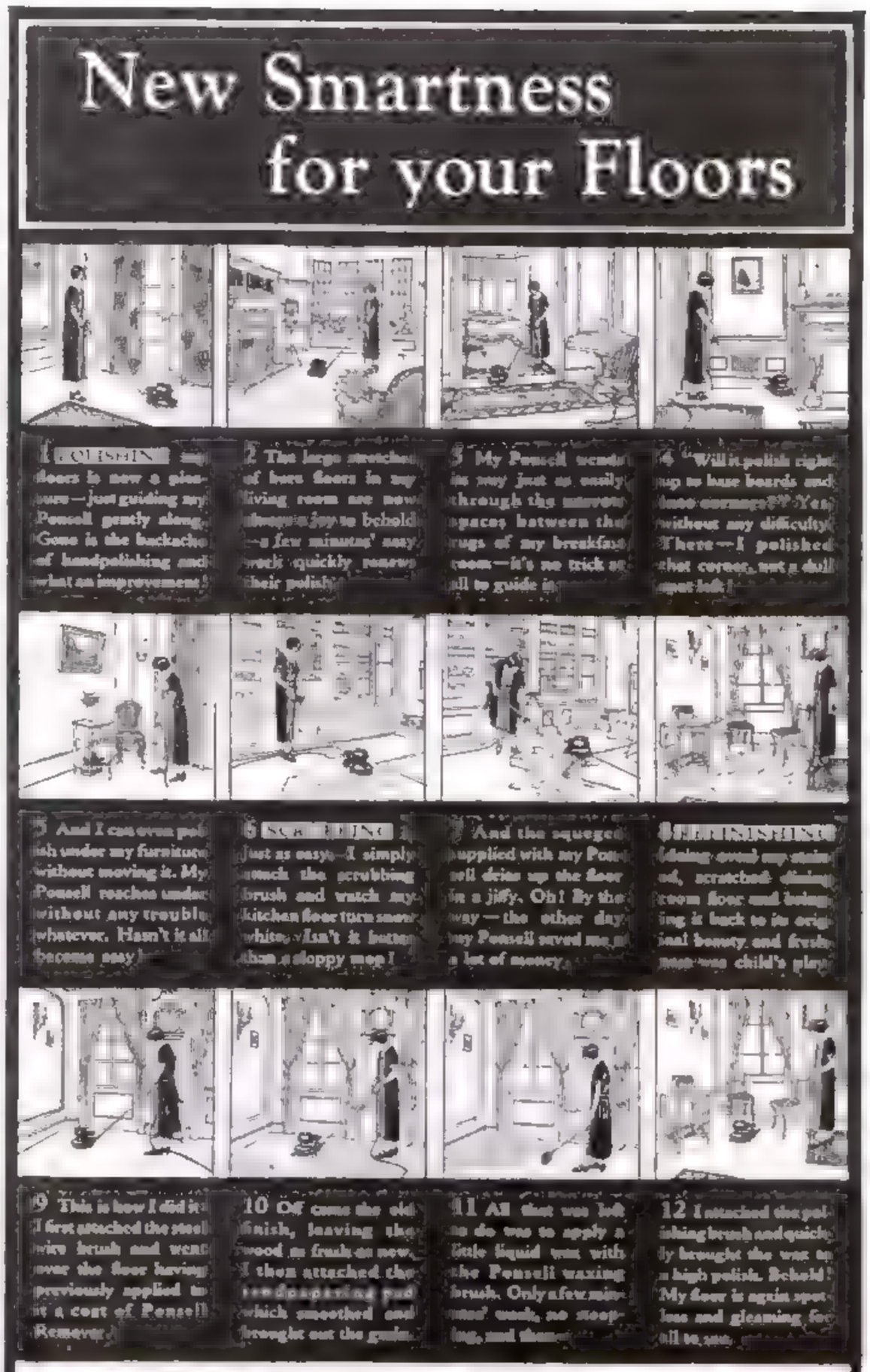
Dropping in on the Jusserands

"The Speaker and Mrs. Gillett were very nice to us, and Mrs. Gillett is very pretty. The Speaker looks stern, but was as pleasant as any Senator.

"After a few minutes Mrs. Gillett said that she thought I would like to have something to eat and drink as she knew that boys could always eat. So she told the butler to bring us both a glass of lemonade and some sandwitches. That was entirely different and it sounded good, as I did not get any of my punch at the Tafts'. And I'll say it was good too. We chatted then a little longer and then told them that we would not keep them any longer from the others that were there. They said we weren't keeping them, but it was about time for us to be going anyway so we told them goodbye."

The bit was now between Willie's teeth, however, following a number of other things, and when the newspaper revealed that some of the embassies were keeping open house, he and mother started for the Jusserands'. And here and now I call attention to two beautiful bits of courtesy on the part of two representatives of great powers to our young Senate page and his mother:

"We reached the French Embassy about 6:15. We drove right up to the very door to it, as there is a drive way from the street up to the steps of the building. A door man dressed in a bright colored uniform met us at the door. We asked him if the Ambassador and Mrs. Jusserand were still receiving. He said that the Ambassador was out calling himself, but that Madame Jusserand was in. So we told the taxi to wait for us and we went in. The door man told us to take off our wraps and leave them with him, which we did. Then he told us that Madame Jusserand was upstairs, and for us to just go up the steps and in the door at the top of the steps. Well, we went up the marble steps and found the door, but it was closed. I knocked on it and in a minute it



Thirty Minutes a Month—and the *Ponsell* will keep any floor in your home as spotless and bright as your dining room table.

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And then think of the delight, the pride of Ponsell-appearing floors. With the Ponsell in her home, no woman need make excuses to her friends or to herself. Thousands of Ponsell users confirm this. They have done away with the back-breaking hand methods of the past.

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"UNIQUE, incomparable, sublime," says Hal Evarts, the noted writer. Mountains glowing red and shining white. Mile-deep canyons filled with mile-high temples! Canyons holding exquisite fairy cities with countless castles, cathedrals, mosques and pagodas of bewildering beauty, tinted with the colors of a glorious sunset. Prismatic plains, wild horses, cliff dwellings, enchanting forests alive with deer.

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Through sleeping cars to Cedar City, then complete 450-mile 5-day motor bus tours including Kaibab National Forest and North Rim Grand Canyon, or shorter 3 or 4-day tours to Zion, Bryce and Cedar Breaks only. Also escorted all-expense tours. Comfortable lodges. A memorable summer vacation in itself or an easy side trip on tours to Salt Lake City, Yellowstone, California or the Pacific Northwest.

Handsome Book in natural colors tells about this new wonderland in Utah-Arizona. Ask nearest Union Pacific representative or

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UNION PACIFIC

was opened by a young lady. She asked us to come in and so we did.

"We told her that we had noticed that the Embassies were receiving New Year callers and so we thought we would call on the Ambassador and Madame Jusserand. It was a beautifully furnished room all the way across the front of the Embassy. Mrs. Jusserand was standing on the other side of the room talking to some other callers. The young girl who met us at the door took us up to Mrs. Jusserand and introduced us to her. After talking to us for some time she took from a little table near her a cut-glass bottle filled with Imported French wine and poured from it three wine glasses full of the wine. Then she handed mother a glass and then one to me and she took the third herself. Then Mrs. Jusserand said, 'We will now drink to the success of your appointment to Annapolis or West Point, or that you will make a success in whatever you may undertake.' Then we all three drank the wine. It was the best wine I have ever tasted. I have never liked the taste of any wine I have ever drunk before, but this seemed to have a very good taste.

"We talked with Mrs. Jusserand and the rest we met for nearly a half hour. Besides the wine we also had some unusual cookies. I imagine they were French cookies. I thought they were real good. The young ladies treated us to chocolate candy. We then told them all goodbye and wished them a Happy New Year again and told Madame Jusserand we were sorry she and the Ambassador were going away. The door man was even nice enough to put mother's overshoes on for her, and then he helped us both on with our coats. That sure was class for mother."

Next and last, they went to the British Embassy, and if Willie was staggering under his load, he does not mention it. But the embassy was dark, and it took two rings at the doorbell and then a knock at the front door to admit them.

"In a short time the door was opened by a butler dressed in a uniform of a red coat and gray trousers, with big brass buttons on the coat. He looked like some pictures of English soldiers of years ago that I have seen. He asked us to come in. We told him our name. We told him that we did not know whether the Ambassador was receiving or not, but we had just come to call on him if he was. The butler went into a room to the left and in a minute he returned with Sir Esme Howard, the English Ambassador."

True International Courtesy

"Sir Esme Howard spoke to mother and then asked us if we would like to be shown around the Embassy. We told him we would be just delighted to see it. So Sir Esme Howard steped into the room which he came from for a minute, and while he was gone, the butler started off toward the large steps in the rear of the hall. Mother thought we were supposed to follow him and that he was going to show us around. But the butler said, 'Wait there for Sir Esme Howard. He is going to show you around himself and I am just going now to light up the Embassy.' We thanked him and stayed where we had been left by Sir Esme Howard. Sir Esme Howard came out from the room in a minute and told us that he was sorry he had kept us waiting. We told him not to worry over that, as we did not mind at all.

"Then the Ambassador himself personally escorted us over the entire first floor of the British Embassy. That old Romantic Mansion on Connecticut Avenue, with golden crowns on the gate posts and tall iron fence around it, which I knew as a little boy was red and now it is yellow. The house that always seemed like a Palace in some fairy story.

"It had never occurred to us before to enter there. It always seemed like princes and princesses lived there. I never did see any people going in nor coming out, except when the Prince of Wales went there to a Reception when I was small and mother took me outside on the pavement to see him. There was a red carpet out on the side walk then and the walk had an awning over it. There was a crowd of people outside waiting to see the Prince. Finally the Prince drove up and entered, and so did all the highest officials of our country and the other countries all in their tall top hats.

"Well, this time I seemed like I was walking on air. It just seemed like I was dreaming and imagining what Sir Esme Howard was doing. I never would have thought a British Ambassador would be so thoughtful and kind to us. Well, he took us with him all over the first floor of the Embassy. First we went into the large sitting room on the left hand side of the hall. It is a large front room with a great big fire place on the far side of it with big blazes leaping up the chimney. It is a real home like sitting room except it is much larger than one usually sees. Sir Esme Howard's sons were all seated around the fire in this room.

"They were having a conversation. Sir Esme Howard took us up to them and introduced them all to us. He has a fine looking groupe of sons. Two of his sons are real tall and the others are shorter than myself. I think one of them is younger than I too. But they all have on long pants."

A Palace From the Inside

"After seeing this room thoroughly we left it and were then in another very fine room, which had several old paintings of arristicratic Englishmen hung on the sides of its walls. We walked straight across this room and went through a door on the opposite side. When we entered this room which is the third room we have been in, we both had to stop right inside of the door and stare with amazement. For as he told us we were standing in the Grand Ball Room, where the grand piano was, and on one side of the room was a picture of the Queen Mother of England, Queen Alexandra, and a picture of King Edward. Both pictures were full length and life size or even more so.

"The floor was done all over in fine hard wood so it would be appropriate for dancing. After admiring the furnishings and the pictures a little further, we followed Sir Esme Howard through a door at the right end of the Ball room. Then we found ourselves standing in the large dining room. Here we saw the longest table that we had seen all day. Sir Esme Howard told us that the table was set for a banquet, to be held later this evening. It sure did look fine to see such a long table set with glass and silver, ready for all the promanent guests. I think fifty or more people could be seated at the table very comfortably. However, I did not count the chairs."

Well, if Willie says the table looked fine, it probably did. He was pretty well experienced in tables by that time. But the oversight about the chairs is unaccountable. Probably he was slightly disappointed that there was no more food in sight.

"Then Sir Esme Howard led us into the front room on the right side of the hall. 'This,' he said 'is my study.' It was very interesting in there too. He showed us some of his personal things. A picture of his mother. She looked a little like the pictures of the Queen. He also had a picture of his wife, Lady Isabella Howard. We did not meet Lady Isabella. I don't know whether she was still out calling or dressing for the big banquet. Her picture was pretty too. It was fixed up real cozzy, on the order of a den. Then Sir Esme Howard chatted with us a little in the hall before we left. He certainly did explain every thing interestingly, and he took so much pains in describing every thing he thought would interest us. We thanked him for showing us over the Embassy and told him how much we had enjoyed our visit, then we told him goodbye and left. Gee, but that was some honor to be shown over the English Embassy by the English Ambassador."

Yes, it was, indeed, Willie; and a good many people in Washington and elsewhere

(Continued on Page 144)

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Styleplus Windsors include cheviots and unfinished worsteds in diagonals, broadwales, diamond weaves, herringbones and super mixtures. Blues, greys, tans, browns, fawn, and sand shades. Latest single and double breasted models. Identified by Styleplus label.

Other Styleplus features are Fieldbrook Cheviots, York Blue Silk Lined, Dawn Grey Double, Holbrook Fabrics, Old Dominion Worsteds.

(Continued from Page 142)

wouldn't stop at a right eye for the privilege. Also I hereby testify that this is the first full and complete description of the British Embassy which has appeared in print for a very long time.

"February 17, 1925—As the Senate is in session tonight, at 5:30 they gave us a dinner in the restaurant which was fairly good but, of course not as good as if we had ordered and paid for it ourselves. Tonight the Senate passed the legislative appropriation bill. It is for the Senate and House of Representitives. It pays all the clerks to Senators and members of the House, and also has the Senators and Representitives salery in it too. They have been getting $7500, but tonight the bill was amended and their salery was raised to $10,000. They did not have a record vote, but Sen. Sheppard was the only one that said no when the vote was taken. After it was over the Senate adjourned and the Senators all came out of the chamber with the happiest faces on them that I most ever saw on so many at once. Every body laughed at Senator Sheppard for voting in the neggative, but sometimes a Senator can't vote the way he wants for fear of the folks back in his State.

"February 23, 1925—Today I fixed the little stand up on the clerks desk for Senator Ashurst to read Washington's Fare Well address from, as it is the custom to read it every year. A different Senator does it each time so as to give each one a chance at it.

"February 25, 1925—I filled the snuff boxes this morning while I was putting around supplies. The old custom of snuff boxes is still retained in the Senate Chamber. They are kept in nitches in the wall, on the same side of the chamber that the V. P. sits on. One is kept in a nitch by the door on his left which is on the Republican side and the other is kept in a nitch by a door on his right which is on the Democratic side. The snuff in them had dried out considerably and was also getting very low."

Willie Gets to His Muttons

"Thursday, February 26, 1925—The Senate had a continuous session from noon to eleven o'clock tonight. The Pages were given a dinner in the Senate Restaurant on the government. As of course we could not go home with the Senate in session and it would not be very nice to run earrands all night on an empty stomack. Our dinner was not anything to rave over, so as mother was eating at a table just across from the long table that the Pages eat at, she bought a little more than she could eat and gave it to me, of which I was very thankful, as it just made me have about enough with our dinner too."

Well, you know Willie by this time.

"Wednesday, March 4, 1925—I said yesterday that the whole Chamber had been rearranged. Well, it sure is a lot different from its ordinary way and appearance. All of the isles have been filled up with chairs except the Center one and the two side isles. The big chair which the presiding officer or the Vice President sits in, behind the Presiding officers desk, was removed and two smaller ones were put in its place. That is so Senator Cummins and Vice President Dawes can both preside at different times, and both sit there side by side during the days of the session.

"Sen. Cummins will preside until the sixty-eighth Congress adjourns at twelve oclock today Then Vice President Dawes who will have just become Vice President will take hold of the reins and proceed to steer the Senate from that time on. The old chair has a real high back to it, but these two are real short and are different entirely. They are swivil the same as the other one. However, that is the only similarity."

Then follows a description of the Inauguration.

"When the President reached the Senate Floor, he was escorted straight to the President's Room. And Vice President Dawes was escorted likewise to the Vice President's Room. The President's Room is at one end of the Senate Lobby and the Vice President's Room is at the other end of the Senate Lobby.

"Just as soon as the President reached his room, Mr. Halsey sent me out to the President's room and told me before I went that I was to wait on the President all the time he was at the Capitol. So I went out and told the head secret service Man, Mr. Jim Jervis, who I was so he would not try to stop me by mistake.

"So I was told to go right in and make myself useful, which I did the best I could. Mr. McKenna, the President's private doorkeeper at the White House, was also there. Mr. Halsey told me before I went out, to stay with the President until he left the Capitol, for if I would I would get in on all of the high honors and be able to see everything and write it in my diary, so I made up my mind that I would do so.

"There was a large crowd all around the door of the President's Room. Every clerk in and around the capitol it seemed like was trying to get a look at the President signing the bills. And then too there were a lot of newspaper men flocking around trying to see and get all the information they could. But none of the Clerks or newspaper men were allowed inside of the President's Room. It was open only to those who had business inside. And Mr. Perry and the Secret Service Man kept every one who had no bussiness in it, outside."

In the Presidential Procession

"I stood at the door of the President's room and kept myself in readiness to jump at any minute which the President or any of his secretarys might need me to do something for them. Every now and then some Senator would come out from the chamber and into the Presidents room to speak to Pres. Coolidge and the members of his Cabinet. By twelve oclock nearly half of the ninety-six Senators had been out and talked to Pres. Coolidge and his Cabinet. When there would be a pause in the constant signing of bills Pres. Coolidge would look around a little at the different people in the room. At times he would stare awful hard at me, but I just smiled and stared back at him.

"Just before twelve o'clock the last bill was brought in and laid on the table before the Pres. He read the bill over good, then paused a minute or two, every one thought that he was going to refuse to sign it, but after giving it his careful consideration he finally signed it. Then the clock struck twelve and Pres. Coolidge gave a sigh of relief. The last bill which he signed was the bill that raised all the Senators and members of the House salleries from $7500 to $10,000 a year. I'll say the Senators were all glad to hear that that bill had been signed and had come in to affect, as it means $2500 more a year for them.

"President Coolidge then got out of his chair and said, 'I am ready to go in to the Senate Chamber now,' but he was told that he would have to wait until the committee of Senators which had been appointed for the occasion came out and asked him if he had any more bussiness to put before the sixty-eighth Congress before it adjourned, and then they would have to report to the Senate the answer which he makes. So after hearing that, President Coolidge went over to the window and looked out for a few minutes.

"Then the Committee of Senators came out from the Chamber into the Pres. Room. They were Senators Curtis, Robinson. Senator Curtis spoke to the President on behalf of the Committee. He said, 'Mr. President, have you any more bussiness to put before the sixty-eighth Congress before it adjourns? If you have, the Senate is ready to receive it now, otherwise it has concluded its bussiness for the sixty-eighth Congress.' Then President Coolidge said, 'I have nothing more that I wish to be done or that I wish to say.'

"The Committee then retired from the Presidents room and returned to the Chamber. President Coolidge then lay back on a nice big sofa and shut his eyes and rested for a few minutes. The Inaugural Committee came out in a few minutes and told President Coolidge that they were ready to escort him into the Chamber to see the Vice President sworn in, so the Pres. arrose and picked up a little loose leaf note book which was lying on the table, and then he went out with them.

"I walked right along behind Sen. Overman and the last member of the House. So I was a part of the procession."

Keeping in Front of the Camera

"After every one who was lucky enough to have a seat was seated, the ceremonies, if I might call it that, started. Senator Cummins asked Mr. Dawes to stand up, then Senator Cummins administered the oath of office to Gen. Dawes. Then Vice President Dawes said, 'I do,' and that was all there was to the swearing in of a Vice President. It is all very simple and dignified, if it can be so."

This last sentence is very vague, Willie. Is there a bit of cynicism in it? Can it be that your unexpected "promanence" among expensive uniforms and outfits of pomp has really destroyed that hitherto simple enjoyment of yours?

We hope not.

"Senator Cummins then said, 'The hour of twelve o'clock on the fourth day of March haveing arrived, the Sixty-eighth Congress stands adjourned Sine Die.' Then Senator Cummins took his seat and let the new Vice President take the reins of the Senate. The Vice Pres. massage to the Senate calling them in session for the first session of the Sixty-Nineth Congress was then read by Mr. Crocket, the reading clerk, immeaditely after it had been finished, Vice Pres. Dawes arrose and made his speach, which is customary for a Vice President to do on entering the office of Vice Presidency.

"Some thought the Vice President's speach was a little too firery, and others thought it was knocking them; so when that speach was over there was a sigh of releif all over the Chamber. As I am not a Senator, the speach was perfectly alright to me. I was just a fraid a little while V. P. Dawes was speaking for it looked like all of his emotions might break a blood vesel. That is a lot exaggerated, but any how he was pounding down on the desk rather hard and he looked as if he meant every word which he said too.

"This red hot speach which I have been describing lasted for about fifteen minutes, if my memory has not gone completely on the blink.

"Right after the speach Mr. Barry sent me up to the front door and told me to see if I could clear the crowd away from around the inside of it, and also those that were standing part way down the center isle; as Mr. Barry said that if I did not get the crowd away from around the door before the President started out, it would be a difficult matter for the President to retire to his room.

"I followed Mr. Barry's instructions and went up the center isle as far as it was vacant. In doing so I had to walk right in front of the President and the Committee on arrangements, but I don't guess I hurt their view any. Gee but I had some job to undertake when I reached the crowd in the isle; some of them absolutely refused to move.

"Some of the crowd was composed of a few Senators and so of course I could not ask them to move aside, so I went back to Mr. Barry and told him that I thought it best to wait until the President started out before we tried to clear the way, as I felt sure they would get out of the isle when they saw the Pres. coming towards them. But no, Mr. Barry said that would not do; he told me to tell Mr. Halsey—who was standing at the front door—to help me remove the throng from around the door and also from the isle. So I went again and told Mr. Halsey what Mr. Barry told me to tell him; and both Mr. Halsey and I tried to clear the door, but the people who were in it were most all Members of the House of Representitives and they simply refused to move.

"Before Vice Pres. Dawes concluded the swearing in of the Senators, Mr. Halsey told me to go out to the President's room so I would be there when the President went back. He said if I wanted to get out on the Inaugural Platform with the President, I should ask the Secret Service Man in charge, Mr. Sly, to let me carry the President's hat and coat for him, and in that way I would be with the President all the time during his Inaugural address. So I rushed right around to the President's Room and saw Mr. Sly, but he said that he thought the President would wear his overcoat and probably carry his own hat.

"I fooled around in the President's room for about five minutes before the Pres. came back to it from the chamber, and then he said he would take his coat and hat."

But this disappointment did not entirely daunt Willie. The procession moved out and Willie with it, and he got as close to the platform as he could.

As he observes:

"Every time I thought I saw a photographer taking a picture of the stand with the President making his address I would lean out over the railing a little so I would be sure to get in the picture."

And finally to his great joy he is beckoned into the sacred inclosure itself and given an errand to do. And that errand was to pilot the President down the proper steps to his car!

Turning on the Limelight

"The President's speach was very good. When he finished he turned around and several shook hands with him. Then the police cleared the isles. I steped to the exit of the speakers platform and waited for Mr. Barry; he came up behind me in a minute. The President and Mrs. Coolidge followed him. I started out walking very slowly so I would not get to far ahead. Gee but I sure did feel thrilled at the thought that I was then leading a President of the United States from an Inaugural platform just after he had concluded his Inaugural address. Oh, boy! Just before I quite reached the steps which we were to descend a secret service man tried to pull me out of the line, and he said, 'What do you mean by blocking the way for the President?' He took hold of me and was trying to pull me out, when Mr. Barry spoke up and said, 'Let that boy alone; he is leading the President to his car.' That sure must have made the Secret Service man feel little and ashamed of himself.

"Tuesday, March 31, 1925—This is the last time I will get paid on the pages pay roll this session. I was glad to get this pay though, nevertheless. Even though I wont get paid any more for a while.

"Mr. Speaker, the Jeweler, brought the page pins up this morning at about 10:30. They are real good, but I think they could be improved. I looked over them and picked out what I thought was the best one of the bunch, or at least as good as any of the rest, and took that one. Then I called up a photographer and spoke to the head of the news service. I told him that we had just received our new Page pins and it was the first time there had ever been any, and if he wanted a good picture, he should come up and take one of Mr. Halsey pinning one of the Pins on me. He thought that would make a snapy picture and so he said that he would be up in a few minutes to take it."

When in the Senate, do as the senators do!

The door that isn't locked... *have you opened it?*

HOUDINI, the famous magician whose escapes from trunks and strait-jackets have mystified the world, says that the hardest task of his career was to break out of a cell, the door of which was not even locked. For hours Houdini worked away at the lock; then he happened to turn the knob. The door opened—he was free.

How many women are shut in by unlocked doors—their lives walled in by the endless routine of household tasks! The good things of the world—companionship with their children, an active part in social and civic affairs, books, music, the theatre—all these lie in the leisure land beyond. If these women would only "turn the knob"! And they can do it so easily. They have only to call a modern laundry—it will take the family washing out of their home and give them a whole new day of leisure every week—52 holidays every year—a year's vacation in every seven!

And what promise such leisure holds! Like Mrs. Asquith of Rochester, you can use it for church work. Like Mrs. Hoffman of Pittsburgh, you may give the time to your children, or like Mrs. Leeper, of Loveland, Ohio, find through this wash-day service new interest and energy for social life. The possibilities are endless.

It may be that, like Mrs. Asquith, Mrs. Hoffman and Mrs. Leeper, you are already using the laundry. But, if not, phone the nearest modern laundry today—have them tell you about their varied services and the moderate prices charged. Then choose the one that best suits your needs. The door will swing open — the leisure you've dreamed of will be yours.

These women opened the door that wasn't locked

"Sending the washing to the laundry has given me time and energy for things that are really worth while. I make things for church bazaars and help sell them. I help prepare church suppers and serve them. I call on sick members and help give church entertainments. It's interesting work—far more interesting than overseeing a washing."

Mrs. G. H. Asquith, Rochester, N. Y.

"My chief reason for being thankful for laundry service is because it gives me more time for my little girl. I could never give her the care and attention I do now if I had my laundry work to do. I can also devote a great deal of my time now to club work."

Mrs. B. E. Hoffman, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Sending my clothes to the laundry gives me time to visit, to read magazines, to care for my baby correctly, to prepare nourishing, appetizing food for my husband. Last, and greatest, using laundry service is conserving my health by saving my strength and nerves."

Mrs. H. P. Leeper, Loveland, Ohio

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That is why it has the lightest, easiest touch.

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Warbles

FOR some reason the human mind has ever attached significance to the number seven. There is the seventh son of a seventh son; seven years of bad luck attendant upon the breaking of a mirror, or the crossing of one's trail by a dark-skinned cat; the seven-year itch; the seven-year locust, and so on. There is even the seven-year plague among rabbits, with which this article is particularly concerned.

It is a matter of common knowledge that throughout various northern localities the rabbits build up to a point of abundance, then suddenly disappear from the face of the earth without apparent reason. The food supply seems adequate, the winter has been no more severe than usual, the birds and beasts of prey that subsist upon rabbits are no more plentiful than in other years, yet the bunnies are gone, and it requires a considerable period for them to build up to former numbers.

So far as I know, the exact nature of this epidemic has not been definitely determined. Perhaps it varies in different localities. I have discussed it with perhaps twenty men who have had theories regarding it. Only one agreed with my own.

I am not a naturalist by any stretch of the imagination, and it would be beyond my ability to sit in a laboratory over a defunct cottontail, with test tube and microscope, and pronounce the nature of the ailment that had undermined his constitution and caused his downfall. But I did chance to have a certain experience.

There is a fly that is widely distributed throughout America. It deposits its eggs within the hide of an animal. The resulting grub—perhaps one-fourth of an inch in thickness and three-quarters of an inch in length—is commonly known among those who own cows as a warble. These warbles subsist upon the flesh of the animal, usually on the back, causing a hard lump the size of a quarter beneath the hide, by which their presence may be easily detected. Eventually the warble eats a round hole the size of a lead pencil through the hide, remains a few days and makes his exit. I believe that these warbles were responsible for the disappearance of the cottontails throughout areas of Northern Wyoming in the autumn of 1916.

PHOTO. BY JOHN KABEL, DAYTON, OHIO

... of Heavens Peak From Granite Park, Glacier National Park, Montana

The Vanishing Cottontails

I WAS engaged in raising skunks and silver foxes on a ranch in the Wyoming mountains. Cottontails swarmed in that locality by the thousands. In the spring of 1916 there were 750 young skunks born on the ranch. Something over 150 died or were killed during infancy and throughout the summer from one cause or another. The rest had attained to almost the size of the parents by the middle of August. Then it became evident that something was radically wrong. I discovered perhaps fifty animals that seemed partially broken down in the back. Investigation proved that they were afflicted with these large warbles, some of them having as many as five or six along the backbone, as well as an occasional one in the meaty part of the legs. The leg joints had been affected in a number of cases. The matter resulted in the death of the animals at the rate of over a hundred a week during the latter part of August and September, despite the fact that I extracted the warbles with forceps and disinfected the resulting cavities with a solution either of creolin or of carbolic acid. Those badly afflicted died. Some that had acquired but a few of the pests recovered. It is only fair to say that some of the dead animals were stricken with a lung trouble similar to pneumonia and would have died in any event. I had lost some skunks in that way before. It is also a fact that more of them died from the effects of the warbles without any apparent symptoms of distemper or lung trouble.

Later that season, somewhere round November, the residents began to remark that the cottontails had disappeared—that the seven-year plague had struck again and wiped the rabbits from the hills. I had already observed this fact, as I frequently fed rabbits and prairie dogs to my foxes. In former years it had been no trouble to kill a score or more of cottontails in a few hours with a .22 rifle. I had been unable to find a single rabbit during my few hunts for them earlier in the fall. I found one ground squirrel beneath a pile of shipping crates. The green flies, particularly bad at that time of year, had been unable to reach his retreat and deposit their eggs, so he was more or less dried and preserved. Two warbles had slain him. Quite naturally I connected my own experience with warbles with the disappearance of the rabbits and discussed the matter with the various residents of the country whenever the topic came up.

A naturalist recently gave me his reason for believing that my theory was wrong. First, that it had been known to scientists for years that rabbits were sometimes afflicted with warbles, usually without fatal results, but occasionally causing death; that in case of such wholesale dying off from this source, carcasses would be found by the thousands and the cause discovered; that in the final analysis the animal must live in order for the warble to attain maturity and that by the death of the carrier Nature's purpose was defeated by the death of the warble as well.

As against those items there is this to consider: I knew, too, that skunks were occasionally afflicted with warbles, having had a dozen or more cases the preceding year, most of the animals recovering with but two or three deaths resulting from the effects; nothing on which to predicate an assumption that the following year would bring about such a disaster. As to the finding of many carcasses, I do not recall any mention among the inhabitants as to their noticing any defunct cottontails scattered about during the late summer and early fall, yet it was during that period that they died, at the same time as the skunks. Otherwise there would have been many living rabbits a month later when the residents of the countryside began to hunt them for meat.

Bulldog Flies

THE majority of the cottontails of that region reside in holes. When hunted they retire to them. Undoubtedly a large percentage of them also sought their holes and died there. Any that might die in the open would be promptly consumed by the thousands of jays, magpies, hawks, crows, ravens, eagles and other meat-eating birds that infest that region, or reduced to skin and bones by green flies or other insects. Even in the event of a local resident chancing upon the remains of a cottontail in the brush, it is doubtful if he would attach any significance to the matter. As to the defeating of Nature's purpose by the death of the carrying animal and the consequent death of the warble, that would be true as a general rule. But there is also this to consider: Nature maintains a constant balance and control. It is quite possible that the fly which is responsible for the warble, instead of defeating Nature's automatic control, aids it by reaching its high year at the same period that the cottontail attains its greatest peak, then reduces both the number of rabbits and its own by the premature death of the carrying animal.

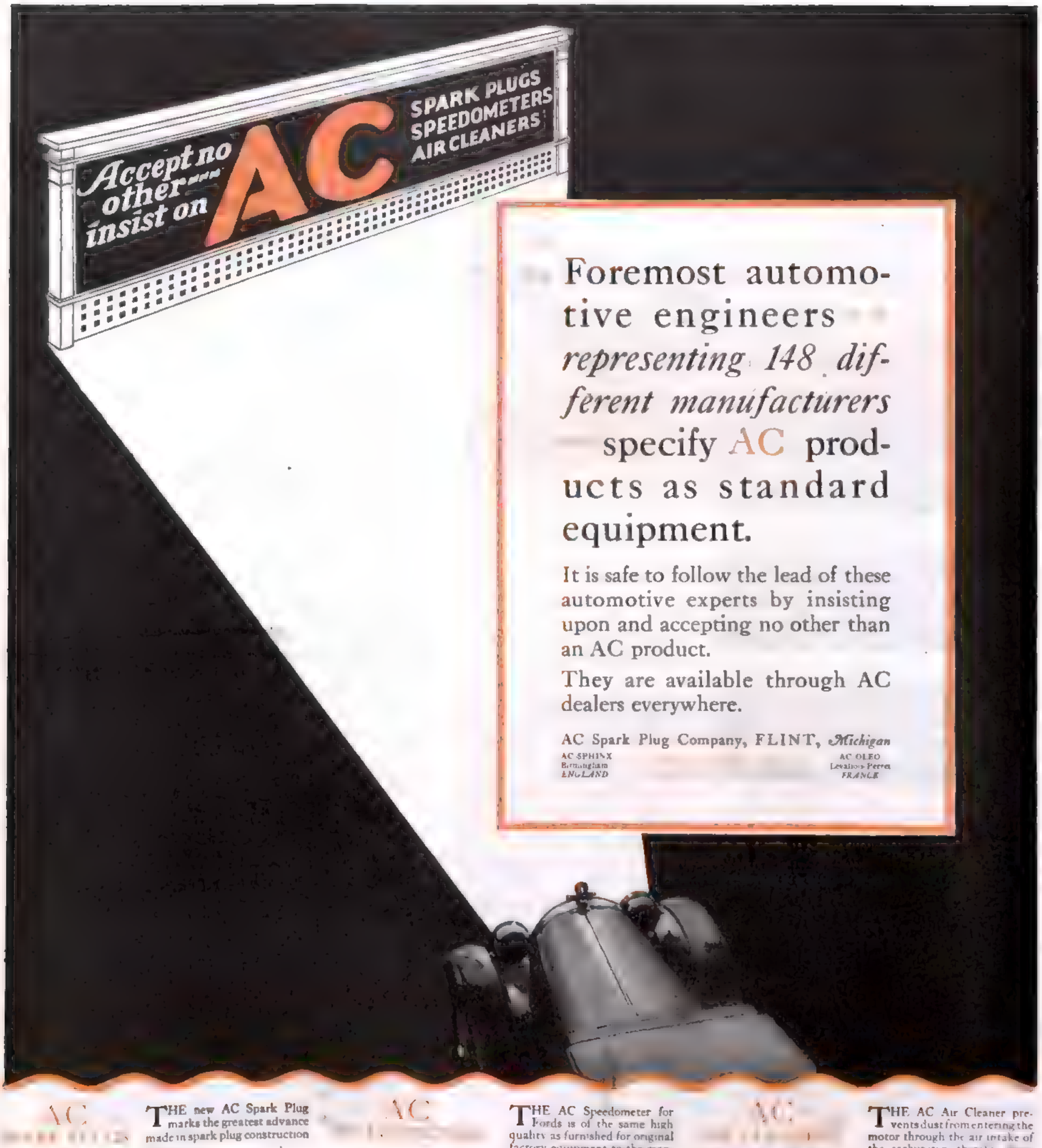
I am not attempting to prove any point; merely stating the events and conclusions which confirm my belief that the rabbit plague which swept the rabbits from the hills of Northern Wyoming in the fall of 1916 was occasioned by an excess of warbles.

It is highly probable that similar results occur in other localities through entirely different causes. The northern animal is the snowshoe hare, not the cottontail, and his periodical disappearance is no doubt occasioned by other mediums. Several men have told me recently that the northern rabbit dies in the winter, not in late summer and early fall, as was the case with the Wyoming cottontail, and have stated that they had seen the dead rabbits on the snow in Alaska, the Yukon and parts of Canada.

However, the big black fly, an inch or more long, known in the north as the bulldog fly, and accredited with depositing the egg which results in the warble, is extremely abundant throughout Northern and even Arctic Canada. I have seen hundreds of them gather on a blanket. I saw caribou hides that the natives of the Mackenzie River region had dressed for leather which still retained holes along the back strip that lent the illusion that buckshot had been fired through the hide—holes which I recognized as the exits of warbles. Upon inquiry I was informed that they worked considerable damage among the vast caribou herds of the Barren Grounds.

In Kansas and other states of the Middle West where both the jack rabbit and the cottontail abound, frequently

(Continued on Page 153



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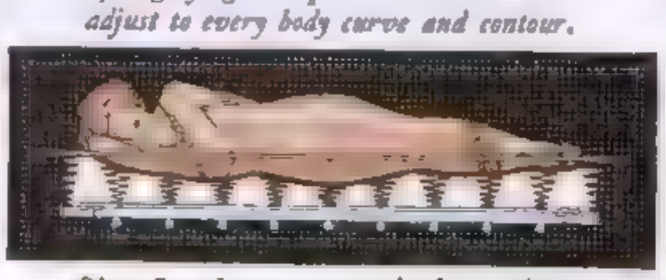

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Premier Duplex

(Continued from Page 148)

to the point where they constitute a pest, and the big black flies are few, I have never known of any great plague that depopulated the countryside of rabbits. However, I have heard of the scab, as it is sometimes called, having reduced the rabbits of various localities, but while I have shot scabby rabbits, I have not sojourned in any portion of the Middle West where a noticeable depletion of rabbits occurred. Rather there was always a steady supply, with frequent jack-rabbit drives organized by farmers, and occasionally a temporary bounty paid on jack-rabbit ears.

Mr. Hamilton Laing, a Canadian naturalist, recently told me that he was inclined to consider the periodical disappearance of the grouse from Saskatchewan and parts of Alberta, once ascribed to some disease, as a consequent phase of the rabbit plague farther north, the depletion of the birds being coincident with plague years among the rabbits. He based this upon his observations that hawks, owls and other birds of prey descended in swarms into the habitat of the grouse in winters when the country to the northward was rabbitless, and had seen ample evidence that these foragers of the air had preyed heavily upon grouse.

Northern trappers have told me of similar migrations that necessitated the changing of intended trapping territory, the lynx having migrated en masse from a region that had suddenly become denuded of rabbits, their chief item of food. I have noticed several somewhat similar events when eagles descended in considerable numbers upon the prairies of Western Kansas and preyed upon jack rabbits, when the mountains of Colorado, several hundred miles to the westward, were in the grip of a hard winter.

It is therefore quite possible that various of these periodical plagues or disappearances may be somewhat related; that they are in a measure consequent upon one another to a certain degree, though originating from unrelated causes.

There is at least one such the rabbit plague of Northern Wyoming in 1916, in which I feel confident that the warble played its part. And in that connection I have speculated upon a strange former disappearance in that locality to which I was not a witness. Round 1914 and 1915, porcupines were quite scarce in that portion of Wyoming adjacent to the Yellowstone National Park. A number of residents remarked upon the fact that the animals had been very abundant, swarming throughout the entire region until some five or six years previous, when they had suddenly migrated or died off, becoming quite rare. This disappearance of the porcupine from the hills would have been somewhere round the same time as the preceding disappearance of the cottontails.

No one had connected the two, since the porcupine subsists upon a bark diet and is in no way dependent upon the rabbit, either for company or for food; so it would seem that there was no possible relation between these two events. Porcupines have gradually come into their own until they are now abundant in that region. I have often wondered—a curiosity that may never be satisfied by proof—if the preceding rabbit scourge did not account for the porcupines in the same way that the plague of 1916 accounted for several hundred of my pet skunks.

Flapjacks

SNUG and lazy, and half awake,
Knowing the morning soon will break,
I roll up tighter and turn to drowse
On my fragrant bed of balsam boughs;
Living again in my vivid dreams
The days just spent 'mid the woods and streams.

It seems but an instant—a cheery shout,
"Flapjacks are ready!"—and I am out.
No need here for a second call,
When these magic words on the senses fall
In the hungry tones of my sturdy guide,
The best in the whole wide world beside.

Slept I the sleep that the Seven slept,
Or enchanted castle the Princess kept;
Of Rip the famous, or Pharaoh's peers,
In mummied slumber three thousand years;
At the cry of "Flapjacks," I'd be there,
Willing and ready to eat my share.

None of the stingy, soggy cakes
That the sleepy cook in the kitchen bakes;
But nine-inch beauties, golden brown,
Sweet as honey and light as down,
Stirred in the open, tossed in the pan
As only the skillful woodsman can.

There's a spirit that broods in the batter pot,
That enters the griddle, greased and hot;
A subtle something, that's all unknown
Save to the few—and the few alone—
Like a fleeting color or fragrance rare
That Joe has caught and imprisoned there.

Then a bit of bacon, a trout or two,
And a pot of coffee of darkest brew—
And we watch the mist from the valley fly
And the changing tints of the morning sky;
Too busy to talk in the witching hour,
Till the sun through the trees spills a sparkling shower.

Canoes drawn ready upon the beach,
And rods and rifles in handy reach;
With days before us of lake and trail,
Of camp and carry, that never stale,
That bring each morning a richer quest
And end each evening in perfect rest.

Oh, blessed hunger! Oh, keen delight
Of unspoiled vigor and appetite,
Born of the woods and its wholesome life,
Far from the world and its madd'ning strife!
Oh, for a thousand men to know
Cheerful and kind as my old guide, Joe!

The loyal grip of his honest hand,
The strong, plain food and the rugged land;
Little wonder we love them, when
They bring such health, and they breed such men!

"Fine cakes," I mutter, our grins between.
"Y-e-s?" says Joe. "You have had thirteen."
—*Charles C. Stoddard.*

The Tree Stork

WHILE walking in the spruce belt just below timberline in the Rio Grande National Forest one late fall evening, I heard a thumping sound right at hand. I thought first that one of the party was pitching rocks or bits of wood in my direction. But there seemed to be no one near. Standing still soon brought discovery of a busy gray squirrel harvesting his winter's food. When several cones were cut from the tree and had fallen to the ground, he raced down the tree. He picked up a cone about half as large as his own body and galloped over the needle-strewn forest floor. Following him soon led to his cache. Here in the husks of many cones were dug pockets. These were filled with seed chaff and cones. This cache was all of twenty feet long and nearly that wide. It probably represented the community storehouse for the season's supply of squirrel food.

If a man tried to gather cones from trees it would take days to collect such a hoard. It would be next to impossible to accomplish the task of securing seed necessary for forest nurseries, for in these nurseries are planted hundreds of thousands of tree seed each year. It is from the squirrel caches that the forest rangers get this large supply.

A ranger who is designated to collect seed, watches for squirrel caches during the latter part of his field season. When the little gray seed collectors have the bulk of their winter supply gathered, the ranger goes forth and robs the cache. Because the squirrel is such a genuine coöperator, only a part of each cache is taken, the squirrel invariably having provided a surplus.

If the cones are not already shelled out, they are taken in bags to some central point where they are dried by being spread on canvas tarps in the sun or in a kiln. The cone breaks open and the seed shakes out. Seed thus extracted is winnowed free from chaff and collected in bags to be planted the following spring. The seeds are planted in well-prepared beds in which is a sandy loam soil. To keep out wee robbers, each bed is often inclosed in a close-mesh screen cage. For if mice could get to these freshly planted seeds, there would be an orgy of eating and a scant sprouting of tiny shoots.

After the tree shoots are up but a few centimeters, there is another enemy likely to attack them and wipe out whole beds of forest seedlings. This is the damping-off fungus. It runs through the miniature trees as a devastating fire would whip through their parents. Only weakened stragglers are left, or entire beds are killed. Dry sand is sifted among the tender seedling trunks, and other measures are taken to fight this enemy of baby trees.

Then the seedlings are shifted to another bed, being spaced so they will grow for a year or two longer in the nursery without crowding. Here they put forth lusty shoots and grow the root system that will help them become established in their final home. When they are two or three years old, they are moved to their final location in the forest. Or, if in a commercial nursery, they are shifted to a nursery row where they will grow for several years, forming a root ball and crown preliminary to being moved to some garden or home grounds.

But it is the baby forest tree which has the real struggle. Taken from the nursery bed, though scarcely a foot in length including both trunk and roots, the little tree is tied with thousands of its kin in bundles and shipped in moist packing to some ranger. He takes the bundles, loads them into a truck or packs them on horseback, and transports them to the planting camp where a gang of men plant these trees by the hundreds. Wrapped in dampened burlap or in containers packed with damp moss, the seedlings are taken to the slopes where they are to be planted, in the hope that they will thrive and reforest the denuded mountainside.

One man wields a crowbar, jabbing a hole in the ground. Or it may be some sort of dibble which makes a hole for the tiny tree roots. Another follows with a fistful of infant trees, putting one in each hole. With his foot he tamps the ground back into place around the roots. Sometimes on austere sites each little tree is given a last drink of water from a sprinkling can before the forest man tramps on to the next hole. With favorable conditions a good stand may result. For years these trees will appear as though part of the grassy cover of the mountain. Then of a sudden, seemingly, they will lift their heads above their surroundings and from then on dominate the growing things in their neighborhood.

Though hundreds of thousands of these little trees are planted each year, they are placed only on sites where there have been repeated fires and where no natural reproduction can take place. Watersheds, scenic spots marred by fires and similar areas are the first to receive attention from the forester. The man-planted baby trees are the most logical means for bringing back forested conditions on these slopes, burned and reburned until no native trees or seed are left.

But even these limited forest-planting operations would be slowed up and made more costly if it were not for the busy little timber squirrel who so industriously gathers the ripened cones into his hoard. Happily, this little fellow is not very good eating, so he does not have to run the gantlet of shotguns and rifles as well as natural enemies. Even if he were hunted, it is probable that he would find sanctuary in many parts of the forest where cones are gathered, for there he performs a service which man would find hard to duplicate.

Forest officers have their place in growing forest seedlings, nurseries and seed beds are essential, and the planting gang does its part to get the seedlings into their proper permanent home where they may grow to fine forest trees. But they would all be made less effective if it were not for the little gray squirrel of the high range, the stork of the baby trees.

—ARTHUR HAWTHORNE CARHART.

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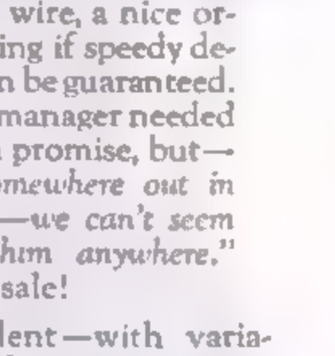

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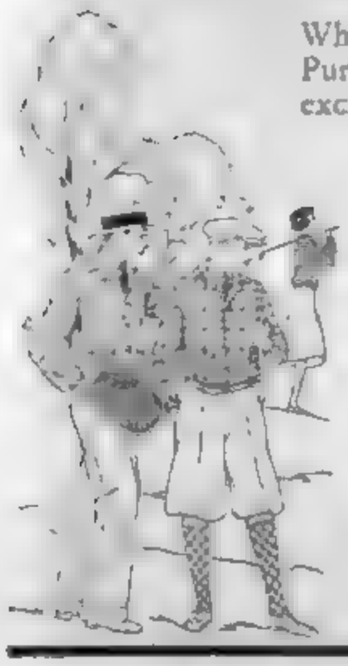

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THE ROMANTIC HOUR

(Continued from Page 19)

girls to make fools of men and then leave them, so to speak, flat on their backs. This poor Oregonian came to call on you last night and you've eloped with him and then flattened him out. Now you're ninety miles from home in a ball gown, and your father—I admit—will be furious."

"I love your voice," the silvery girl remarked, scratching her nose. "And you've always been a handsome devil, haven't you? Mother adored you. I can remember her coming home from church and just sitting in trances and ——"

"Artemidora, that'll do! You'll embarrass Stuke. He's very conservative and blushes easily."

Stukely dug a heel into the gravel and felt his bare neck reddening. The girl ignored him and said, "Anyhow, I'm glad Mrs. Kent isn't at home, because she'd be shockeder than you. Norah won't be. She eloped."

"Not exactly, my dear. She dragged Joe down to City Hall and married him, as far as we've ever found out, by force. He was a poor, innocent marine sergeant, and helpless in the matter. She saw him boxing at a charity athletic carnival and pounced on him. . . . Very luckily for us, too, because I'd sunk all my savings in this place and hadn't a notion how to farm it; and Joe's father preached in the country a great deal, so Joe knows all about farms. We're quite prosperous and nearing affluence."

"Men," Artemidora yawned, "under the age of fifty simply never know how to talk. I love you. But I'm starved, and you ought to go to bed, sir."

"Stuke, my dear boy, take Artemidora and feed her. . . . Yes, I'm going to bed. And Norah will get up, I dare say, before you want a nap. Good morning."

Stukely hopelessly brushed back the gravel into the hole that his heel had scooped and licked his lips before lifting his eyes to the girl—and then there was no girl. Miss Fergusson had disappeared into the house. This dreadful person was probably loose in the living hall, looking for strong drink. He stared down toward the barns and saw the two hired boys busy among the sedate cows and beheld the cat Ermyntrude dancing under an apple tree's mild new foliage with her thoughts on carnal things, robins and sparrows. Far away, through many green bars and limbs, the flickering ripple of the creek appeared, and the clouds floated gently above flat roofs of Gossetville. Meanwhile he had to feed this adventurous woman. He plunged into the house and stumbled away from the yellow scarf, slung on an old chair, then plunged on down the passage past the staircase and came into the kitchen at a canter.

Miss Fergusson looked over her shoulder out of a cupboard and said briskly, "They've got the coffee in the wrong tin. This one's marked Oatmeal. . . . Where's the bread?"

"I ——"

Oh, this wouldn't do! She was nothing but a girl, and not really very pretty, either. He could not get around that "I," which had stuck in his mouth, but he said, "Let me think. . . . It's never in the bread box. It's —— Oh, yes!"

"Of course," she said; "you give 'em a box marked Bread, and they keep the bread in a stone crock. . . . Here, I'll cut some. You light the stove."

She was not really very pretty. Her ankles were too slim; she had a good deal of mouth. Anyhow, he had to be civil.

He asked, "What time did you leave New York, Miss Fergusson?"

"I suppose it was about ten. . . . Yes, because the library clock had just struck half-past nine when he asked me to marry him. Or was it nine? Well, it was around in there somewhere. And it was somewhere around midnight when I had my bright idea and told What's-His-Name to drive here so that Doctor Kent could marry us. He'd been boring me so about everything when we were squiggling up through Tarrytown and those places that I could have killed him. . . . Where's the butter?"

In horrible silence Stukely guided her to the white ice chest and saw himself in a tin pan hung beside it as an affair of reds and browns, with his black head wonderfully elongated. . . . She was too thin, he decided.

Her face turned in the freshening light of the narrow pantry and his face filled with blood.

"You really are shocked, aren't you?"

"Me? Oh, no! Good Lord, no! Nothin' to be shocked about."

Miss Fergusson sniffed indelicately and stooped in a seething of the strange silver gown to open the lower doors of the white ice chest. She put a finger on a pat of butter and murmured, "Ducky! Absolutely fresh! . . . What are you shocked about—h'm?"

"I'm not. I simply don't understand what it's—it's all about, y' know."

"It's perfectly simple. I got bored with dad and everything yesterday and made this hardy son of the great Northwest run off with me. Only that looked rather stale after we'd started. He called me girlie, so I shoved him out up here. Diplomacy, y' see? Then I got your dear father to come and argue with him and he tried to kiss me and I slugged him in the eye. Of course, I know I've been a perfect cad, but I can't help it. It's all awfully trivial, anyway."

"Trivial!"

"Isn't it? Didn't you ever take a course in biology? We're nothing but one form of life and it won't matter a damn what we do, in a million years. Only you never stop to think of that point of view about yourself, and I couldn't stand this idiot. He's been at Harvard three years, but it hasn't done him any good so far. I met him at Watch Hill last summer. His legs ——"

"There's some strawberry jam in that jar beside the cream jug," said Stukely.

"Homemade? Ducky!" Miss Fergusson murmured, passing Stukely the butter dish. "Well, he's a good-looking fool. Only he says that the kind of book he likes is one that you don't have to think about after you've read it. He's only about fourteen, mentally. . . . Why didn't you put the coffee over the gas?"

His blush seemed to concentrate in the middle of either cheek, and to burn. He shifted the coffeepot and stood humbly wondering what the breezy Western jackass, the hardy son of the great Northwest, happened to look like.

"You people have lived up here four years, haven't you?"

"Three," he said.

"Your voice is deeper than Doctor Kent's, but the quality isn't so nice. . . . And you don't mind living in the country?"

"No; I like it. It's—it's awf'ly interesting. We have thirty cows."

Ass, he thought. Idiot! Oh, utter idiot! What a thing to say! Somebody was walking overhead. If Joe would only come down and get him out of this! Joe could talk to anything in his Southern gurgle, and make compliments, and be gay. The sun was warming green and red flowers of the oilcloth underfoot. Joseph Fancher, Jr., cheeped upstairs, announcing that he was ready to be a nuisance, and that gave his uncle a topic.

"There's the baby."

"He or she?"

"Oh, he. Awf'ly nice kid too. He sticks his hands in things."

Incredible! He sticks his hands in things! She'd be putting him down as only thirteen!

The girl laughed, very gently, and asked, "What is the matter, Stukely?"

"Nothing!"

"Don't yell that way!"

"Th-then," said the perfected imbecile, "don't tease me."

(Continued on Page 157)

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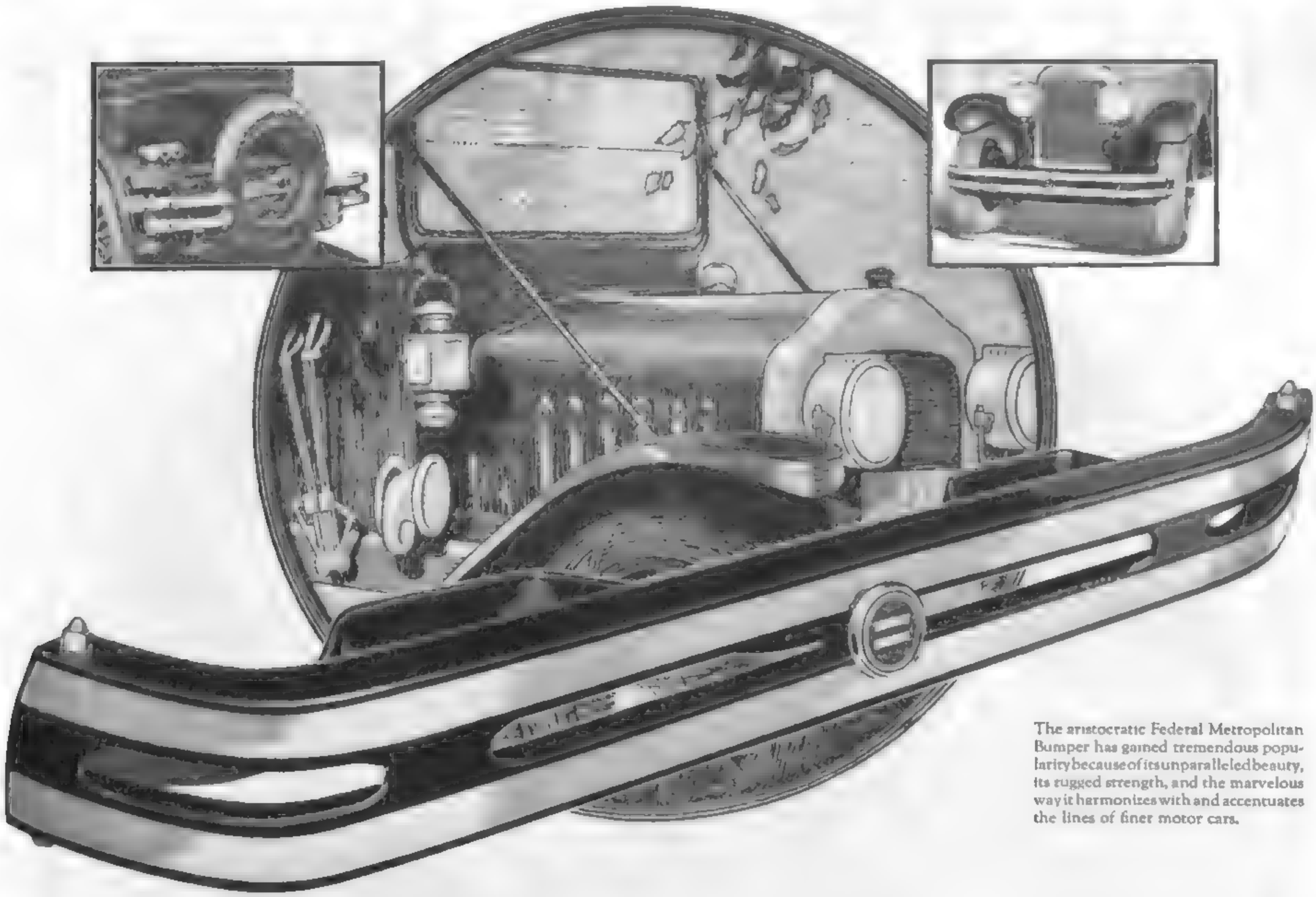

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FEDERAL BUMPERS

(Continued from Page 154)

The mirror over the neat enamel sink showed him a tall lummox whose old red jersey was cut down around his brown neck, whose black eyes had the glaze of drunken idiocy, whose hair was rumpled into a multiplicity of little black curls and spirals. This fearful clown was obviously himself, but no inch of the silver girl showed in the mirror—only this ape, and the kitchen became somehow a tank of heated water in which he was washed to and fro, a rag. He hated women.

"Stuke!"

"Oh!" Salvation! Norah's green robe came whirling out of the white door that was the end of the back stairs. Stukely coughed twice and heaved back his sweating shoulders. "Norah, you—remember Artemidora Fergusson, of course?"

His sister said, "How d' you do? Of course." And then her hands sank as claws on Stukely's wrist. "Listen! Keep your head! It's appendicitis. And I shall go crazy in a minute. Get the doctor at once, and then phone the drug store and make them send out a hot-water bag. Tell them to send it out right away."

His mind woke. This was just Norah with black hair in a wild flutter, being dramatic.

Stukely drawled, "Come out of it! You've had appendicitis, Norah!"

"Don't be a fool! It's Joe! He has this frightful pain in the pit of his stomach, and he's seeing spots! It's just how I felt, and—and don't wake father up! Phone the doctor and—and hurry!"

Stukely's tongue caught in the roof of his mouth. He gargled, "Ap——" And then tried to get his wrist from Norah's hands, only he was a soaked rag again. Appendicitis! Operation! Yes, but he had to get to the telephone. Norah was swaying in a rustling shimmer of green gauzes at his elbow and clinging to his wrist.

"Has he fever?"

This voice cut in from nowhere. Norah's black eyes rolled, and she said, "Fever? Yes—I don't know. His hands are like ice. H-he's never been ill in his life! He ——"

"You can't kill Joe with dynamite," Stukely said steadily. "Don't make a fool of yourself, Norah. Artemidora was asking whether Joe has a fever."

The silver girl remarked, "If his hands are like ice, he hasn't any fever. Where is he?"

"He's simply curled up in a circle!" Norah chanted in a certain dulled thudding of words.

"Rubbish!" said Miss Fergusson, and strolled up the back stairs.

She strolled, and the light flamed all over her gown when the dark stairs turned into the sunlight of the upper hall. He had again this strange shiver that was not cold or hot.

Something shook in his throat, and suddenly he pulled Norah against his chest, saying, "It'll be all right. Don't get scared."

"Who is that girl?"

"It's just Artemidora Fergusson. You know—that Doctor Fergusson's daughter. She's a trained nurse."

"Where'd she come from?"

"Oh, she was out eloping with a breezy Western jackass, and he tried to kiss her. She's awf'ly nice. She slugged him in the eye."

"Don't be funny!"

"I'm not," he said, puzzled. "It's what happened. . . . Don't cry. You have to keep your head, because if anything is wrong you know how dad'll go to pieces. And he's too old to be worried. Don't cry. Joe's made out of rubber. He won't be very ill, if he is ill. Keep your head."

"Y-you're not a woman," Norah said into his shoulder.

"I know, but when girls are a little more emancipated an' all that, they'll be practical about this kind of thing, like men," Stukely assured her. "Don't let go of yourself. It'll be all right. Don't let it upset you. Of course, you feel as if the bottom had dropped out of everything, but it hasn't yet—by a damn sight."

He stood with Norah's hair tickling his square chin and patted her back while he stared up the treads of the staircase. If anything happened to Joe the world would split and the farm would end. The man upstairs had made it run and the place would be a tomb; they would all go away and let some other group of bodies fill the big airy rooms. Cold came on the boy's heart. He said, "I dare say it's just as well to call the doctor, anyhow. She ——"

The silver skirt came fluttering down the treads. The girl said, "Get me some hot water, Stukely. Any in that boiler? Fill a cup. . . . Lemon pie! At midnight! Men are the most ——"

She dived across the room at a cupboard and began to grub inside its shelves. Stukely jumped to feel the tank beside the stove, in the fear that the gas flame under it had been turned out, but the copper hurt his palm, and Norah was before him at the sink, letting water trickle into a tin until steam came.

"The baby's walking around the hall, by the way," Miss Fergusson remarked, pouring something into a spoon, "in his shirt tail. He looks like his father. . . . Here, that's hot enough, Mrs. Fancher. Thanks. Make him drink this if you have to pour it down his throat by force—all of it. Don't spill it! That's right!"

"What is it?"

"Hurry and don't ask questions!" the red-haired girl snapped. "He's having an awful time. Husky men always do when they keel over this way. Hurry!"

Norah was a green fluctuation passing up the stairs. Miss Fergusson stood dusting something yellow from her fingers and shrugged, observing, "He ought to respond immediately. But you'd better call a doctor, Stukely, because it mightn't work. Tell him it's something like acute indigestion. Pie! Hurry, the coffee's boiling."

He ran out into the living hall obediently, and Central, in Gossetville, only said "My Gawd!" before making the buzz that meant connection. Stukely danced, stooping over the black machine, and the doctor said, "H'lo! That Mrs. Murphy? Baby worse?"

"This is Stuke Kent, doc. Joe's sick. . . . Pie. It's something like acute indigestion. Can you come out?"

"Right away. Keep Mrs. Fancher cool. I'll be there in five minutes."

"Thanks," said Stukely, hanging up.

He walked over to the fireplace and seized a cigarette from the silver box under Bishop Stukely's portrait, and having lighted the cigarette, he began to wonder about a man in a dinner jacket standing in the center of the room with one hand over his left eye. This being had certainly no business there—very tall, with sunlight fluttering on his precisely curled yellow hair, lighter than Joe's cropped head, and the gems in his shirt front twinkling. Stukely exhaled some smoke that sank and went in a weary plane toward the floor while he considered this phenomenal intrusion without an idea as to how the thing had sprouted from the worn old velvet of the rug. It was a form of life in black cloth and at least six feet long, but inexplicable. However, it was a man's business to keep his head. Stukely said, "Yes?"

"Where's Art?"

"I beg your pardon?"

The youth asked stolidly in heavy basso, "Where's Art? She came in here with that skinny old preacher. Where is she?" and then took his palm away from his left eye. All around the eye the flesh had a brilliant lavender tint that was new to Stukely; it was as though a clump of asters had sprouted under his fair eyebrow, and the curiosity kept Stukely silent.

"Well, where's Art?"

"If you mean Miss Fergusson, she's busy."

This must be the breezy Western jackass whose eye Artemidora had slugged. Stukely leaned back on the fireplace and inspected the person quite comfortably. He looked, somehow, as if he hadn't much sense. He fitted into his clothes with perfection, and

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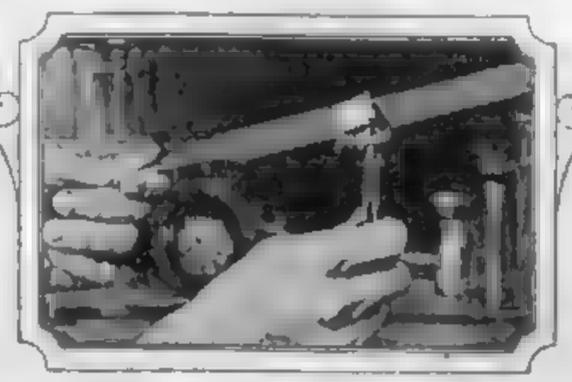

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his hair, more radiant momently, was admirable; but his right eye suggested nothing much, and it was suddenly plain that Artemidora's descriptions of him were correct—he was a dumb idiot, and he now glared at Stukely childishly.

"You work here, fella?"

The word "fella" offended Stukely with a sharp emphasis. It wasn't excusable—slang out of the gutter. So he said, "Yes. . . . Now, run along. Someone is ill and you're in the way."

"The hell I am! Here, boy, you run and ask Miss Fergusson to come here. I've got to see her, and it won't wait. I leave it to you! I've been runnin' round with this damn girl ever since last summer. And we were goin' to get married, and I'm crazy about her. And then she ditches me like I was a bellhop!"

"You can't see her," Stukely said, immeasurably disgusted at the sight of a hand holding a five-dollar bill in its thick, long fingers. "She's busy, and there's illness in the family. Run along, please."

"I won't, either! Just because she's a New York girl an' I'm from Oregon, she ——"

"Oh, go along back to Oregon, an' stay there!" Stukely said crossly. "I won't let you speak to Miss Fergusson! That's enough! Clear out!"

The youth said "Huh!" and smartly shoved his wretched five dollars back into his waistcoat. He said, "Oh, that way!" and his arms suddenly seemed to swell inside the blackness of his jacket's sleeves. His right eye altered from simple blue to a brighter tint, and contrasted curiously with the lavender tinting around his left eye. He said in a hoarse voice, "Look here, guy! It took four men to throw me out of Jim Salvetti's place back home last summer! You've missed your guess if you think I'm goin' to get treated this way and—and not have a show-down! You go tell that girl I'm here!"

Stukely had never heard anything so outrageous. A bright rose edge appeared all around this figure's lines and dappled its face. He disliked Westerners horribly, all at once, and this jackass was the worst of the lot. They had no manners! They used cheap slang!

"I certainly have no intention of telling Miss ——"

"Ah, write a dictionary! Go tell Art I wanta talk to her and I'm goin' to. I know it's five in the mornin', but I'm ——"

"Get out of here!"

Something prodigious swirled past Stukely's mouth and he gaped at the back of the black dinner jacket, whirling about. Then he snapped back his head and let another fist go pinkly past his lips while he tried to shut his teeth together. The fellow was going to fight him. Yes, that was it.

"Here! Stop that!"

"You," said the black phantom, "go to hell!"

Immediately he hit Stukely in the middle of the chest and the boy's breath went out in a hot pang. His eyes seemed to ooze from his head and his shoulders jarred the shelf of the fireplace. . . . All right. He flung both arms around the wriggling blackness that danced in at him and began to shove it across the floor.

"Leggo me!"

"Sh-shan't!"

Their faces were so close that a tiny red vein showed in the lavender folds by the man's left eye, and his shirt front made a ticking noise that was oddly regular. It occurred to Stukely that he was a very handsome person, and that in some foggy way he was in the right of this scene—hadn't been treated well.

"Won't you get out of here?"

"No! And you can't put me, neither!"

"I can try," said Stukely, and set his heels on the floor.

It came to him that he was rather more grown-up than he used to be. He didn't want to cry and his throat didn't close. He was wrestling desperately with a man as strong as himself, but he wasn't mad with rage. Yes, he was growing up. Funny, too. Joe told him he'd be cooler in fights as he grew older.

"Get out!"

"Put me out!" said the sweating mask, close to his cheek. "Put me ——"

They slipped and rolled over twice in a precise arrangement of black legs and brown canvas breeches that whirled in the sheen of a great old gold-framed mirror beside the doorway. Wonderful how your eye caught things in a flash! Stukely got to his feet and stepped back as the man gathered himself from the floor, and gulped, "Get out! Please!"

"Put me!" the nameless person coughed, and came at him again.

Stukely danced aside, and then was involved in a whirl that left him free for one minute to hear some calamitous noise upstairs. Then his head jarred on the white flatness of the opened front door and the bang dazed him so that two blows caught his chest.

"P-put me out, damn you!"

"You make me tired!" said Stukely, and hit out.

They were suddenly sparring without gloves on a square of old velvet in the full light of the doorway, and Stukely felt flickers of sunlight on his left leg. The whole side of his left trouser was a flapping wreck and his chest hurt busily. Meanwhile blows pounded in on his forearms with a rapid insistence and this man hopped in and out with a deft quickness, but crying foolishly. Tears trickled from his differing eyes and his chin wrinkled up like a child's chin in grief.

"Please! This isn't civilized!"

"P-put me out!"

"Oh!" said Stukely, and tried a long swing with his left. His brown fist went crashing over a black shoulder that heaved up to meet it and landed on the man's ear. The figure rotated funnily, a spinning doll, and jarred on the shiny curve of the piano, which complained in a murmurous buzz of the wires. After that the other boy sat down slowly on the rug and stretched out, rolling over twice.

The cat Ermyntrude came across the doorsill floating her sulphur tail and sat down on the margin of polished old oak between the sill and the rug with no expression except mild interest in this crying youth, who was getting to his feet. She turned to glance out at a robin that made noises grandly in the driveway, but then looked back at Artemidora's lover, dizzily lifting his feet from the rug. She suggested an old maid observing a rowdy fight in a moving picture, a little interested, primly, but not pleased.

"P-put me ——"

"Look here," said Stukely, "I s-simply won't go on with this! Joe an' I box every day, and he was champion of his battalion in the Marines. . . . It's—it's ridiculous! Of course, you feel like hell, but ——"

He was horribly sorry about everything, and shoved Ermyntrude over the doorsill with his foot. She might get spoiled if anything more happened. The blond boy was licking his lips, with sunlight smeared on his face, and his shirt had split so that a pink flare of skin showed between the stiff edges of the linen. Stukely bent and picked up a jade shirt stud from the rug—a nice one—and then had to shove Ermyntrude over the sill again.

"Y-you dropped this."

"Thanks," said the battered person, and took the stud.

He tried to fix it in his shirt again, and his fingers mussed the linen pitiably, after he licked a thumb.

It became irritating to watch him, and soon Stukely said, "Here, let me," and took the trifle of gold and jade from the fingers. He felt extremely cheap, especially as blood was dribbling from his nose down his upper lip, but he got the stud into place and stood nervously back to look at its green point.

"Mean she's just through with me?"

"Well, don't you see, it's this way—she changed her mind. Getting married's awf'ly serious. . . . Of course, you must

(Continued on Page 161)

CORK LINED HOUSES MAKE COMFORTABLE HOMES

10° below Zero and a 50-mile Gale Yet this Cork Lined House Was 72° Throughout

TEN below zero is *cold*. Add a 50-mile wind and how many houses do you think could be kept at a comfortable temperature? Could yours?

Yet Dr. James W. W. Walker's home in Auburn, N. Y., *was* comfortable in this kind of weather—72 degrees throughout. (Read his letter at the right.) The house is a remodeled 13-room structure, set on high ground in the full sweep of the wind. Furthermore, the heating boiler is the same one that was in the original 8-room house, 31% smaller than would ordinarily be used in a home of this size.

But Dr. Walker's house is lined with Armstrong's Corkboard. That is why it is so easily heated. That is why an "undersized" plant keeps it comfortably and uniformly warm. The cork lining in the walls and ceilings holds the heat inside the house.

Easy heating and uniform heating are by no means the only benefits that result from insulating a house with Armstrong's Corkboard. The cork-lined house is much less drafty. It holds its heat when the fire is banked for the night and warms up quickly in the morning. And the same insulation that keeps furnace heat inside in winter keeps the sun's heat outside in summer. It is a much cooler house upstairs and down.

Furthermore, the *comfort* of the cork-lined house is also an *economy*. A much smaller plant supplies ample heat, as in Dr. Walker's house, and of course burns much less fuel, a saving that quickly pays for the insulation. Armstrong's Corkboard is not expensive and is easily erected in any type of house.

You can't afford to build an uninsulated house. Investigate Armstrong's Corkboard. It insures you comfort. It saves you money. Mail the coupon for further information. Armstrong Cork & Insulation Company (*Division of Armstrong Cork Company*), 194 Twenty-fourth Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Canadian office, McGill Building, Montreal, Quebec. In London, Armstrong Cork Company, Limited, Sardinia House, Kingsway, W. C. 2.

AUBURN, NEW YORK
December 28, 1925.

Armstrong Cork &
Insulation Company,
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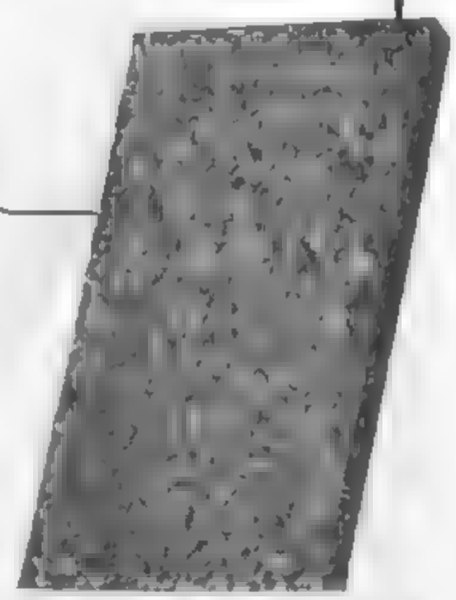
Gentlemen:

It may be of interest to you to read the enclosed newspaper clipping in today's "Citizen," stating that yesterday was the coldest [Dec. 27th] on record in Auburn: the temperature was 10° below zero accompanied by a 50-mile gale of wind It will be further of interest to know that my house was perfectly comfortable, maintaining an average temperature of 72° throughout the house.

I feel this is as good a test as could be desired by anyone. Thanks to Armstrong's Corkboard, my house is all that can be desired from the standpoint of warmth.

Yours truly,

James W. W. Walker M.D.



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the only Cleaner with the VAC-MOP

The M. S. Wright Company has been making vacuum cleaners longer than any other company now in business. The Factory, at Worcester, Mass., occupies over four acres of floor space.

(Continued from Page 158)

feel rotten, but I don't see that there's anything you can do about it. And if you'd got married, y' know, an' hadn't been comfortable, it'd be serious."

"S'pose that's so," the nameless youth mumbled, licking his lips.

Ermyntrude came triumphantly into the room and sat down at some distance from Stukely's feet with her tail curled around her crouched legs, ready to run if he came near her.

The bruised boy looked vaguely at her, and then shook his head.

"I'm only twenty-one. S'pose she's right. Kind of young."

"Yes," Stukely agreed, "it is too young to get married. That—that's the sensible way of looking at it. . . . Like some water?"

"Guess not—no, thanks. Well, so long."

After a minute they foolishly shook hands and then the youth marched slowly out of the room into the porch. His head shimmered. He stalked along the blue driveway and stopped to kneel and to lace one of his shoes. Then he marched on and went north up the placid lane, a black shape that became, as it receded, nothing but a fair head and a dwindling coat behind the low brush of the fence. Stukely was sharply sorry for him, but he really wouldn't do! No, and she was inevitably right in the whole business, and that was all a girl could do. Of course, she hadn't been exactly fair to the Westerner, but —— The valley rippled off in the long gentleness of April green and two of Ermyntrude's latest children came looking for their mother with stiff tails and thin little cries for help. Stukely bent down and lifted them across the height of the doorsill, saying, "There you are."

"You'd better go put a wet rag on your nose," said Artemidora.

She was standing beside the foot of the green stairs with a piece of dark toast in one hand. Her face was very white below the copper wreaths of her hair. He looked at her with his mouth open and wondered how she came to be there, for a while, before his neck heated.

"I suppose you think I'm an utter cad."

"Oh, no. Dunno what else you could do. I—he—he's rather crude. . . . I—I'll go upstairs and —— Hope you didn't see any of that."

"I missed the first of it."

"Well," said Stukely, "I—it was silly. I—if you'll wait here and tell the doctor Joe's upstairs, I'll go wash my face."

He started for the stairs and then ambled off to get a cigarette from the mantelshelf, and then limped back to the foot of the stairs; but Artemidora had vanished, and he rubbed his foot on the spot where she had been standing, with alarm, until he saw the silvery flutter of her skirt mounting the treads into the gay paint of the upper hall. Well, he could go wash his face in the kitchen and get some coffee. She was distracting—that was the right word—distracting, and her eyes were not exactly gray. . . . He was leaning on the table in the kitchen fooling with a tin labeled Mustard and wondering about it when Norah flooded the back stairs with her green robe and said idiotically, "Babe! You've been in a fight!"

"Sh-sh! . . . How's Joe feel?"

"How did you feel after we got off that boat at Calais when we crossed the English Channel?" his sister snarled. "If people didn't get over seasickness when the boat stopped they'd ——"

"Seasickness?"

"Don't be so dull, child," Norah urged. "Go and tell the doctor not to come. . . . No, Joe ought to stay on a diet for a couple of days—and don't tell dad I made a fool of myself. And what have you been doing?"

"Had to throw this idiot out. The one she—Miss Fergusson was eloping with. It—it was absurd. But I do think she was right. . . . I mean, she couldn't marry him. He's an idiot—awf'ly common. . . . An'—an' she ought to go to bed, you know."

Norah was looking at him strangely, with her hands holding back the black masses of her hair. When they were little children, strangers had sometimes taken Stukely and his sister for twins. This suddenly seemed remarkably pleasing. He occasionally wanted to slap Norah when she daubed paint on the walls of his bedroom or scared the cows by altering the colors of the barnyard, but she was very lovely, gazing at him with her black eyes rounded.

"I think she's perfectly justified, don't you? I mean ——"

"I sometimes think you're even handsomer than dad, babe."

Stukely said, "Oh, shut up! . . . I mean, a girl has to look after herself, and h-he'll get over it and ——"

"Don't spill that mustard, Stukely!"

"Oh, I was, wasn't I? . . . Only—you do think she was right, don't you?"

It was horribly important that everybody should think Miss Fergusson right in this matter. He frowned nervously at Norah and dusted mustard from his palms. Presently she nodded and said, "Of course she was right, babe. Girls are always right, dear. Go up and speak to Joe, and then take a bath, lamb."

"All right. . . . I'm glad you feel that way about it. . . . Bath—yes."

There was an empty coffee cup standing outside the door of the spare bedroom and the yellow chamber was dim with its drawn shades. Something silvery lay draped on the bedstead with a crimson quilt drawn over it. He blushed and lifted himself on his toes, walking away. . . . Norah ought to have given her something to sleep in. . . . Yes, and that room was always a little damp. He came lumbering into Joe's room and emptily said, "You think she was —— I mean, how d'you feel?"

"Frail, fella, an' meek. Yeh, I feel all low along the ground an' kinda humble," Joe said melodiously, out of a pillow. "But I admire 'at skinny red-headed girl. She's a life-saver. Uh-huh!"

"She's not skinny, Joe."

Joe's turquoise eyes opened and he drawled, "Goodness gracious, ace! No, she ain't skinny. She's a very beautiful dame an' all that a lady should be. . . . And don't paw the floor wiv' your hoof at me neither!"

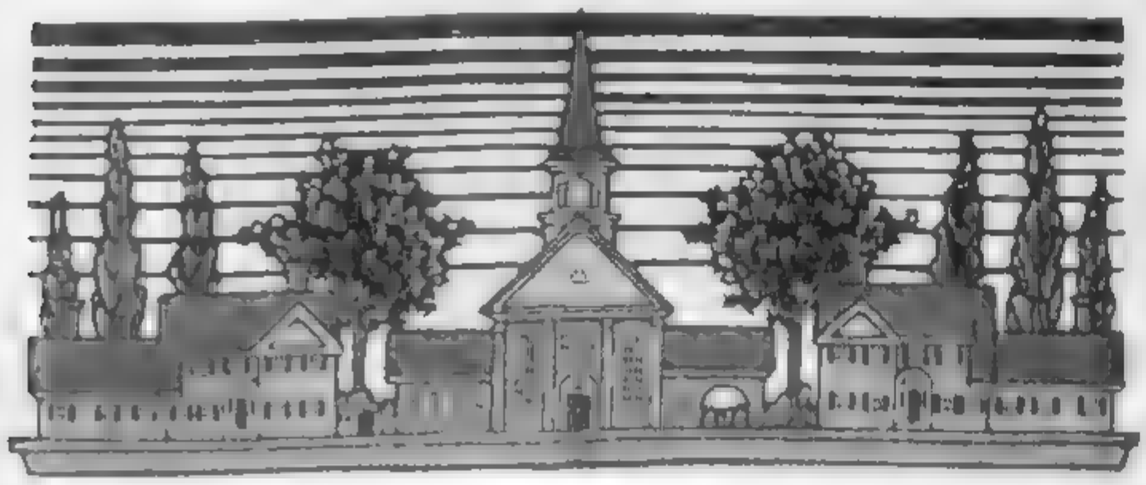
"I wasn't! I say, it's a wonderful day! It's—it's all warmed up and ——"

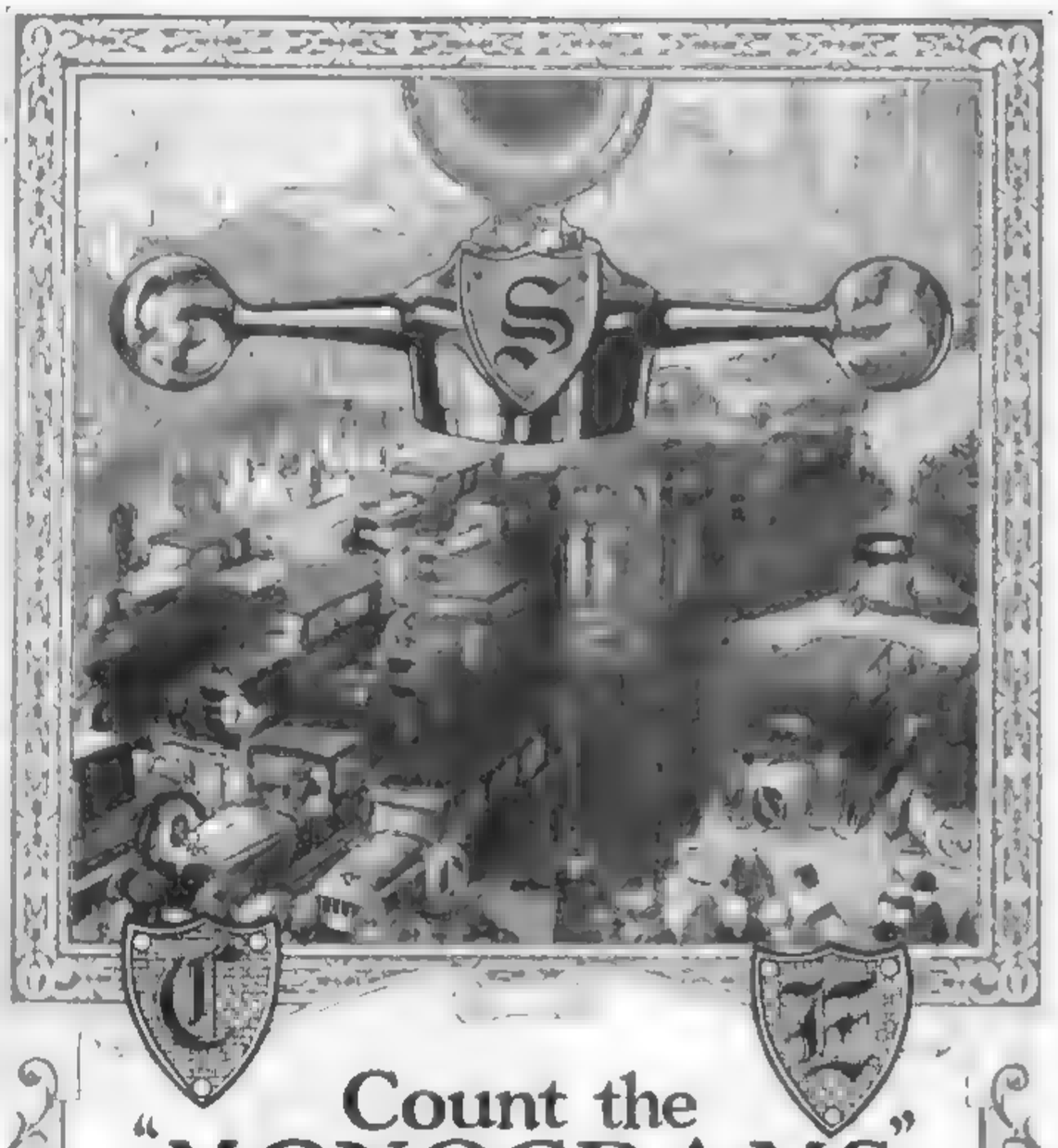
"Uh-huh! Yeh, boy, it's a fine day. Gonna write us a litty-bitty pome about it? Only don't get so romantical you forget the milk, an' get yourself some breakfas', sonny, 'cause you got to have strength to endoor ——"

"Endure? Endure what?"

"It," said Joe, and rolled over in the pillows.

Stukely stood wondering just what he meant.





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In supplying the burial protection required, the Clark Grave Vault Company has also recognized an obligation: To provide the *largest possible measure* of positive and permanent protection.

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Now, with the same obligation in mind, the assurance of complete safety offered by the Clark Grave Vault has been made still more certain. By the adoption of the Udylite Process of rust-proofing, this vault, which has never failed, is made to give a degree of protection far beyond any previous conception of the human mind. A very fine plating of pure cadmium practically eliminates all possibility of any deterioration taking place. It also makes the vault far more beautiful.

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THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO., Columbus, Ohio
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This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

LESS THAN CLARK COMPLETE PROTECTION IS NO PROTECTION AT ALL

THE LAZY MEMBER

(Continued from Page 31)

Evidently these schools try to be human. That is no insignificant gain.

The technical equipment of my high school consisted of a terrestrial globe two feet high, but so faded that only the names of continents and oceans could be made out; an unabridged dictionary; and a life-size human figure with heart, lungs, veins and arteries traced in red. The latter, however, was regarded as of dubious respectability; so it stood in a corner with its face to the wall. These cultural objects were kept in the principal's room, which was where one went to be licked. Naturally one seldom went there except on compulsion, and our technical equipment was little used. It was upon the nontechnical equipment of a rawhide whip that our principal mainly relied to make proper scholars of us.

The high school that I have been visiting contains many appliances to demonstrate chemistry, biology, physics, geometry; also for manual training, for sewing, for cooking. It is a quite elaborate plant, at which the principal of my high school would have rubbed bewildered eyes. It contains, too, a spacious auditorium in which there is speaking every day, with a stage ample for gymnastic exhibitions, and the like.

English Spoken Trippingly

There is an effort at democracy, unknown in my day—not only self-managing class organizations but a self-managing chamber of commerce that associates with the adults' chamber of commerce in the city. Study rooms full of pupils are left quite to themselves. The curriculum names subjects, such as manual training, bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, commercial law, sewing, cooking, music, that were not recognized as proper subjects of public education when I went to school.

In the first-grade and second-grade rooms are many objects that would have seemed strange to my teachers; for example, broad tables around which six small scholars sit in regular chairs that one can twist and wriggle in. To see a roomful of six-year-olds sitting at rigid desks in straight lines and to see the same roomful sitting around tables, chairs at any angle they choose, curly heads together, conveys a quite different impression—the impression of a party, not the impression of a prison. There are large sand boxes in the rooms, where all sorts of things can be built and modeled. There are blocks and balls and many pieces of colored paper. Education for these youngsters means, partly, something that they can get their hands on and see objectively. Certainly that is a gain. The out-of-door study hours and recitations are decidedly a gain. At any rate, these modern schools are trying to take away the physical aspects and the regimen of a jail in which small citizens were mysteriously punished for the crime of being young. I believe that children generally regard public schools with more affection—or less aversion—than they used to. That is a gain. All together one may count up a good many gains. Probably they justify that increase in expenditure from less than $8 a pupil to more than $68, and from $1.56 a head of the whole population to $15. These schools are pleasanter places for our children to spend their youthful lives in.

But when it comes to the final proof of the pudding, are they more profitable places, aside from being pleasanter? When public-school pupils of today leave the more agreeable and elaborate plant, are they better fitted for a happy and useful life than their school-going fathers and grandfathers were? Do they carry away a more extensive or better-assorted stock of knowledge? More important than that, have they been trained to use their brains to better advantage?

I do not pretend to be an expert, so must leave those questions to experts. Apparently a large majority of the experts would answer in the negative. Nobody who speaks with authority is by any means satisfied with the results of public education now. There is a constant chorus of criticism from college faculties, to whom the products of public-school education are passed on for a finishing process. And every expert admits that the colleges themselves, at a vast outlay of time and energy, produce meager cultural results. One could easily fill a volume with expert statements to that effect.

There is better technical training now than there was in the 70's and 80's. Your teeth, eyes and tonsils are more efficiently handled. To meet the needs of industry, there is a much greater number of skilled engineers of various sorts. That is a gain. But only a microscopical proportion of the public-school population become dentists, oculists, engineers.

Language should be one fair test of an education, since it is the instrument upon which education mainly relies. Outright illiteracy has decreased in the United States in half a century. Relatively more people can tell the meaning of certain black marks on white paper. A gain, no doubt. But to what extent, if at all, has a fair, neighborly acquaintance with the English tongue increased? I am not speaking of the mystic intimacy of the high priests of grammar who can tell infallibly when to use "will" and when to use "shall." I suppose they tell by observing the liver of a chicken or by consulting the stars, unless it is only another priestly humbug and, in fact, they guess at it like the rest of us. I would deny nobody's natural right to split an infinitive if he finds it handier. By a fair, neighborly acquaintance I mean, for one thing, merely the ability to express a simple idea without falling over one's own feet in the process.

Wherever you happen to be, take notice, during a single day, of the signs that are displayed for your information. These literary compositions are not impromptu. To mount them often involves considerable expense. We must assume that they were produced with deliberation. Often they show an aptitude in the use of language comparable to the grace of a one-legged man in a waltz. The dancing school cannot pretend to make a Pavlowa of every pupil, but its training might enable every pupil to walk across the room without falling over his feet. A good many people who compose public signs cannot do that.

The Horse at the Pierian Spring

Learning and thinking in school ought to be the means to learning and thinking after school. I happen to know that a good many young men and women are graduating from college now with only a faint interest in books or in ideas outside of their specialties, if they have specialties. Experts are constantly deploring it. If school does not lead people to read and think, it hasn't done much to brag of.

A wise judge once remarked, "Human justice is very fallible, but it is the only kind of justice human beings can administer." Perhaps that is the case with public education—a poor thing, but the best we can get. Probably the quality of public education in the United States is little better or worse than it was half a century ago. Quantity has increased, but quality appears to be much the same. It is better than the public education in many countries. I suppose it is not inferior to the public education in any country. In every country and time you find the same basic difficulty; that is, for a majority of the pupils, school is a dull place to be muddled through with the least mental effort possible. Leading the horse to water is simple. Making him drink, even with the old-time gad, is not simple.

But the schools that I have been visiting teach another subject that was undreamed of in my curriculum—namely, athletics. And with that subject our schools and

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colleges do make notable successes. Is there a clew here to the educational puzzle?

To be sure, we country-town boys had plenty of exercise, plenty of games. The stern and choleric principal of our schools would have been as much astonished at the notion of teaching boys to play as at the notion of teaching them to breathe. Athletics as a branch of public education developed in the cities. But no normal pupil, city or country, is bored with it. Almost all pupils take it up with zest. Boys have always wanted to be strong. Girls, too, want to be strong nowadays. Both have experienced the pleasure of exercising trained muscles. Usually they go at their athletics gladly.

Therefore athletics is the one branch of education in which we can say with assurance that a success has been scored in the past fifty years. We cannot say confidently that our educational institutions produce better scholars and thinkers than in the 80's. We can say confidently that they produce better athletes. And that is the sole branch of education in which the public can be said with confidence to take a really lively interest. We spend more than $1,500,000,000 a year on public schools alone, and pull a solemn face about it; but almost the only time education gets into the day's news is when there is an athletic contest. That is almost the only time—putting buncombe aside and telling ourselves the truth—that we are really keen to hear anything about it. Otherwise, buncombe aside, the subject bores us as much as it does the children.

Getting Excited About Our Minds

If athletics is the chief discovery and success of modern education, does that involve a principle which might be applied in other directions? Children and youths are interested in their bodies. To develop their bodies they willingly exert themselves. It is not easy. The same set of gestures, often very difficult ones, must be practiced over and over. But pupils go at it without compulsion. If the coach has far greater authority over his subjects than any other member of the faculty, it is because he teaches something that his subjects are keen to learn.

Of course if education does not get people interested in the development of their minds, too, it must be considerable of a failure. By and large, I doubt that education does. That is the gist of the endless criticisms of our schools and colleges. Young humans will gladly exert themselves to make their muscles stronger, quicker, more flexible. Generally speaking, it is very difficult to get them into a like state of enthusiasm over making their minds stronger, quicker, more flexible.

The reason is that normal bodies, in fair health, are not naturally lazy; they like exertion; but our brains are the laziest things about us; they naturally hate exertion. On that head it is not necessary to go to the psychologists. The best psychologists learned all they know by attentively observing the operations of their own minds and noting as accurately as circumstances permitted how their neighbors' minds operated. Anybody can go to that fountainhead for psychological information. As soon as men and women are left to themselves—as soon as whatever tasks circumstances compel them to perform are out of the way and they can do as they like—their natural bent will, of course, come out. Very often they will then turn to some occupation that involves bodily exertion. There is a huge investment in country clubs and the like to provide them with opportunities for bodily exertion. Only once in a thousand cases will they voluntarily turn to an occupation that involves any genuine mental exertion.

We grown-ups, who jaw the youngsters for their unsatisfactory quarterly reports from school, try to bolster up our own mental laziness with the transparent and pitiful falsehood that all our brain power for the day has been exhausted by seven or eight hours in the office. If that is true, then our brains must be in a condition comparable to the physical state of some lazy old glutton who has allowed himself to become so overloaded with fat that he gasps for breath after mounting half a dozen steps. What ails us, in fact, is just mental laziness.

Usually I take a fairly early breakfast and immediately go for a walk, which I relish even more than the breakfast—out-of-doors, in the morning air, to stretch my legs for a mile or two in a freshened world! That is, and for years has been, one of the very pleasantest experiences of the day. It isn't the air, either; sitting on the veranda or standing at an open window is no good. It is the bodily exercise. I return, and the moment the door closes behind me there is a fall in the barometer. That has been so for many years. I begin to dawdle, perhaps glancing at the front page of the morning newspaper with a lackluster eye, but hardly taking in the meaning of the headlines. If the morning mail has come in that early, what a godsend! I can sit down and loaf a quarter of an hour over it. But finally, reluctantly, to the desk, to the treadmill, to the galleys. Maybe the job in hand is this article. A sheet of paper is mechanically wound into the typewriter. A pipe is filled. Then absent-minded glances out of the window. . . . Ah! There are no matches. How glad I am! Going downstairs to get a box will put off the evil moment at least a couple of minutes. Coming upstairs—can that smoke over there mean a fire? I dawdle, speculating. Not that I care a rap whether there is a fire or not, but it kills time. At sad length, with a sigh, I really go to work. I have had opportunities to observe a good many other men, of various occupations, settling down to mental labor. It is just so with them. They naturally hate it. Their minds writhe at the thought of exertion and invent excuses to put off the beginning.

"I have been staring at that blank paper three days," said an artist, sitting disconsolately before an easel. "It looks no better now than it did at first."

Turn psychologist for a moment and make a very simple test of the matter with these two examples taken at random from a primary-school arithmetic:

A frame, forty feet by six feet, is planted in lettuce. The plants are set six inches from the border on all sides. The rows are a foot apart, running lengthwise. The plants are six inches apart. How many plants in the frame?

The second of three lines is twice as long as the first. The third is three times as long as the first. If the sum of the three lines is twenty-four inches, how long is each line?

Exerting Mental Muscles

These sums are to be done without pencil and paper, in your head. There is no trick about them. Anybody with any brain whatever can do them. Children of tender years do them daily. Will you do them now? Probably you will not. You realize at a glance that to do them requires some concentration of attention, some little push of mental muscles and probably you shy away like the startled gazelle. You will say that you are not engaged in planting lettuce, and it is quite immaterial to you how long the lines are. In fact, you hate the effort.

Please understand that I am not talking down from a pulpit. My part in the exhibition is that of the horrible example. I have been looking through a set of primary-school textbooks. Of course, any grown-up not an absolute fool can master them. But they require some steady attention, some real mental exertion. After looking them over I don't blame youngsters for considering them dull. I should detest them myself. The exertion is hateful. But we know well enough it is only by exertion that our physical muscles grow. Why not mental muscles as well?

The physical difference between the living skeleton and Dempsey is insignificant as compared with the mental difference between Dogberry and Newton or Einstein. The one is strictly measurable, but there are no scales and yardsticks for the other. Hence a general disposition to give up mental differences as mysterious dispensations of Providence quite beyond human control. Everybody admits that the living skeleton, if taken properly in hand when young, might have been developed, not into a Dempsey, but into a man whose body was sufficiently serviceable for all ordinary human requirements.

Everybody knows instances of that sort. Roosevelt, for example, was a frail boy, but made himself into an unusually vigorous man.

Daily we meet with examples of what proper training will do to develop the human body. We believe unquestioningly in the body's adaptability through exercise. Why assume that nothing of that sort can be done with brains?

There is not a school-teacher of experience who has not seen a very unsatisfactory pupil turn into a very satisfactory one—as satisfactions go in that line. Somehow the child's interest was aroused. From an inattentive student he changed to a fairly attentive one. He began to exercise his mind. There is no middle-aged person who has not seen a scatterbrained youth, on whose success he would not have wagered ten cents, turn into a diligent one. The same thing happened; something aroused the young man's interest; he began to exercise his mind, put it to work.

There seems no reason to assume that the serviceability of a mind cannot be increased in the same way that the serviceability of the body can be by persistent, systematic exertion.

Newton's Touch of Genius

We have a sufficiently full history of the progress of a good many minds from youth to middle age. We know that they developed. Genius may be quite another matter; yet how many geniuses began life with the reputation of being blockheads. If you pick up the biography of a man distinguished for intellectual powers, you rather expect to find that in his juvenile years he was set down for a dunce, or at least for a very ordinary being. Newton confesses that he stood low in school in his early years. As a youth he chanced to buy a book on astrology at a county fair and was humiliated to find that he could not understand a figure of the heavens that was printed in it. So he bought a book on geometry and set to studying it in order that he might understand the figure. There, perhaps, was the touch of genius—not just giving up when he found that he couldn't understand, but buying another book in order to understand. There have been many definitions of genius. Perhaps that urge to make the mind work is of the very essence of it. But only a few people in each generation will be geniuses. Other minds, we know well enough, grow by work.

For 400 years science has been steadily extending the history of the world backward. Nearly that long ago, in good Bishop Usher's time, they dated the duration of the planet from 4000 B. C. But 4000 B. C. was not even yesterday. It was hardly the hour before last. Geologists now talk lightly of hundreds of millions of years. Biologists talk of millions of years of animal life. Man is the newcomer, the latest immigrant at Ellis Island. In fine, ability to think is practically as modern as radio and airplane—and uncomfortable as the shoes we used to put on in September after running barefoot all summer. Our newfangled brains are the laziest things about us.

There is a vast paraphernalia for assisting them to loaf—country clubs, bridge clubs, theaters, movies, libraries. Even libraries; for of all the general reading done

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Forty-eight Years ago

a Mississippi packet brought to this old plantation a shipment of Byers Pipe

ABOUT twenty miles above New Orleans, on the east bank of the Mississippi, stood the old plantation home of the Destrehans. Surrounding it, all the way from levee back to the swamps, were waving fields of sugar cane.

In 1878 a packet boat brought to this plantation a shipment of Byers Pipe which had come down the river from Pittsburgh.

The year was a memorable one in those parts, for the Mississippi Delta was swept by a terrifying epidemic of yellow fever. The cabin of the boat which brought the pipe presented a ghastly spectacle, for it was cluttered with the corpses of fever victims who had died on the way from Memphis.

In this cabin, the plantation manager receipted for the pipe and proceeded to install it for supplying water from the river to the sugar factory, half a mile distant.

The pipe remained in the moist loam for forty years. When dug out in 1918, the scene had greatly changed. The cane fields were gone. A modern petroleum refinery had replaced the old sugar factory, burned to the ground in 1912. But the pipe was still good. It had suffered so little from corrosion that every foot of it was salvaged for use about the new refinery.

In the refinery is also installed a large amount of new Byers Pipe, made from the same rust defying material as the old water line laid 48 years ago. For now, as then, all Byers Pipe is made from genuine wrought iron of the highest quality.

In every city, throughout the land, there are old buildings in which Byers pipe has served for plumbing, heating, steam and other purposes for upwards of 30 and 40 years. Invariably, the pipe in these buildings is found in such excellent condition as to evoke astonished comments from men whose experience has been mainly with less rust resisting pipe made by cheaper modern methods.

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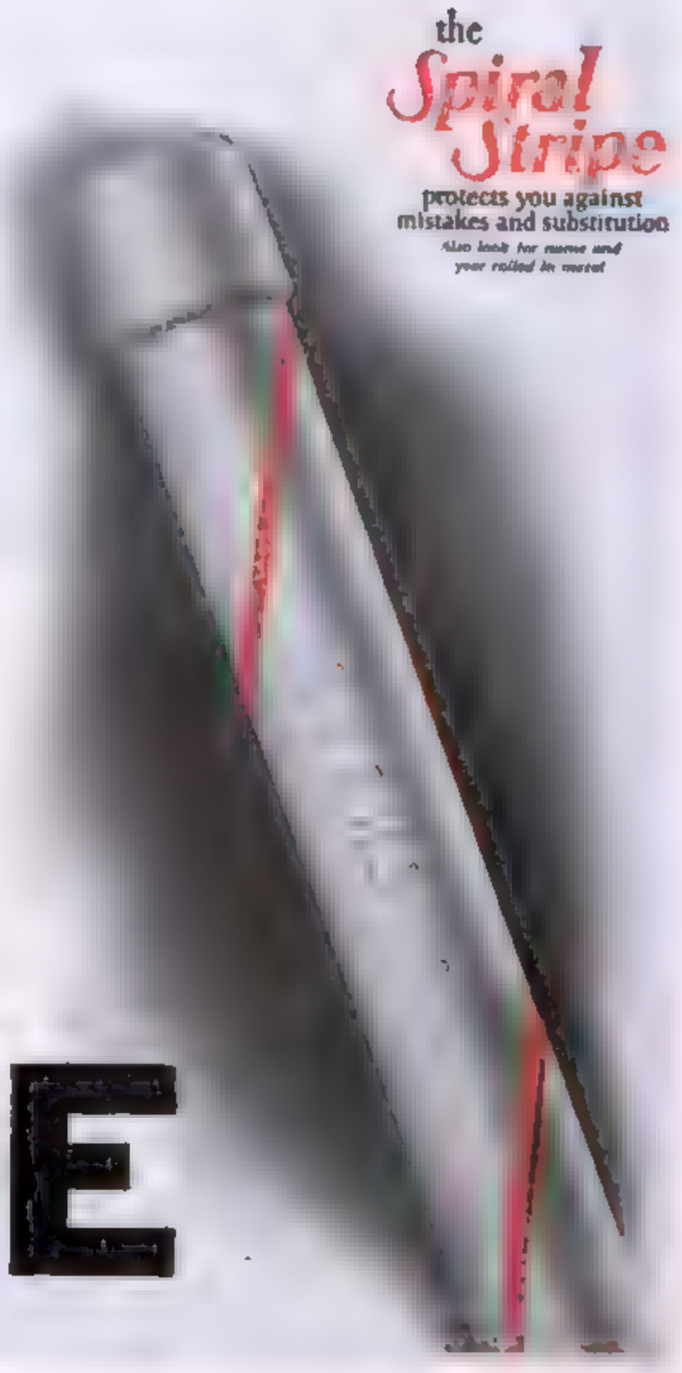

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in the United States in the course of a year much the greater part is only pleasant loafing, involving no mental exertion beyond the slight mechanical trick of taking in the meaning of the printed words.

Certainly, all work and no play is a silly program. Some loafing is good for everybody. And drama and fiction that are absorbed with only the slightest mental effort may have a very high usefulness. Absorbing air and sunlight involves only the slightest physical effort but is very useful. But if you will keep an accurate tab for twenty-four hours and note the number of minutes during which you are really exerting your mental apparatus—working, not loafing—I think you will be surprised and humiliated. Even in the office, on which we rely so heavily for an alibi, we are probably working our brains—work in any real sense—only a fraction of the time.

Some of the office tasks are merely mechanical, performed by our hands while our brains are half asleep. Many of the matters that come up are settled by prescription. Such and such a matter has always been disposed of in that office in such and such a way. As often as that matter comes up we dispose of it in the prescribed way, without a thought. And observe the amount of sociable loafing that goes on in the office. Z comes in. You know what he has come for. He knows that you know. But first he must say "How d' do?" to you and you must say "How d' do?" to him. You ask about his wife. He asks about the cold you had last week. You offer him a cigar. It is not unlikely that he tells you a story and you say something about fishing or golf. Finally, you and Z come to grips, your brains go to work. Then the telephone rings. It's Jim or your wife, talking to you a couple minutes about some diversion. You return to Z; that is, you go to work again.

Some time ago I had an opportunity to observe the working of an office in Wall Street that ran at high pressure. It had to run at high pressure in order to get through the work that piled into it. Many people came in during a business day; but most of them also ran at high pressure. In that office Z said his "How d' do?" at the door. Before his body was fairly bent into the chair at the end of the desk he was at grips with the man behind it—hammer and tongs, for the thing must be done quickly. The output of mental energy in that office in seven hours would equal a whole week's output in many an office. By and large, there is a great quantity of mental loafing in business hours. Outside of business hours, how often are we really exerting our minds?

Studying Children's Education

Probably the late J. P. Morgan would not measure very high intellectually beside Newton or Shakspere; but in a spot where the competition of many shrewd brains focused, he easily, and for many years, outweighed everyone else. A man who knew him rather well explained it by saying, "In his college days he had a good German training in mathematics and to the end of his life he retained the ability to think hard for ten consecutive minutes." That is not a very common feat. For how many ten consecutive minutes during the day do you really think hard? If you will tell, I will, and we'll apologize for each other.

The first point in the argument is that we have no right to blame the youngsters for shirking mental exertion in school, when we are doing the same thing out of school—and much more scandalously, because there are no drill sergeants of teachers and parents to drive us to the disagreeable task. Ask Johnny and Susie to bring you their lessons for the day. How hard would you have to be driven in order to master them?

This shining morning face that you are sending off to school five days in the week is also an intellectual problem. You want it to be educated. You hope it will get a really serviceable brain under its topknot. You have heard many criticisms of the educational system. Probably you have some uneasy doubts as to whether your boy and girl are in the way of getting the most serviceableness out of their brains. That obviously presents you with a mental problem—a matter that might be studied out and thought out to some good end.

But are you making any real mental exertion on that problem of your children's education? Before answering, please remember that I am a parent, and among my acquaintances are other parents whose behavior and reactions in this matter of the children's education I know. You may be a shining exception. If you are not a shining exception, what you have done with the problem of your children's education is, mostly, just to give it up. Really to study that question would involve hard work, mental work; therefore repulsive work.

Compound Interest on Laziness

We would continue our school system whether we cared a whoop about education or not, simply because it serves the great and ever-admirable end of getting the children off our hands and our consciences for a good part of five days in every week. Children bristle with intellectual problems like a porcupine with quills. What to do with them; whether to permit this or to forbid that; when to encourage them; when to repress them. They simply sizzle and burst with problems that require thought and study—mental effort. So our chief concern about them is to get them safely, respectably, affectionately, off our hands—off to school where somebody else is responsible for them; or doing something that, at least, isn't so bad for them as other things that they might be doing.

Many motion pictures are unfit for young and adolescent children. If there are no other objections, they are designed to stimulate sex interest, which is the last interest that needs to be stimulated in boys and girls. They are not ready for it. Often, too, your motion picture wallows in a mush of sloppy sentiment that is bad for anybody. But daily some millions of boys and girls sit through motion-picture shows that are unwholesome for them. It is just another means of getting them off parents' hands for a couple of hours. Parents can't endure the mental effort that is necessary to provide a more healthy occupation for children. Very likely the children would rebel at first and that would involve another painful mental exertion.

Review your dealing with children and note how often your true motive is simply to shirk brain work. You forbid them to do things because that is the easiest way out for you. Rather often we did the forbidden things when we were of their age. We know now that the things didn't hurt us and were amusing. When grown-ups exchange reminiscences of childhood some of the talk is sure to be of things that they are forbidding their children to do. To forbid is so much easier than to study the matter, make an intelligent decision, take a responsibility. It is unfair to blame school children for shirking mental exertions. That is what we are doing much of the time.

Laziness is a habit, and progressive, like many other habits. The man who was consistently lazy all last year will probably be still lazier this year. According to my observation, physical laziness is not common, yet everybody has known some physically lazy people. Mostly they get lazier and lazier. If a man doesn't overcome the inertia of his muscles at twenty, the inertia grows with compound interest, because his muscles get softer year by year; to start them in operation requires a greater and greater initial push; and the self-starter gets rustier and rustier. It is cumulative.

We begin, about at the age of six, I should say, with a disinclination to mental labor. Six is about the age at which we are asked to take charge of our brains and train them into specifically serviceable instruments. Before that we have used them instinctively to imitate the speech and actions of our elders; but at school we are expected to put a hand to tiller and bear away on a course that is not simple instinctive imitation. We are expected to begin getting an education in the formal sense. Before long, in the history of a majority of pupils, it becomes tiresome; we would a lot rather be doing something else; we begin the lazy habit.

There is plenty of activity in our heads: notions and observations swarm. The machinery is running, but running wild, noting things by the hundred, suggesting things by the dozen; for example, a bent pin in Johnny's chair. That is not work, however. No amount of mere strolling will make a sprinter. To sprint, one must bend a certain set of muscles to certain actions, put them to it with all the steam one has, push them fairly to the cracking point, do it over and over and over. There is a large difference between that and mere movement of the legs in strolling.

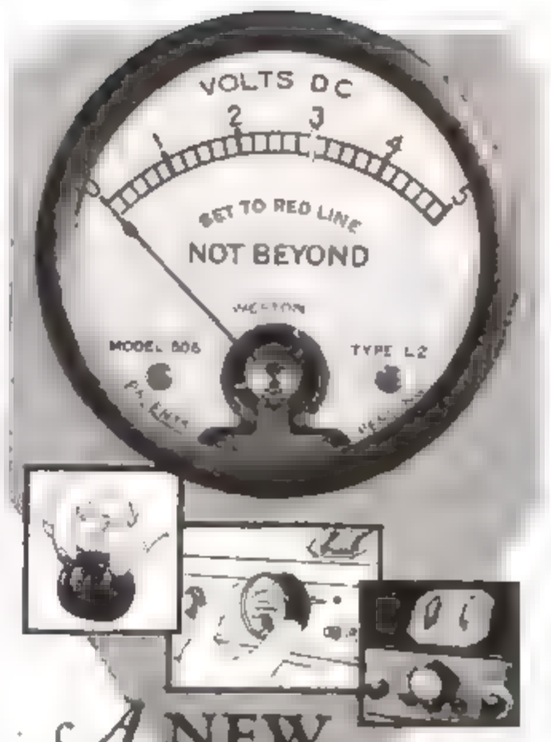
Mentally, about 90 per cent of us, I should say, naturally hate the persistent, rigorous exertion that is necessary to make a mental sprinter. Of course our schools and colleges are keyed to that inertia. Their courses by no means require championship speed, but only a fairly steady dogtrot. Most of us at school and college lag in the dogtrot, and thereby begin turning a natural disinclination to brain work into a fixed and cumulative habit of mental laziness.

And why not, since that seems so much pleasanter than training for the 100-yard dash? But the appearance of pleasure is finally a snare and delusion. It is easier to lie on the grass or sit on a fence than to run and throw a ball; but youngsters go in for athletics without compulsion because they find the exercise immediately agreeable, and they know, without anybody telling them, that their chances for a satisfactory life will be better if they have strong, serviceable bodies. They know that instinctively. Their ancestors have been experimenting with bodies for a vast while. If a boy or girl is inclined, through shyness or inertia, to hold back from athletics, nothing is needed, usually, beyond the initial push that gets him in. Once in, the youngsters begin to find pleasure in the bodily exercise and continue it voluntarily. But this newfangled business of thinking is different. Usually, I believe, it is only after one has persisted for some time that the rewards begin to appear.

Man's Chief Occupation

Surely, if one's chances for a satisfactory life are increased through having a really serviceable body, they must be much more increased through having a really serviceable mind. But only comparatively few men and women have really serviceable minds. Mostly they're fat and scant of breath, dyspeptic, asthmatic and rheumatic. I have intellectual lumbago as well, but proper exercise and diet would have prevented it.

The bitterest saying that I have come across recently was uttered in his old age by Anatole France, one of the acutest observers of men. He said that, after all, our principal occupation was killing time. That is a rather appalling observation—because it is so true. For a long while I have spent a part of every year in spots inhabited largely by people who were at leisure—winter residents in Florida or summer residents in New England, who were not under the regimen of any gainful employment, but could dispose of their time as they pleased. It is a bit startling to observe how bored with themselves they are, how unable to get through the day without an endless variety of aimless and fruitless diversions—anything to save them from the pain of using their minds, to save them from themselves, to kill time. If all the people in the world were released from the regimen of gainful employment, certainly 90 per cent of them would be like that—turning to any means of killing time. But killing time is what alligators and cabbages do. Men and



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women endowed with the ability to think might do better.

Eight hours' work, eight hours' sleep and eight hours' play—meaning such games as are usually played—is a program for blockheads. We hear nowadays that even eight hours' sleep for persons in good health, is only a bad habit; four or five hours, once we were used to it, would answer just as well. Please consider that for a moment—three or four whole hours added to every day! How in the world would we get through them? The prospect makes us yawn. That much more time to kill!

They say that hygiene has already added a dozen years or more to the average span of life. Physicians talk confidently of stretching the average span to 100 years. What a frightful prediction! We don't know what to do with the time we already have on our hands. Often and often, in odd hours and half hours, we are at a loss for means for killing it. Imagine having thirty years more of it to kill! Apparently suicide would be the only remedy.

But surely a being capable of thought, placed in this most wonderful world, ought never to be at a loss for means of passing the time. How many things that you would like very much to know about can you think of in only five minutes? Astronomy, Egypt, Colonial history, the Spanish language—scores of things. A reasoning creature in this wonderful world never would be at a loss for means of passing the time, except that he had allowed his brain to go to sleep on him, to turn into a mere dropsical gob, loathing exertion.

Happiness Through Hobbies

It is well enough established that the brain thrives on exercise. Aside from some hours of sleep, all it needs for perfect health is a change of direction or of subjects to work upon. Physically puny men, like Voltaire and Herbert Spencer, have put forth an astounding volume of mental energy far into old age. Nobody need fear wearing out his mind through honest work. And there is endless testimony to the satisfactions of mental labor. I don't mean satisfactions in the way of championships won, medals publicly bestowed, monuments erected; but the individual's own inner satisfactions. The man who can and does use his brain will get more out of living than the man who doesn't.

Once a subject has really gripped our interest, we pursue it with pleasure. No end of men and women have laid up happiness for themselves by cultivating a fad; for example, collecting first editions, old glass, aquatints, postage stamps. No matter what the subject may be, the mental exercise presently becomes an enjoyment and a resource against boredom. The man who dawdles, yawns and swears a little over beginning the day's mental labor becomes engrossed, once he has got to going. Interrupt him in the throes of getting started and he will secretly bless you. Interrupt him after he has a full head of steam up and you will get an exhibition of bad temper. The trouble is all in warming up the engine at the start.

The first dollar in the savings bank looks silly enough. One lone dollar; four cents, interest at the end of the year. Nobody could care much about it. But if the balance grows into the third column to the left of the decimal point, and the fourth, you begin to find one of those celebrated heart interests in it. That is true of investments of mental energy. If one persists and builds up a real investment in any subject, he gets compound satisfaction out of it. We all know, as a matter of course, that knowing is a satisfaction; and that the more we know, the more we shall care about knowing still more.

Five men sit in the smoking room of a Pullman car, talking aimlessly. Twelve below in the Adirondacks yesterday morning, one man observes; going to be a cold winter maybe. Something or other about cold weather drifts into everybody's mind and to everybody's tongue. Cold suggests coal; ought to fix things so there can't be another coal strike. Vague opinions about labor disputes float into the random talk. Train's late; trains are always late. Nobody is really interested; everybody is merely accepting this babble as the best available means of killing so much time. That automobile out there is keeping right up with the train; probably beat us into the next city. The talk eddies around automobiles. They're making 'em better now, but they don't make 'em as good as they might; ought to make the steel harder; they don't want to do that, for then the cars would last too long.

The bald and ruddy man in the corner, with a cleft in his chin, takes that up. It happens that he is a manufacturer of certain kitchen appliances, and for many years has been studying steel, especially the beautiful and exciting art of tempering that metal. He describes processes and the improvements that have been made within his recollection, now and then with a rough sketch or diagram on the back of an envelope to help us follow him. This isn't mere aimless conversation to kill time. The bald man with a cleft in his chin is speaking on a subject that he really knows.

As soon as it appears that he is talking about something he really knows, the mental atmosphere of the room completely changes. We are no longer languid, subconsciously bored, working our mouths because we can't think of anything else to do. We are at sharp attention, absorbed, thirsty for more. It is drama. Not so many years ago, it seems, certain artisans, mainly Belgians, had the knack of making one sort of tempered steel. If you wanted that sort you had to go to the adepts, who guarded the process carefully, locking themselves in when they practiced their art. Then somebody invented an automatic electric furnace that an intelligent child could run. There is drama all along the bald man's talk. There is drama in every subject when one knows it.

The Drama of Real Knowledge

Take notice, in any casual gathering of men and women, how attention tightens and the mental barometer rises as soon as anybody begins talking on a subject that he can discuss expertly. It hardly matters at all what the subject is. An orange, an ear of corn, an old shoe, a lath, in the hands of a man or woman who knows its story and can tell you by what steps and processes it comes to the state in which you see it, is as good a subject as any other. Offhand you don't care much about spiders, ants, tumblebugs, caterpillars and such. But an inspired French scientist named Fabre who spent his life observing them wrote some books on the subject that for sheer fascination beat nine novels out of ten.

PHOTO. BY G. W. HUNT
Angels' Landing, Zion Canyon, Utah

The subject matters rather little. What matters is the knowledge. They said long ago that knowledge is power. But knowledge is pleasure also. Everybody's everyday experience attests it. There is pleasure in listening to anybody who really knows a subject, because you are absorbing the knowledge. The point needs no proof. It is a matter of common experience. An urge to know sends men to the poles and to steamy equatorial jungles, to counting the stars and to a million other toilsome endeavors. When we are tricked into using our minds a bit by some popular puzzle, we find the exercise agreeable.

The wonder is that we give such scant attention to the instrument for knowing. We shuffle through school, perhaps through college. Mostly, after that, all we expect of our brains is to get us a living. We pretend that getting a living involves all the labor an ordinary brain can stand without cracking. Having attended to getting a living, we put in about two-thirds of our lives, in bed and out of bed, killing time.

Half an hour a day, or even half an hour every other day, devoted to some mental pursuit that requires steady attention and some genuine work is all that I am arguing for. It must be study in an honest sense, and not just loafing. It must be progressive—the study of a certain subject continuously pursued over a considerable time. In other words, it must meet the broad conditions that any athletic instructor would lay down for the improvement of our bodies—persistent, systematic effort.

Half an Hour a Day

We are besought on every hand to make our bodies more serviceable. Everybody has preached to us on the value of physical exercise. It has become a cult. If anyone has suggested the value of mental exercise it has been such a still small voice that nobody has paid attention to it. The big fact is that as to our minds we mostly give up. We are urged to develop our bodies on the very simple ground that it will enable us to live more satisfactory lives. But after all, unless horses and dogs are more satisfactory animals than we are, the satisfactions of a trained body must be small in comparison with the satisfactions of a trained mind. There seems to be no valid ground for the common assumption that minds cannot be improved as bodies are by systematic exercise.

There are a million books. Nobody can read more than a small fraction of them. Ten thousand subjects are treated in books and periodicals. Nobody can know very much about more than a score or two of them. There is no use trying to know something about everything. It can't be done. General reading will not take you a great way in any direction. I believe there is more satisfaction in going 100 miles on one road than in going one mile on 100 roads. In my opinion so-called general reading—really planless and aimless reading—is the pleasantest diversion ever invented by man. I should have to hate a man bitterly before ordering him to give it up. But usually it involves only slight mental exertion. It is fine strolling, but I doubt that it keeps down the mental fat very much.

Half an hour a day, or every other day, of genuine study, systematized, directed to a particular subject, is all that I recommend—not to win a medal, but to make you happier and better able to live with yourself. If that habit is formed early in life, so much the better. But physical instructors say middle-aged or even elderly people have no need to give up on their bodies. I doubt that we have any need to give up on our brains. As to what a capital half an hour a day for ten years will lay up, consult any savings-bank pamphlet for examples of compound interest. If not to weigh 275 is worth a great deal of effort, not to let our craniums fill up with suet must be worth some effort. There are public libraries nearly everywhere. There are hundreds of good subjects. All we need is the initial push and some perseverance.

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IT'S not only wrong for a woman to have to shovel coal, but it's mistaken economy.

For now that the benefits of Oil-O-Matic heat may be had, usually at no extra cost, coal shoveling is unprofitable, *no matter who does it!*

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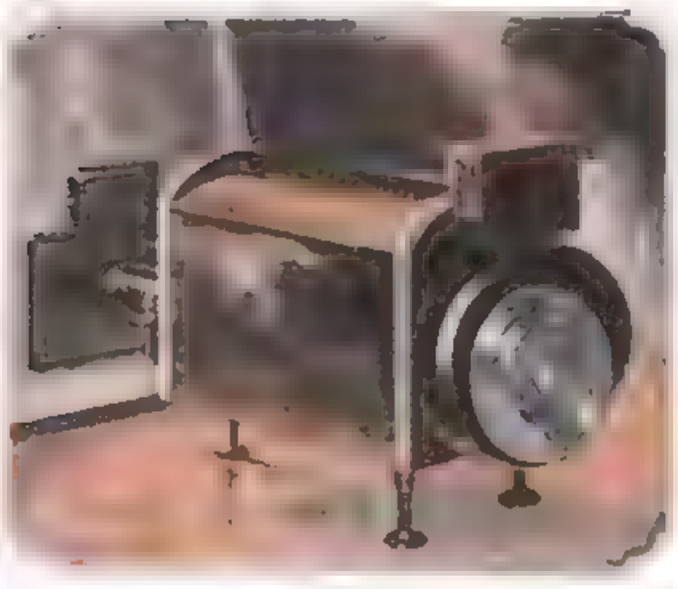

Oil-O-Matic is listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories to burn fuel oil as well as any of the lighter grades.

Even those whose costs do run slightly higher never go back to the old laborious method.

Comfort is beyond price

For solid comfort has no set price. Who will say just what constant, even heat is worth? Or what market value relief from all thought and care of the furnace has?

To be free to leave the house for any period means a great deal to some folks. But to have the curtains, rugs and walls stay clean is prized by every woman. To have comfortable rooms in the early fall and late spring is a treat too rare in the coal-heated home.

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HOME OFFICE NEWARK, N. J.

THE FIRST LIE

(Continued from Page 16)

Nearly all parents' stories seemed to begin that way. My mother continued:

"When Aunt Ellen was your age she was a very active and, I'm afraid, not very good little girl. She climbed trees and was always in mischief. She was considered very high-spirited. She was an exceptionally pretty child, with very black curls and the reddest cheeks, and quite different from her twin sister Marie, who was blond and pale. Well, when Ellen and Marie were seventeen, their mother took them to New York to a famous physician named Dr. Nicholas Nevins, and he gave them a thorough examination. A week later he mailed their father a report. Marie, he wrote, was thoroughly sound, and with plenty of exercise, fresh air and sleep would develop into a fine, healthy woman. But Ellen—well, Ellen had strained her heart. It was too late to do much about it, Doctor Nevins said. It could not be cured, but Ellen could go on living if she took the very best care of herself. She must not dance, play games, go to parties, travel, go to the theater or excite herself in any way. Of course, she must not marry. That was—let me see—about thirty-five or six years ago. Aunt Ellen has been sensible. From the day the doctor's report came she has lived in absolute quiet."

"But what," I questioned, "became of her sister?"

"Oh," said my mother, "she went away."

"Where did she go?"

Again I intercepted glances between my parents:

"Shall we tell him? Might as well."

"She went," said my mother, "to Paris."

"Did she ever come back?" I asked, forgetting that inquisitiveness in small boys is frowned on by the angels.

"Oh, yes, she has come back a number of times," my mother replied.

"Is she a nice lady like Aunt Ellen?" I asked.

My father laughed, and I was just old enough to sense that there was some peculiar overtone in his laugh.

"You're full of questions tonight, aren't you?" he said. "Well, I'll answer one more. Aunt Marie is a very beautiful lady, but she is not like your Aunt Ellen. Some day, when you are grown up, you may see your Aunt Marie's picture, painted by a famous artist, when she was the greatest Camille of her time. . . . Now eat your rice pudding."

"Father," I said presently, "what is a Camille?"

My father raised his dense eyebrows.

"More questions? Well, a Camille is something a nice little boy doesn't want to know about."

"You'll put wrong ideas into his head," my mother said. She addressed me. "Camille," she said, "was a lady—a rather wicked lady—in a play on the stage."

"Oh," I exclaimed, "was Aunt Marie in a play on the stage?"

"She was—many plays."

"Did she ever get married?"

Again my father laughed in that peculiar way.

"Several times," he said. . . . "Now run along and do your homework, and never let me hear you asking any more questions about Aunt Marie."

I wanted very much to ask why, but I didn't. Good boys mind.

On my way to Aunt Ellen's house the next week, I was thinking about her, and I was sad. Until that evening at dinner, when my parents had told me about her heart, I had always regarded her as the happiest and most fortunate of people. Could she not have turkey in March, and ice cream every day, if she wanted it, and any amount of books and flowers and beautiful things? And could she not stay in bed on cold mornings, and not have to get up and chatter into her clothes and plod a mile to school through the snow? But now, I was thinking, was she as lucky as I? She could never go to parties. I had been to several, with ice cream in the shape of animals, and it was a lot of fun, and I hoped to go to more. She, who loved Paris so much, had never been there, could never go there: some day, I had resolved, I'd go to Paris. It must be a terrible thing, I thought, to have a weak heart—almost as bad as Two Buckle Roses. As I hurried along toward her house, I anxiously put my hand inside my shirt; I was relieved to feel the lively bumping of my own heart.

We were sitting together in her room, Aunt Ellen and I, and she was reading aloud an absorbing book about some men who climbed to the very top of the Alps. She put the book down.

"How glorious," she said, "to be able to do that!"

I don't know why, but somehow I wanted to cry. I didn't, because just then I heard a sound outside. It was an automobile, and it was coming up the drive.

"Who could that be?" said Aunt Ellen. "Run down to the door, like a good boy, and see."

I went to the front door and peeped through the glass. I saw, stopping in front of the house, the most magnificent motor car I had ever seen, all bright and shiny and glittering in the sun. I was sure it was made of solid silver. Then a lady got out and I stopped looking at the car. She was a remarkable lady. Her lips were very red, and her dress was gay in color and very short, much shorter than the dresses my mother wore. Her face was—I know the word now—vivid. She came hurrying up the steps. I opened the door.

"Hello," she cried, and her voice was bright and happy. "And who might you be, round-eyed young man?"

I told her. She laughed. The grown-ups I knew didn't laugh like that; they laughed as if they were just a little ashamed of laughing; not she.

"Oh, one of that breed," she said. "A touch of the prig, perhaps. Well, cheer up, my earnest young friend; Paris will cure you."

I had no idea what she was talking about.

"How is my sister?" she asked.

Then I knew she must be Aunt Marie, and I was rendered almost speechless in her presence, because, from the way my parents had referred to her, I had gleaned the idea that she was a lady who more than once had made the angels weep. My tongue managed to tell her that Aunt Ellen seemed as well as ever.

Aunt Marie did not walk up the stairs. She ran up, and that surprised me, for it struck me that she couldn't be young at all, for I knew enough about twins to know that they are always the same age. Outside Aunt Ellen's door, she paused.

"Boy," she said to me, "perhaps it would be better if you went in and told Aunt Ellen that she has a visitor, and when she asks who, say, very quietly, 'Your sister from Paris.' But quietly, mind. *Allez!*"

When I told Aunt Ellen, color came to her cheeks and she called out, "Marie! Marie, dearest! Come in! Come in!"

Aunt Marie came in and they kissed each other a great many times.

"Now," said Aunt Marie to me, "I want to have a little private visit with my sister, so you please go downstairs and play. See here—you can sit in my car if you want to. Tell Marcel I said you might. *Allez!*"

I did go down, and her chauffeur told me how to make the car go by pulling little knobs, and I was fascinated; but I had a sense of guilt, because I was aware that I liked Aunt Marie very much, and I felt that my parents wouldn't want me to do that.

Presently Aunt Marie called from the window for me to come up. The flush was still in Aunt Ellen's cheeks, and she spoke with a greater animation than I had ever before seen her display.

"Look," she said, "at the lovely kimono Aunt Marie brought me from Paris." She was exactly like my small sister in front of our Christmas tree. "Don't you like it?" she asked. It was a gorgeous thing, all purple and golden birds.

"It's -it's"—I was embarrassed for words—"all right."

They laughed, and Aunt Marie pinched my cheek.

"Think of it!" said Aunt Ellen. "Aunt Marie is coming to live with me and to take care of me, and we are going to have such good times together. She'll tell us all about Paris."

"But—maybe," I got out, "you won't want me to come to see you now."

Aunt Marie laughed.

"A man already!" she said. "Jealous! Possessive! Of course you shall come see us—often."

A man already! She had said it. I glowed.

"And now," said Aunt Marie, turning to me in her brisk, eager way, "do you want to help me?"

Of course I did.

"Then come up to the attic with me," said Aunt Marie. "There's an old desk up there. I want to clean it out so I can use it."

I followed her, keeping close behind, for the attic was a dark place, and in dark places devils lurk. But with Aunt Marie I wasn't afraid. We found the old desk in a corner, looking ghostly in its muslin shroud. Aunt Marie uncovered it and whisked off the dust.

"Admirable!" she said. "They don't make desks like this nowadays. Solid mahogany. It was my father's and my grandfather's before him."

She hummed to herself as she examined the pigeonholes. She drew out papers.

"Old receipted bills," she said. "Twenty—thirty years old. Some old business letters. No point in keeping them. Here, we'll make a little pile of them on the floor and burn them later. Old letters! Never live in the past, Dick. Do you know when it is that a woman begins to get old?"

I found it a bit hard to speak, because I was so enormously flattered by being talked to as if I were grown-up. Nobody—not even Aunt Ellen—had done that to me before.

"I guess," I ventured, "when she's twenty."

Her laugh was soft in the dim attic.

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, "I suppose that at eleven, twenty must seem very venerable. But you're wrong. A woman is not old until she stops looking ahead and begins to look back."

She rummaged away in the old desk.

"Aunt Ellen has been telling me," she said, "how sweet you have been to her."

"She's been awfully good to me," I said, piling up the yellowing papers she handed me.

"Ellen is a brave woman," Aunt Marie said; "one of the bravest. It is not easy to live—and to laugh—in the shadow of death. How many of us could have done it? I know I couldn't have. It takes the realest kind of courage, and a lot of it. Courage, Dick, is the finest thing any of us can have—courage to face our life, courage to live it and live it fully."

I had heard our clergyman say things like this, but mostly they did not mean much to me; it seemed as if he were just saying words he didn't rightly understand himself. But when Aunt Marie spoke, it was different.

"I'm glad you love Aunt Ellen," she said. "We must love her. Love is what people live for. Our love is all the life she can ever have. Yes, we must have love. Without it, we are so many—parsnips."

I took the papers she handed me without saying anything, for I did not want her to stop. I felt for the first time that I wasn't just a small boy to be tolerated or kept amused. Already a man! I remembered that.

"Life," said Aunt Marie, "has not been good to Aunt Ellen. At seventeen she was

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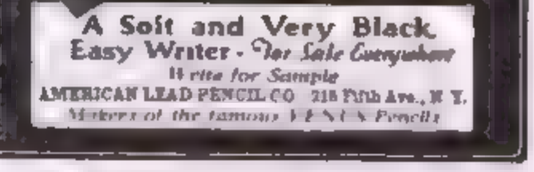
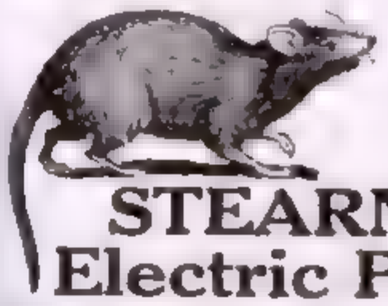


A Soft and Very Black Easy Writer - For Sale Everywhere

Write for Sample

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO 218 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Makers of the famous VENUS Pencils



STEARNS' Electric Paste

Kills Rats, Mice, Cockroaches, Waterbugs, Ants, Etc.

After eating it they run for water and fresh air to die outside. Health Departments urge the killing of these greatest known food destroyers and disease carriers.

All Druggists { 2 Oz. Size 35c / 15 " " $1.50

Enough to kill hundreds of rats!

You Can Do Better than you Are Doing.

Let us train you for a better position as Accountant, Bookkeeper Bank Clerk, Stenographer, Secretary, or the like Established nearly forty years Have trained thousands Catalogue free Address Dept P13.

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PRESSED STEEL HANGERS PATENTED
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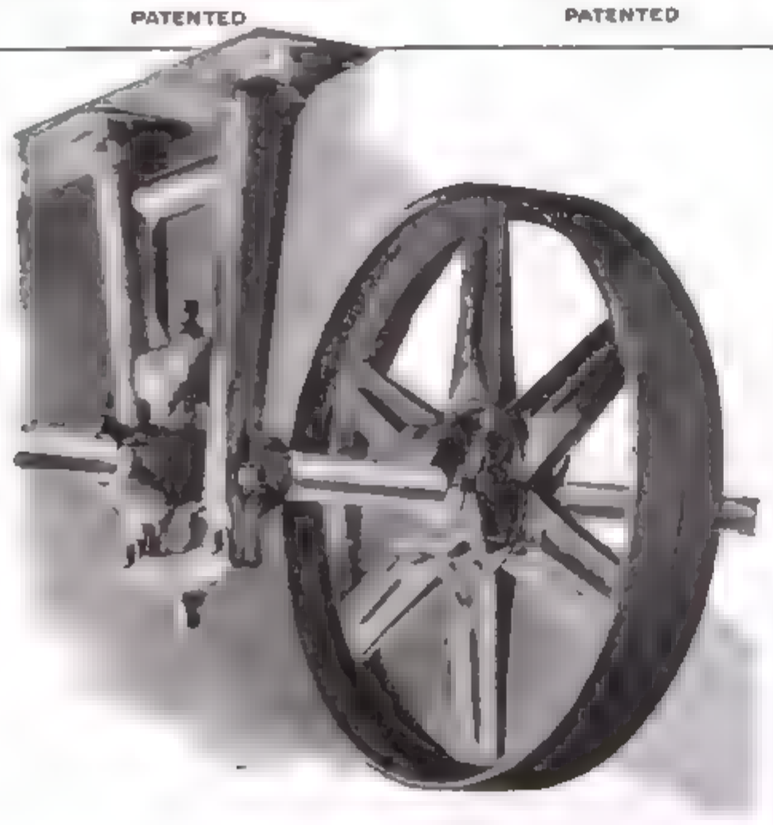

DODGE BROTHERS, INC.

THE name "Dodge" on an automobile, show window or sign, has been a symbol for service, dependability and satisfaction.

Year after year the public emphatically has registered its esteem by driving more and more Dodge Brothers Motor Cars.

Plant facilities have had to be expanded and new machines devised and installed in order that deliveries might catch up with sales. To do this successfully and at the same time deliver constantly more value to the car owner has called for the most exacting and painstaking engineering work from one end of the plant to the other.

No single item of mechanical equipment has been overlooked.

What improved the product or reduced manufacturing cost or saved power was adopted and kept.

From the very first one item of power transmission machinery has retained its place in the Dodge plants—the American Steel Split Pulley. When the American Pressed Steel Shaft Hanger was put on the market, it also was adopted.

Today thousands of "American" Pulleys and Hangers are helping to make Dodge Brothers Motor Cars.

Nearest distributor listed in MacRae's Blue Book

The American Pulley Company

Manufacturers of Steel Split Transmission Pulleys, Pressed Steel Shaft Hangers, and Pressed Steel Shapes

4200 Wissahickon Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.

the loveliest being I ever saw. What spirit! What charm! What fire! How she loved life! She seemed made for gayety, romance, adventure, love. And then it seemed almost as if Nature resented her perfection. It gave her all the gifts, then took back the priceless one, without which she could not enjoy the rest. Health! She had everything but that. I, the plainer sister, the less talented one—I had that. When I forced myself to realize that Ellen must live shut away from life, I felt I must live for her. I felt I must crowd into my life all the experiences and joys she must miss. I tried to do all the things she would have done had she been strong. I have lived a full life. I remember it all, and I regret none of it. Now I have come back to share it with her as best I can. Only the memories and the vicarious experiences will be hers, but that will be something. And life has not been an utter blank to her. She has had the courage to play the hand that was dealt to her."

Aunt Marie suddenly put both hands on my shoulders.

"Promise me something," she said.

"Yes, Aunt Marie."

"That you will not be afraid."

"Of what?" I asked. I was afraid of so many things.

"Of anything of people, of life, of yourself. Courage is an armor. When you have it on, nothing can really hurt you. Look at Aunt Ellen. Through long years she has faced her lot with courage. The doctor said her heart was bad. Doctors are a dull lot. The only heart they know about is the little red muscle they can see and touch. But we have two hearts, Dick, all of us. The little pump the doctors know about is less important than the heart no doctor can see. But it's there just the same. If our invisible heart is strong and brave, nothing else really matters. Aunt Ellen's ordinary heart isn't worth much, but her other heart is beyond price. We ——"

She stopped with an exclamation.

"Why, what's this?"

I saw that she held in her hand a letter, old, crumpled, time stained.

"Now that's odd," she said—"very. This is a letter to my father, and it has never been opened. It must have slipped into the space behind the drawer before he had a chance to read it."

She slit it open, peered at it.

"No use," she said. "Not enough light—for my eyes, at any rate. Can you read writing?"

I said proudly I could; that Aunt Ellen had taught me.

"What does the letter say?" asked Aunt Marie.

I wanted most urgently to show off my accomplishment before this gracious and beautiful lady, but in the gloom of the garret I could make nothing out of the script.

"Suppose," said Aunt Marie, "you take the letter down to Aunt Ellen's room and read it to her. At the same time you might take those papers on the floor and burn them in the fireplace. Be careful of the letter. It probably is unimportant, but it may be interesting. I think you'd better carry the papers to be burned in one hand and the letter in the other, don't you?"

That "don't you" was like Aunt Marie. It made me feel that I was being consulted instead of ordered.

"Are you coming down now, Aunt Marie?" I asked, for I did not want her to miss my exhibition of the difficult art of reading writing.

"No, not just now. I want to finish with this desk. I'll be down presently. You trot along."

I went down the attic stairs and tapped on Aunt Ellen's door.

There was a new warmth in her voice as she told me to enter.

"Aunt Marie said I was to burn these old papers," I announced.

"Put them in the fireplace," said Aunt Ellen. "I should have gone up and cleaned out that old desk years ago, but I hate stairs and attics."

I tossed the papers on the logs that crackled on the colonial andirons.

"What's the letter?" asked Aunt Ellen.

"Aunt Marie found it behind a drawer in the old desk," I said. "It was for your father, but he never got it." I held it out to her, and added, "It's in writing. Shall I read it to you?"

She smiled. "Yes, that would be nice of you."

"Shall I wait till Aunt Marie comes down?"

Aunt Ellen considered. "Suppose you read it to me just for practice. You can read it again when Aunt Marie comes."

I took my stand at the window beside Aunt Ellen's bed and, feeling important all over, began to read the letter. It was written in a clear, precise, old-fashioned hand, and wasn't hard to read at all.

"Stephen G. LaCoste," I began.

Aunt Ellen nodded. "My father," she said. "Go on."

I read on, slowly, carefully, loudly:

"*Dear Sir:* I am glad that you have taken my report about your daughter's condition so sensibly. I was surprised to learn from your letter that you think my diagnosis of a very dangerous heart condition applies to the dark girl, Ellen. It is possible that, as the two sisters were examined at the same time, my secretary confused their names. The dark twin, Ellen, is unusually healthy in every way. It is the light twin, Marie, who has a very serious heart lesion.

"Hearts, my dear sir, are mysterious things. Marie's condition is, I'm afraid, incurable. Yet it might go unnoticed for some time—years, even. Then, as the result of a sudden shock, strain or excitement, it will give way. Her life may be prolonged by extremely quiet and orderly living. I trust that in Marie's case every precaution will be taken against excitement and overtaxing her heart.

"I am, sir, yours sincerely,

"NICHOLAS NEVINS, M.D."

I was concentrating so hard on my reading, riveting my attention on each individual word, that I gathered only the vaguest understanding of the general sense of the letter. I had not been watching Aunt Ellen at all. I finished and looked at her. She was sitting straight up in bed. She did not cry out, but her face frightened me more than if she had cried out.

"Give me the letter," she said, and I could hardly hear the words, they were so faint. She took the letter and it shook so in her trembling hands she could hardly read it.

The look in her eyes alarmed me and I cried, "I'll get Aunt Marie." I started for the door.

"Stop! Don't go!" I had never before heard her call out like that—sharply. She sat there stiff, staring straight ahead at the map of Paris, the letter crushed in her slender white hands. It was the most painful ten seconds of my life. Then she suddenly drew in her breath and said in a very low voice, "Burn this letter, please."

"But Aunt Marie said ——"

"Please put this letter in the fire—at once," said Aunt Ellen. I had never suspected that one so gentle could look so fiercely determined.

"Then I am not to read it to Aunt Marie?" I asked.

"No. You are to tell Aunt Marie that I never saw this letter. You are to tell her that you burned it by mistake, with the other papers."

I did not want to believe what my ears were hearing. Here was Aunt Ellen telling me that I was to tell a lie.

"But—but—I didn't," I faltered.

"Then do it—now." She thrust the letter into my incredulous hands, and automatically I let it fall into the fireplace, where the other papers were blazing merrily. She looked straight at me.

"Remember now," she said, and her voice was firm, "you are to say that you are very sorry, but you threw the letter into the fire with the other papers before

(Continued on Page 177)

NORRIS

Variety Box

OF EXQUISITE GIFT CANDIES FOR EASTER

Many girls deny themselves sweets during Lent. No wonder when Easter comes and the Lenten ban is off they are simply starved for candy! Let your Easter remembrance be the Norris Variety Box. It is a veritable feast for the candy-hungry, with its twenty-two different kinds of confections, skillfully blended creations of nuts and fruits, smooth chocolate and piquant flavors.

Even if a girl hasn't fasted during Lent she will be delighted with these luscious Southern candies.

If your dealer hasn't Norris Candies yet, you can obtain the Variety Box direct. There is no postal charge. 1, 2, 3, and 5-pound packages, priced at $1.50 per pound.

NORRIS, INCORPORATED · ATLANTA, GEORGIA

DIRECTLY BEFORE THE EYES OF EIGHT MILLION DRIVERS

8,000,000

Standard Model—Ten Dollars

WHEN nearly half of all the drivers in America have already selected the Boyce Moto Meter as their insurance against damage from overheating there must be good reason. There is.

These eight million know, as the makers of Boyce Moto Meters knew 12 years ago, that the logical place for a motor heat indicator is on the radiator cap, always in the direct line of driving vision, where it is not necessary to shift the eyes from the road to the crowded dashboard.

They realize too that in the Boyce Moto Meter they have a constant safeguard for their motor—an instrument which never requires adjustment and outlives any car. At any altitude or with any amount of alcohol, the noticeable rise of the Boyce Moto Meter will always enable you to detect motor trouble. Its unique combination of beauty and downright utility makes it not merely a radiator ornament of the moment, but the permanent mark of the driver who is kind to his motor.

Today the leadership of the Boyce Moto Meter obtains throughout the world. Dealers everywhere have it on sale in various designs, models and prices—$3.50 to $15.00. Three minutes after you buy it, the Boyce Moto Meter starts to guard your motor.

NOTE: We also manufacture Boyce Moto Meters for dashboard or steering column installation. Thousands of these are now in use on automobiles and U. S. Army and Navy aeroplanes. Whatever type of heat indicator you prefer, you can obtain in a genuine Boyce Moto Meter.

BOYCE MOTO METER

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(Continued from Page 174)

you had a chance to show it to me. Do you understand?"

I gulped and nodded, but could not articulate.

"Aunt Marie will forgive you. You are a very little boy."

"But," I stammered, "the angels——"

"What angels?"

"They will weep."

Aunt Ellen put out her arm and drew me to her side.

"No," she said, "they will not weep. They understand, the angels do. They know when a lie is a real lie."

"But," I cried, "the devils——"

She looked at me, and she was not angry.

"Poor little fellow," she said. "Devils! How can they hurt you?"

"They will come—in the night—when it's dark—and choke me purple—all over—and carry me off."

"But why?"

"Because I told a lie—and all lies are wicked."

She glanced at the ceiling, for we could hear Aunt Marie moving in the attic overhead.

"You love me, don't you?" she asked quickly.

"Yes, of course I do, Aunt Ellen."

"And you love Aunt Marie?"

"Yes, I do—a lot."

"You would not want to make both of us very unhappy, would you?"

I was almost in tears. "Of course I wouldn't!" I said most earnestly.

"Then tell her that you burned the letter and I did not see it. Promise?"

I must have looked abjectedly miserable. She held me tighter.

"Don't be afraid," she said. "It isn't a very big lie—and, don't you see, I'll be telling it too. If the devils come for you, they will have to take me as well. We will both leave our windows open tonight, and if they take us, they will take us together. But they won't come. Be brave, and you'll see."

Then we heard Aunt Marie's light step on the stairs, and she came in beaming.

"The desk will do nicely," she said. "Well, Ellen dear, what was in the letter?"

I was watching my Aunt Ellen's face. It was entirely calm as she said, "What letter, Marie?"

"Didn't Dick give you an old letter to father I found in the desk?"

"No, dear."

Aunt Marie turned to me. "Young fellow," she said, "what did you do with the letter?"

I looked at Aunt Ellen, and she was smiling. I burst into tears.

"I burned it," I sobbed. "Oh, I didn't mean to do it! I didn't mean to do it!"

All Aunt Marie did was to laugh.

"Oh, don't worry about it," she said. "Old letters are better burned. Probably this one was a receipted bill for father's pipe tobacco, or something equally unimportant. Forget it, boy."

She turned to Aunt Ellen. "I think," she said, "that ice cream is indicated."

They had a great dish of ice cream brought to me. It was strawberry, the kind I liked best, but I could not eat a mouthful of it. I ran all the way home. I ran in the middle of the road. I did not know what might be lying in wait for me around the corners.

My mother, noticing that I barely picked at my dinner, pronounced me feverish, gave me a physic and sent me to bed early. Before going to my room, I said good-by to my parents in a heavy-tragedy manner. They were unimpressed. As I stumbled up the stairs, I wondered how they'd feel in the morning.

The last thing I did before I crawled into bed was to open my window wide. It was a gesture of sheer desperation. I knew there was no hope now for me, a deliberate liar. Let the devils come.

In the terrible dark, I lay there, waiting. It began to rain. I tried to think of my Aunt Ellen, and how she had looked at me when she kissed me good-by and how she had given me an extra hard squeeze and had whispered "Courage!" into my ear. I tried to think of my Aunt Marie and I wondered why it would have made her unhappy to hear an old letter from a doctor long dead. I tried to think of what she had said to me in the attic about courage being an armor and when you wore it nothing could harm you; and while I was trying to think of these things I must have fallen asleep, for when I woke, the bright, clear sunlight of spring was pouring in through my window.

I jumped up and looked at myself in the mirror. I wasn't purple—not anywhere.

That night I left my window wide open again. I went to sleep at once, and tranquilly.

I wasn't afraid of devils any more.

Taggart Lake and One of the Tetons, Jackson's Hole, Wyoming

Hurry!

—repair that machine immediately

How many times have you heard or said those words? They're the cue to quick action, the signal to spare neither effort nor money to repair broken down machinery. Then is the time when maintenance and repair equipment must be right, for no alibis stand.

It's the nature of nearly every repair job in factory, machine shop, hotel, garage, service station, repair shop, etc., to require drilled holes some time during its progress. Under these circumstances, the need for holes, coupled with the haste necessary, makes the "Van Dorn" Maintenance Drill and Stand indispensable—*because it is the fastest means known for getting holes drilled any time or any place.*

The problem is the same whether the job is in a garage or the maintenance department of any plant or office building. Machines are out of order and fast work is needed to make the repairs.

Every repair shop of every kind should have this ½" Heavy Duty Drill and Stand. It can be used as a portable drill press or a portable electric drill wherever there is a lamp socket.

Ask your nearest jobber for a demonstration. Insist on "Van Dorn". If not available, write us.

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Makers of Portable Electric Drilling, Reaming and Grinding Machines

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"Van Dorn" ELECTRIC DRILLS

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More Power Per Dollar.
"Van Dorn" ½ in. Heavy Duty Electric Drill $60.00.

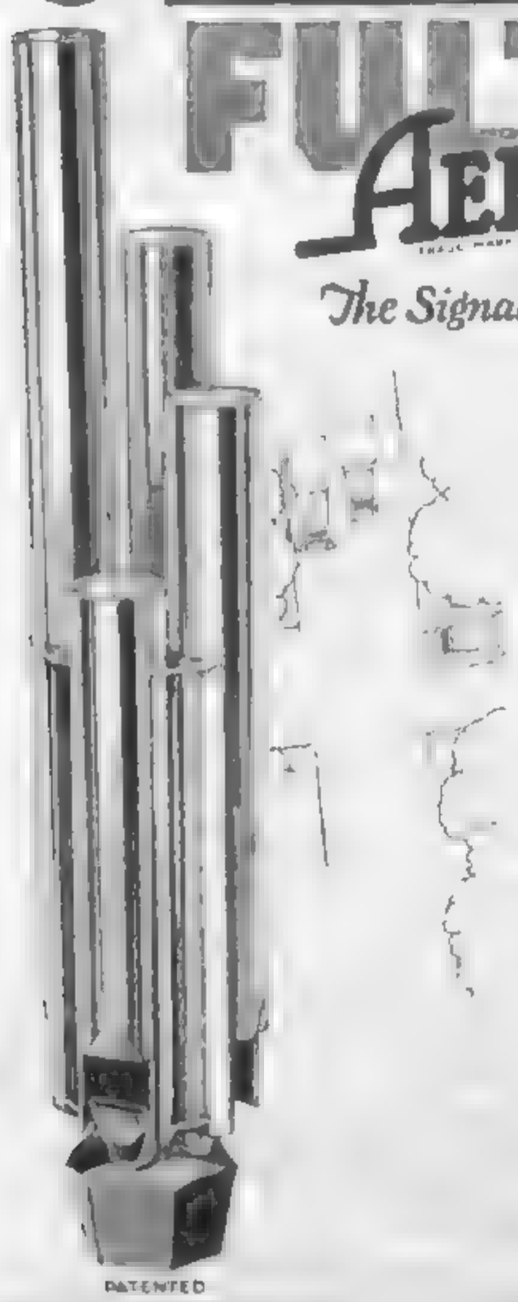
"SOUND YOUR HORN SANELY"

Courtesy Promotes Safety

FULTON AERMORE

Exhaust Horn

The Signal With a Smile



THE courteous driver is usually the safe driver. Courtesy movements in the interest of safety are now sweeping the country.

Nerve shattering signals are a menace. Signals that warn without giving offense or startling, are in favor. This is another reason why thinking car owners are equipping their cars with Fulton-Aermore—the horn of courtesy.

Its remarkable flexibility in tone and volume gives just the right signal for every occasion. A civil request politely sounded which truly expresses the wish of the driver.

See your dealer or write us giving the make and model of your car.

Easy to Install. Price complete with Valve and Hand Control—FIVE SIZES

Ford Special, 13 in. length		$ 7
No. 1	15 in. length, for small cars	10
No. 0	17 in. length, for medium cars	12
No. 00	22 in. length, for large cars	14
No. 000	Extra deep tone Motor Bus Special	16

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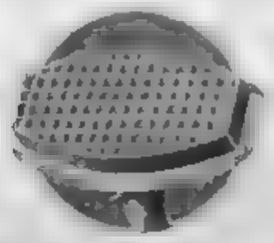


Fulton-Perfection Pedal Pads

They cushion your pedals with soft, live rubber, firmly encased [illegible] keep your feet firmly on the pedals—adds safety to driving. For all makes of cars. $1.00 per set. Type 7, illustrated above, for Buick, Chevrolet, Chrysler, Dodge, Oldsmobile, Packard and Studebaker

Also manufacturers of Hudson's Crank Case Repair Arm, and the Fulton Copperhead Arm Wrench

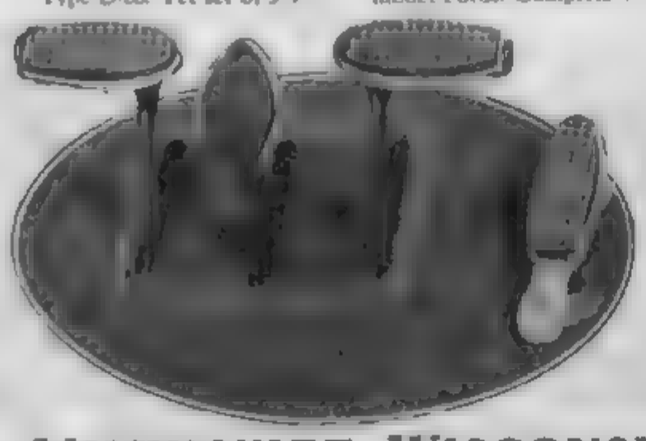
Ford Owners—Here is the combination that adds greatly to comfort, safety and convenience when driving

Fulton-Perfection Pedal Pads

for brake, clutch and reverse pedals. Keep your feet from sliding off the pedals. Adds safety to driving—especially valuable in wet weather. Type D-26. Per set of 3 $1

New Improved Fulton Accelerator

Smooth acting. Simple to attach and operate. Neat rubber covered pedal. The SAFE installation—5 inches away from brake pedal. Fits all model Fords. Complete $1



THE FULTON CO., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

HYPOCRITE!

(Continued from Page 5

"That was a handsome jolt to me—everyone waiting to die. It was not laughable. From that disgusting captain with towels around his head, just able to hold up his Mormon Bible, down to the poor cabin boy, not a drop of cognac would they touch—and no other medicaments on board. And me alone in the Pacific Ocean, with a ship too big for my size and all sails set. All I can do is turn the rudder so she will point toward the on-coming waves, and I cannot do that always, because I am nurse and scavenger and cook. I must make them hot soup and take it and give them a few hot compresses. And I must sleep a little sometimes when I can't help it.

"But I step aside from the flu because of cognac. I rumble it in my throat, I snuvvle it in my nose, I wash my eyes with it and bathe my *poitrine*, and a very little I drink to keep up my pepper. When I am not on the rudder the sick ship roll and drift, its wings flap lazy in the currents of air. Maybe we go then at a clip of one half mile an hour—but which way? Any way the wind says.

"How many days we drift in all directions I don't know. Seven, maybe ten. If there was wind, we go where it wanted us to, maybe here, maybe there. No matter. And a typhoon would finish us in a twinkle. There are lots of typhoons on that ocean. Sometimes I watch a passing swell and it would show a big fin sticking out of water. Two sharks followed us—oh, so companionably! I look at a sunset of poetic and refined aspects, but it is not amusing when you think it may be the last sunset for you, with some great sharks loitering about to see if that is so.

"When I take food to the captain, he always drop his Bible and say, 'I think that poor vahine bring us this bad luck.' I would not tell him my superstition. What was the good? I give him some soup so he could read his Bible again.

"But no typhoon come our way, and pretty soon the sea and wind go down so I could steer the rudder a little to where the compass said north. I felt some new vigor, and the cognac kept that fever germ from my internals. The captain and all the crew on their backs laugh at me for using so much *eau de vie*. They give names to all people, so they laugh and name me Cognac. They were waiting to die, but they always like their jokes. They are disgusting chaps, with no pepper, and waiting to be nursed and fed and washed and let the boat go wreck itself if it wants to. I think, 'If only I had a flying ship to get off on and leave them there in their infamy!' I would like to do that.

"Then early one dawn—all silver and still—I see something far on the water; it arrests the vision and I still look, and it is a speck of land like a pinhead. I run to tell the captain and he says through his towels it is maybe Motuiti, one of the littlest of the Marquesas. He says it is forty miles out of our course. If we had missed that speck it would have been good evening for us. Beyond that are no more islands. But we are having some luck at last.

"This great news excited all the sick ship. The captain crawled from his berth and got our bearings for the first time, and we made for Nukahiva, one of the great Marquesas, still sixty miles east. We march along to a good wind. Some of the other sicks now raised their heads and the sailing master came to keep us on our course. Me, I am truly rejoiced. It would not have been gay to become shark's meat because of a band of disgusting creatures like these helpless ones. I say, 'Hanh! My fine fellows, soon I will be on a beautiful island and done with your degrading weakness.' I felt so good I danced often on top of the noble ship and breathed long and slapped myself good and sang some. Now we don't have to meander on that ocean any more.

"We make Nukahiva at dawn. They tell me so, but all I see is big gray cloud banks. But a little five minutes and then a dramatic aspect reveals itself before our eyes. The big gray cloud banks get purple to the breaking day and the sun gold almost blind us with the spectacle of mountain peaks and green valleys and deep glens, dim with shadow and foliages. Never did I behold such a simply immense spectacle before. It looked so new, bursting out of that empty sea, like the good God just got it finished. The big chain of shaggy mountains run down to the sea in primitive outlines and fall off in regular cliffs painted vermilion to orange, to purple, and all tints between. And so many shades of blue and green in the sea to balance them painted cliffs. How the deuce shall I be able to handle this beauty with my poor brush? But I am rearing to try it, and at last I am free of those disgusting natives. Soon I shall be consuming the lotus.

"We passed the great promontory leading to the bay that is shaped like a horseshoe and sided all about by those majestic green mountains. Here are quite a lot more of lovely aspects. First thing then the captain orders the yellow jack to be hoist. Then down goes the anchor. The crew has been pretty excited to get in off that ocean, but they go down again with the anchor—flat. Though now I don't care about it; for now they can get another cook and nurse and washer. Great drums are beaten from far up the mountains. It's the savages gossiping of the foreign vessel that got in. It is a romantic sound and makes one think of some few years since when they might be cannibals to people—but now, not. Those savages are now friendly and glad to affiliate. I got my luggage all ready to disembark it.

"Here comes the medicine, paddled out in his canoe by one native. He looks at our nice yellow jack at the masthead, then he looks at our flat crew and orders our noble ship put under quarantine till our malady is vanquished. Maybe I am not to be free of these disgusting creatures for some days. That is quite annoying, because I am kind of tired of them. I think to myself I may foil that quarantine, especially in the afternoon when lots of savages in canoes gather about our ship and greet us friendly. They are not permitted aboard, by order of the medicine, but communicate at a little distance. By night I can hire one to land me with my sketch traps. I am not afflicted, and I will desert that sick ship without one single conscience if I got a chance.

"We got oranges, lemons, coconuts, given free, and how good they be! For ten days we have consume only salt meat and hardtacks. The medicine orders strict diets, such as chickens, eggs and lemons. But there are not enough chickens and eggs in the village for us. What to do? Nobody but me thought to do anything; everyone else on the back again, because conditions have not progressed. The supercargo man is better conditioned—with his half-white blood—so I hustle him off in a boat to help with hunting wild chickens on a little detached island. We make a stratagem. We take our two fighting roosters from the ship and tether them half up the flank of a mountain. They challenge the wild roosters, very insulting, who come down to eat them. These wild ones are cannibal roosters. When they come down we shoot and get three. Beautiful birds with plumage in loud colors. So that night I am able to feed these disgusting children a nice chicken broth, which made them laugh but not get up.

"Three roosters soon go, so I got brutal again with the supercargo man and we go where wild goats are, and I climb and climb and at last find a herd of these shy creatures and my efforts are crowned in shooting two. I got them down to the boat with terribly sweaty efforts. When I sweat so, I think, 'What the deuce? Am I the big fool to do all this for a pack of disgusting natives

(Continued on Page 181)

The LIQUID Floor-Covering

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TRADE MARK

For all hard-used floors

wood or cement—inside or outside

Greaseproof . Waterproof
Easiest to Clean
Sanitary

KOVERFLOR gives floors the greatest possible protection. It creates a perfect surface, tile-like in appearance. It is absolutely sanitary, very easy to clean, and may be had in a choice of attractive solid colors and also Clear. It comes in liquid form and is simply and easily applied with a brush, like paint.

KOVERFLOR may also be used for various purposes, other than floors, where colors are acceptable. What's good for the floor is good for more. ¶It may be used on: baby carriages, bicycles and similar articles; chairs, tables and other furniture of wood or metal; counters, shelving and show cases. ¶Earthenware, engines, implements, linoleum, machinery, metal tanks, radiators, pipes, porch and garden furniture, plaster walls and ceilings, refrigerators, tools, etc. ¶Silos—Koverflor can be used on the interiors and will not injure the ensilage. ¶Woodenware, such as tubs, crates and cases used by ice cream and bread manufacturers, etc.

Koverflor Clear can be used on any surface where a varnish effect is desired. Try it on your linoleum or any household article.

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NEW YORK - CHICAGO
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(Continued from Page 178)

that not got the spirit of an insect?' But I have at last some more fresh viands for my sicks. And I am not satisfied. I have a monomania for this foolish behavior. Those sicks should have eggs, so I make the supercargo man go with me to another isolated island of rock where many birds inhabit. We find eggs. We fill some big oil tins with hundreds of these eggs of sea fowl. Now I think I have done enough, because each of these adventures was very hard and rough in landing on these islands, so I might get drown any old time. Now I got to desert the ship, because I done all I can for these contemptible weaklings. Now I got no conscience.

"But when I get back with these eggs of sea fowl, is a different matter. The medicine and the agent of company that owns our ship and both their wifes and some more people are struck with our little malady which runs over the land like a flame! That is no agreeable matter. Maybe I can't paint these beautiful aspects so soon. Then what comes? An order that we can't land any place in the Marquesas, not at Atuana on Hivaoa, nor at Fatuhiva; we must sail out and return to Tahiti, not landing no place whatever.

"That is nice, I think. That is amusing, yes? Already I think I am on this beastly prison ship since thirty-five years. Not only I can't get off to paint something but the confounded law makes me go out again on the empty ocean and try to keep the rudder straight till a typhoon does us in. Yes, that is very rejoicing; but nothing else to do. I am caught between the milestones. No use to mumble over hard luck.

"We get all fresh fruit we can, and a pig, and fill our water tanks, and the morning come to sail out on our suicide. I tell you I was annoyed by that time. But I keep it inside and pretend to be pleased, because all those sicks would probably be dead at once if they knew their nurse was annoyed. And something made it still more glum for me, because in the night before had entered a big clean schooner—the Tersora—that I once think I would sail in from Papeete. I took the Hinano because she would get here first. Ha-ha!

"And here was the Tersora with a clean health that I might have been on. She was lying not so far. I thought it would be simply superb if I could be took on her now and be free from this pack of worthless babies. There she lay so close—so near and also far—I think I might jump into the water and swim to her. But it was not such, because we were all lepers.

"That is all my troubles. We get out on the ocean and for a week some more malady comes and I must do everything. Often I must steer by night, with the moon to give me a guiding hand. And I am not too sure where I steer that rudder to. But at last the captain throw off his malady some and the others got a little life, so I have help in handling that ship. All the islands we passed returning, there would be the yellow jack flowing gayly from a coconut palm.

"That one vahine, she had done a job, that one! Maybe she kill off one thousand of those worthless natives. Perhaps it was better such. They are so disgusting. At last we make Papeete yesterday, having been eighty miles off our course because that stupid captain can't navigate. It was quite an experience.

"But I have not done with the Marquesas. I shall go back. Alone one sky would take me back—the upper taking the tint of opal that deepened down till it was like a great slice of red-orange melon as the sun sank; then a sickle moon lustered with silver on the dark sphere, and the stars all magnified. I shall come back there. But pardon, I talk so long a time about my little troubles. Now I have a rendezvous with that coiffeur. I am needing it. Fifty-one days since I was shorn."

The painter arose, bowed formally from the hips.

"Au revoir, messieurs!" He bustled off, one thin hand tucking his long locks under the helmet. At the door he turned, gestured gayly with one shoulder and his eyebrows, and called back, "It was instructive, hanh? Not so often are we permitted to study human nature with its chemise off." He swaggered out.

I turned to Doc Martin and was astounded to discover him in the throes of silent laughter. His meaty chin quivered, his eyes were hidden, but wet. I stared coldly. This was brainless mirth of the crudest sort. One might have smiled in sympathy with the luckless painter—he had been at moments amusing. But never had he been laughable. He had survived an adventure harrowing at all times, an adventure narrowly missing catastrophe, and throughout he had been dauntless, a gallant soul combating, single-handed, forces that might at any moment have overwhelmed him. That was no joke, and I looked as much, and even made ready to say as much in plain words. I grew a little heated as Doc Martin's paroxysm ran its course.

At length he wiped his eyes and became aware of a glance in which hostility was not too well screened. Thereupon he resumed control of his quivering chin and murmured, with a gesture toward the exit of Dufour, "*Mère de famille!*"

This helped me none. Of course the man had been mother of a family, and a capable father too. And Doc had again been mirthful!

"True enough," I admitted, "and if it happens to be very, very funny, I should like to know why."

Doc calmed his unstable face. "Because the poor devil is such a rank hypocrite," he declared.

"Hypocrite?"

"The rankest sort! All that talk of his about the disgusting natives—piffle!"

"Indeed?" I was still superior.

"And wondering if he couldn't manage to desert the ship some night! You couldn't have dragged him off that ship. He'd have fought like a wildcat."

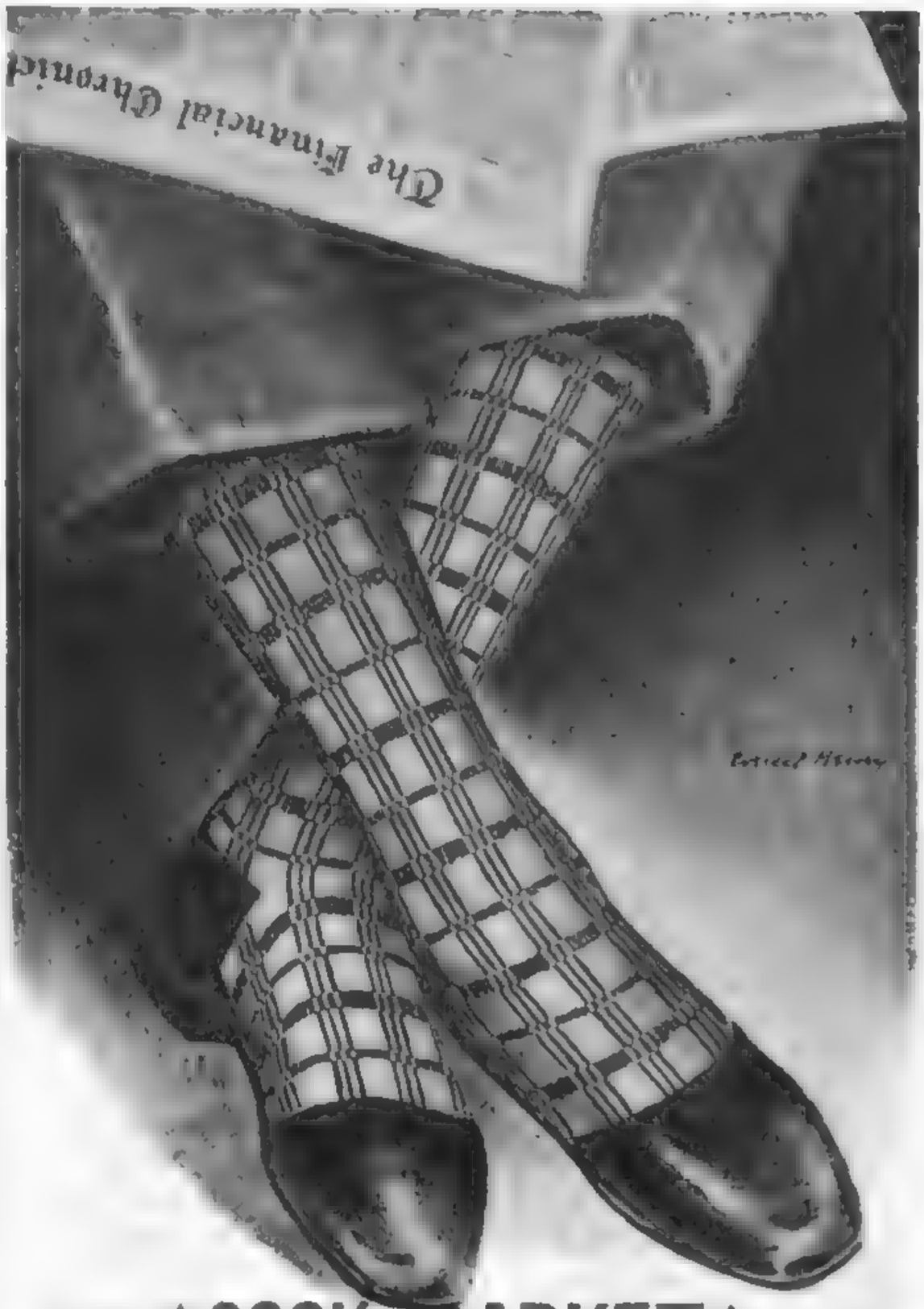
"Why?"

"Because he'd nursed those poor creatures so long they'd become like his own children. That's the trouble with these natives. If you have a weak spot for suffering, they're bound to get you. They suffer so helplessly. Dufour must have loathed himself for feeling that way, but he couldn't help it. Disgusting natives—oh, yes!"

"How do you know all this? He hadn't a chance to leave that plague ship."

"Oh, didn't he? Did he not? You don't tell me! Well, he did. That's the catch You heard the little canting hypocrite moan because there lay the Tersora with a clean bill of health and he couldn't get over to her—wanted to jump in and swim to her. You heard that with your own ears, didn't you? Swim? My eye! He wouldn't have had to swim. He wasn't infected. He was free to go aboard the Tersora all the time. The local agent gave instructions, and the Tersora's captain sent a boat over for him that very morning. All he had to do was to dump his stuff in and follow it. Then he'd have been free to do his precious painting. That's the horrid truth. I got it from the agent here, and again from the Hinano's captain this morning.

"There was the Tersora's boat waiting and there was the Hinano's captain and crew gathered about him to say good-by, all pretty weak yet, but cheerful because he'd been a good sport, and at last they'd landed him where he wanted to be. And the poor weakling simply didn't have the nerve to let that shattered bunch make the trip back without him. The captain went to shake hands with him, and at that Dufour got mad and swore rough in French and more rough in English; wanted to know what they took him for to think he would desert the ship with hardly a well man on it. Then he yelled to the Tersora's boatman to get the hell out of there; half an hour later the Hinano was going out to a watery grave for the whole pack of 'em—as far as Dufour knew. Of course the poor simp is terribly ashamed of it now—afraid



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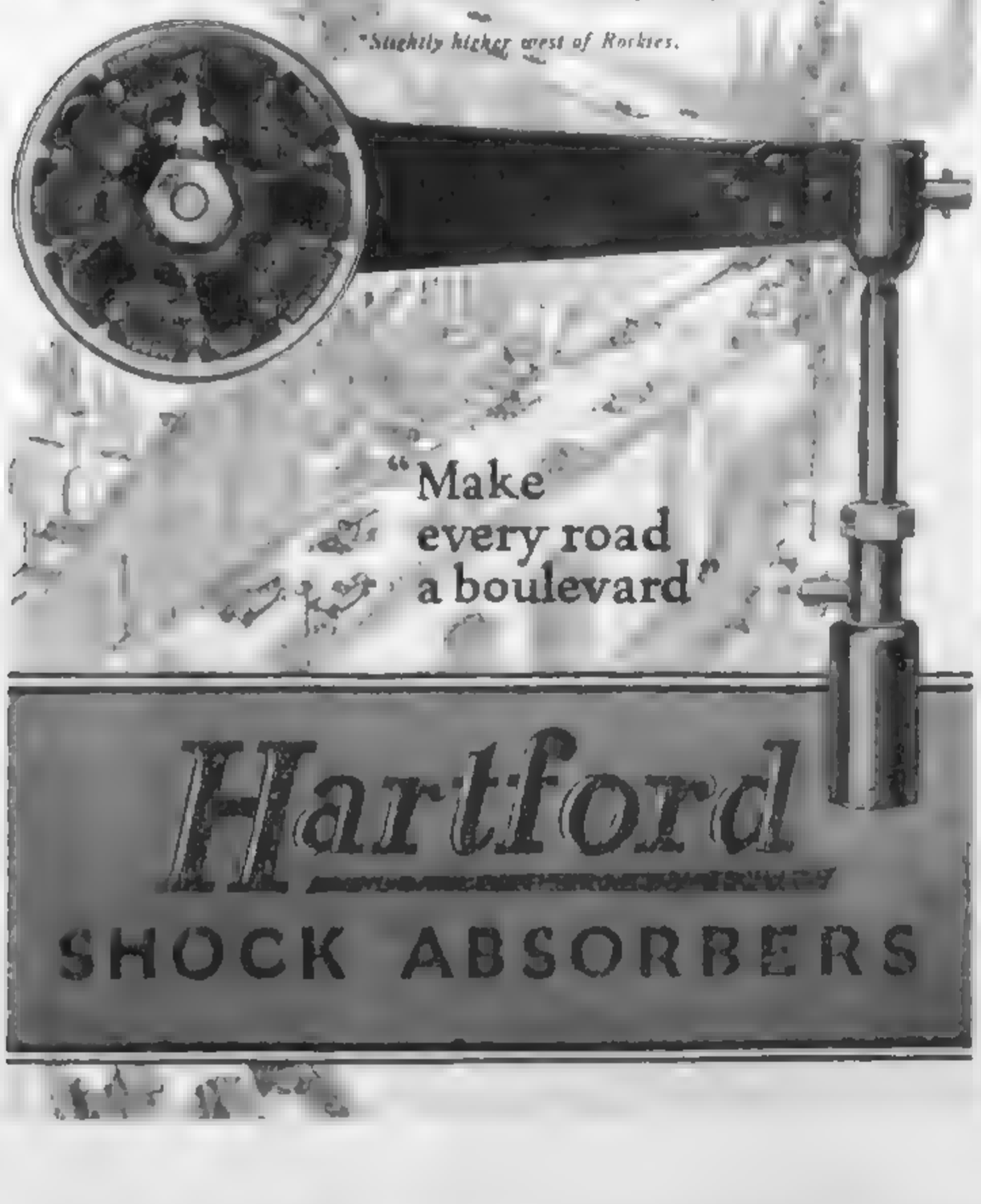


it'll get out some way. I've told you in confidence. If the island ever gets the low-down it will guy him to death."

"Oh!" I said. This was all I could think of.

Doc looked at the watch on his plump red wrist, gasped and contorted his plump red face with dismay. "My Lord! Three o'clock and I was due back at the office at sharp two. You going up street?"

I followed him out, trying still to think of something but "Oh!" to say. As we stepped into the drowsy street my companion halted me melodramatically with a "Hist!" and a clutching hand. He pointed. Half a block down, under the shade of a wooden awning, Dufour had apparently been waylaid on his belated journey to the coiffeur. There was the Hinano's captain—Doc identified him for me—looking worn and shaky, but somehow pert, and there was his stocky wife, his two small girls and one small boy—the widow that might have been and the orphans that might have been, but for Dufour. Splendidly arrayed they were, in their starchiest garments, and all relentless that the painter should not escape till they had made their gratitude visible upon him in votive floral tributes—wreaths, coronets, garlands, streamers. At that moment the captain's vahine was affixing to the cork helmet a charming band of maire fern interwoven with red pandanus tips and snow-white *tiare* flowers. She, or one of her brood, had already festooned his thin neck and narrow shoulders with other voluptuous wreaths. And the two small girls, still loaded, were jigging with emotion.

The victim, very ill at ease, glanced momently each way along the street, plainly in fear of detection. Not without difficulty did I draw Doc Martin back within the Diadem's shadowy portal before we had been observed, yet where we might still be observing. I was sneak enough to see to that. The Hinano's captain began to speak, gesturing weakly, with a brave but impaired vivacity; he would be telling yet again how nobly those Hinano sick had been succored by this white man, now so loudly bedecked for a floral parade. We saw the wife's head, all three children's heads, bobbing in impassioned agreement. The wife stepped back to survey her sumptuous decorations, her hands clasped in adoration of the family savior. The small girls and the boy instantly clasped their own hands in adoration.

Dufour nervously shifted his weight from foot to foot, straining his neck to regard his embarrassing floral façade. He was suffering as a cat that has been dressed up by fond children. Would one have dared to say that through his sheepish, protesting motions there ran, too, a queer tincture of furtive enjoyment? I thought for that equivocally torturing interval he had won the right to be alone with his disgusting natives. Implacably I drew a petulant and protesting Doc on through the deserted Diadem to a door giving on another street.

THE PALEOLITHIC THUG

(Continued from Page 13

"You ain't boxing under your own name or your own face or in Kinnikinnick Junction. Besides, even if she should get wise, you boxed like a perfect gentleman and you can prove it."

"I'd never be able to prove it to her. You don't understand Miss Lingard."

"I understand all of 'em without exception," Bunk said. "And if she ever peeps to you about what you done, just treat her rough and watch how quick she'll come around."

Bunk talked fast, and an extra hundred-case note slipped into Wilbur's hands said the rest, so in the end Wilbur decided to stay in the ring a little longer, and went back to Paddy Meehan's gymnasium in Racine.

That was the beginning of Wilbur's career as Killer Kinnick the Paleolithic Thug. He kicked considerable about the last half of his name; but Bunk kept boosting the purses, and pretty soon, in a half-hearted way, Wilbur was collaborating. He never quite got to chewing tobacco, but he stood for a mouthful of licorice and that looked just as good. He let his whiskers sprout before every fight, and when in Pearl City never wore a collar or shined his shoes. And he didn't kick at being escorted to and from the ring by a couple of big cops—though this got to be pretty near necessary. And he never said anything when, after the knock-out, Bunk would jump into the ring and grab him and act just as though he was sparing the customers the sight of Wilbur giving the other boy the boots.

Of course, he never fought any way but gentlemanly; but as his fights mostly ended in the second round, the public never noticed anything but the final wallop and panned him as if he'd lived up to his name.

"That's a terrible bad name, Mr. Berry," he said once. "I don't like it."

"Nobody else likes it, either," Bunk said. "And that's why you got money in the bank." And when Wilbur squawked some more, Bunk raised him another hundred for the home bouts.

And so Wilbur went on, cleaning up all the third and fourth rate welters in nine states. What with out-of-town matches, sometimes he fought every week.

Still, I don't suppose Wilbur would have stood for all the stories Bunk run in the newspapers if he'd ever seen 'em. But they was all for local consumption, and down in Racine nobody knew anything about Wilbur except Paddy Meehan, and you can bet Wilbur never told the Belle City who he was. But according to the Pearl City press stuff, Wilbur—that is, Killer Kinnick the Paleolithic Thug—shaped up as the worst booze fighter out of jail. Before every fight he had to be hauled out of some hole and have a bucket of water poured on him. And when he wasn't drunk, he was beating up paralytic old gents or killing a sparring partner or throwing a bottle at some sweet girl that come collecting for a cripples' outing.

So in spite of the fact that he never did anything in the ring or out that a gentleman wouldn't have done, everybody hated Wilbur. And the more they hated him, the more they wanted to see him get his and the more they were willing to pay for the privilege. Bunk begun rolling in money, smoking quarter cigars, and talking about the time when he was going to quit the boxing game and get to be a theatrical promoter and meet some real people. Just a single good welter stood between Wilbur and the topnotchers, and that was One-Round Blooey.

One-Round had learned his boxing at a reform school, and after that he'd been in the hijacking game till he got too rough for 'em. There was a warrant out for him in New York and a couple more in California. He was a tough, hard boy, everything that Bunk had ever made Wilbur out to be, and what was more, he looked it. Showing good sense, Bunk had held off from One-Round, feeling that Wilbur wasn't quite ready for him yet.

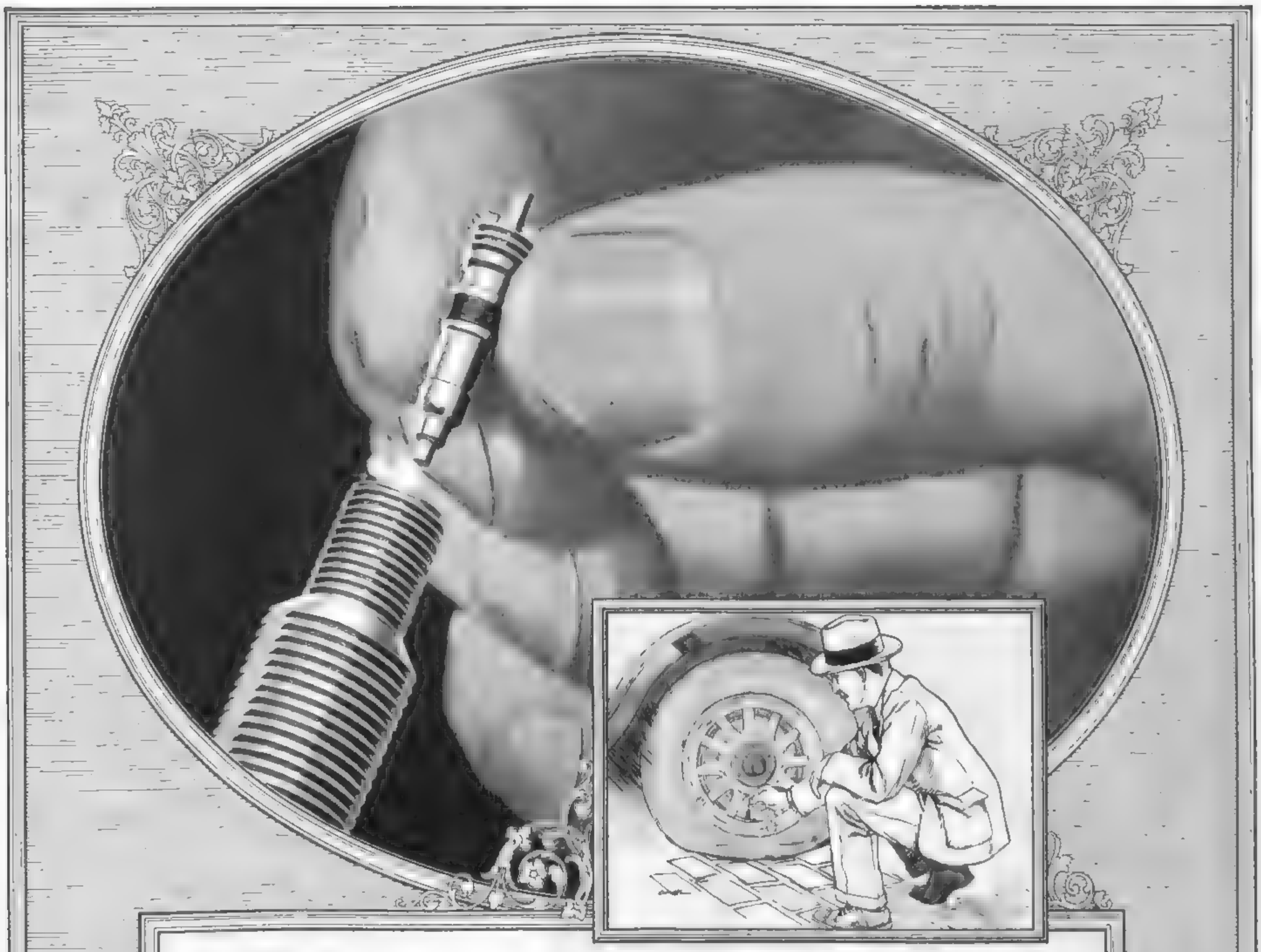
It was a Sunday noon, when taking Wilbur to the Racine train, that I run into Blooey with Monk Brady, his manager. They were on their way through to St. Paul, where they had a match with Kick Hannigan.

"Well," Monk begun, "so this is the boy we been hearing so much about. Well, they all look alike to us. Ain't I right, Roundy? The tougher they are, the tenderer we leave 'em."

Not wanting to see Wilbur get buffaloed, I tried to change the subject; but Monk Brady was a wise guy.

"We fight just as nice and pretty as any boy in the ring, but if Berry is afraid there

(Continued on Page 185)



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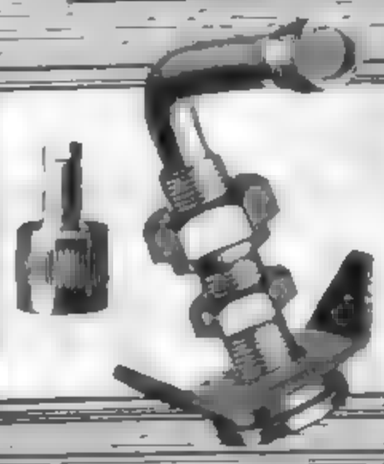

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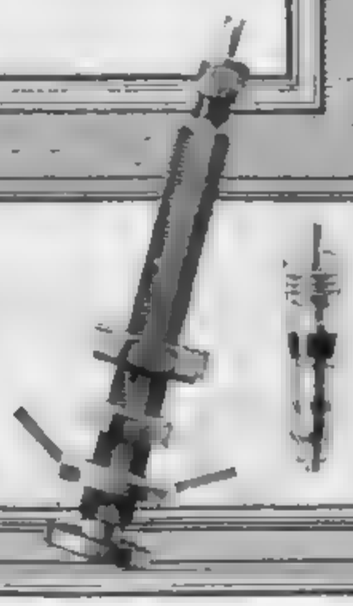

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"Iron Clad"

Iron Clad Hosiery

(Continued from Page 182)

won't be action enough with the mitts, tell him from me we'll meet this Thug boy rough-and-tumble in a cellar for fun, money, marbles or his sweetie. Ain't I right, Roundy?"

A mean smile showed on One-Round's face.

"Sure," he said; "I'll fight you for your sweetie, kid. What's her name?"

Wilbur begun getting red under his whiskers.

"What's that?" he said, being always a little touchy about Miss Lingard. "What's that?"

Well, I managed to shove in between 'em; but I done so knowing that One-Round had got Wilbur's goat. And a week later when Bunk said he'd matched the two boys for the next wind-up I felt that one big mistake had been made and that maybe Wilbur was booked to get a worm's-eye view of the ceiling.

III

OF COURSE, there was one good reason why Bunk had made the match. Every time he'd been packing them in with the promise that at last the Paleolithic Thug was going to get cleaned and, outside of the topnotchers, One-Round was the only welter on the books with a chance of doing it. And Bunk had such confidence in Wilbur's fighting that he pooh-poohed everything I said.

"Sure we got One-Round licked. And after that I'm gonna run shows here in Pearl City every week and pretty near double the prices. Listen, Baldy, I got the Citizens Civic Duties League just where they're ready to come out from behind the bushes and take vigorous action. You remember last year when the Bathing Belles, booked for one night, got jumped on so hard by the league that they played two weeks, with standing room at a premium? Well, when President Ellison puts through his resolutions calling on public opinion to get up on its hind legs against Wilbur, I'm gonna buy an adding machine."

Right off Bunk begun wrecking what was left of Wilbur's reputation—if any—at the same time always slipping in a few kindly words about One-Round Blooey. According to what Bunk wrote, One-Round was a combination of the best points of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and the Prince of Wales. A medical congress had just called One-Round the finest specimen of young American manhood ever produced; he was a graduate of Harvard and only boxing to pay off the family mortgage and give his sister a college education; and though always very refined, he never flinched before any abysmal brute whatever, generally sending him down for the count in the first sixty seconds.

And as for what Bunk wrote about Wilbur the Paleolithic Thug—well, it had to be read to be appreciated.

"Baldy," Bunk said the morning before the fight, "it's all over except asking the boys in the bank to count it. The Citizens Civic Duties League met last night and passed the proper resolution. There's a committee coming to see me this afternoon, and if Wilbur ain't pulled off the card they're gonna start legal action, at the same time putting up bills advising all good citizens to stay away from the show. Why, Baldy, if I was president of the league myself I couldn't do it any better. Next winter I'll be playing golf in Florida with John D."

Wilbur had been shipped in from Racine as usual, and was supposed to be under cover in the hotel where Bunk always made him hide except when getting weighed in. That was why about three in the afternoon I was surprised to see him come walking down State Street in full view, the same as he'd been told not to.

He looked tough all right, but not so tough as he ought to have looked, because he'd put on a collar and necktie and shined his shoes, and his face was wearing a pathetic expression.

"Where ye going, Wilbur?" I asked in a pleasant way.

Wilbur stopped. "I'm going to a barber shop, Mr. Baldwin."

"What do you expect to do in the barber shop, Wilbur?"

"I'm going to get shaved."

"What's the big idea?"

Wilbur looked up and down the street and then said in a kind of a whisper, "Miss Lingard."

"What's she got to do with it?"

"Mr. Baldwin, ever since I started to box I've never told the whole truth to Miss Lingard. I never really lied, but I just sort of let her think that I was boxing in Indiana or Michigan or somewhere under my own name. But she's got a cousin here that knows a party that's a reporter on the Express, and they got to talking and she come right on and investigated. This morning she showed me some of the things Mr. Berry had printed about me in the papers under the name of Killer Kinnick the Paleolithic Thug, and they were terrible, Mr. Baldwin, terrible."

I thought quick. "Wilbur," I said, "you know all that stuff isn't true. It was just written to interest the public. Besides, there's nobody in the world can say you haven't always been a gentleman and boxed like a gentleman. You promised her that and you've kept your promise."

Wilbur shook his head. "That's all true, Mr. Baldwin, but she won't believe it. And the more I tried to tell her, the more she kept saying there was only one way to prove I was sincere and that was to give her my word never more to engage in another public boxing exhibition. And so, Mr. Baldwin, I gave her my solemn word of honor that I wouldn't."

I talked the best I knew how, but there was no budging Wilbur. He'd promised and he was going to keep his promise.

"Look here," I said finally, "you know how Mr. Berry has always taken a kindly interest in you, without saying anything about the money he's spent. Well, you can't throw him down now without giving him a chance to explain. It's your duty, Wilbur, and you know it. You've got to talk with Bunk before you make another move."

And I kept repeating this line till Wilbur said yes, he would; then, there not being any time to lose, I hotfooted it right back to the office.

I'd expected to find Bunk there, but I hadn't looked to run in on a packed house. It made me think of that side show at Lunette Park where they were exhibiting Races of Mankind, or Men of Many Nations. Bunk was behind the desk; One-Round Blooey and Monk Brady were sitting by the side of the room; and President Ellison and three more members of the Citizens Civic Duties League were on their feet, looking pained and indignant. As I come in Bunk slipped me a wink.

"I just been telling President Ellison," Bunk said, "that Killer Kinnick the Paleolithic Thug ain't so bad as the newspapers say he is. Did you get that little thing fixed up at the police station, Baldy?"

"Yes," I said, trying to slip Bunk a wink of my own; but he missed it.

"There you are," he went on to President Ellison. "You see, just as I said, Mr. Baldwin reports that everything has been fixed up. Somebody started giving this boy the name of Killer Kinnick the Paleolithic Thug and that got him in wrong. But for a fact, he's just a high-spirited boy and nothing else. As I been telling you, he buys this racing car and thinks it will be funny to sneak up on the old lady and watch her jump. But he didn't actually go for to hit her. And now the police have come around to seeing it just the way I do. Boys will be boys, President Ellison."

President Ellison smacked his fist down so hard on the table that his white necktie shook.

"Mr. Berry, the more you say by way of explanation, the more you convince me that this name, the Paleolithic Thug, has been only too justly applied. In my opinion the young man is a thoroughly undesirable citizen and we do not wish to have him show

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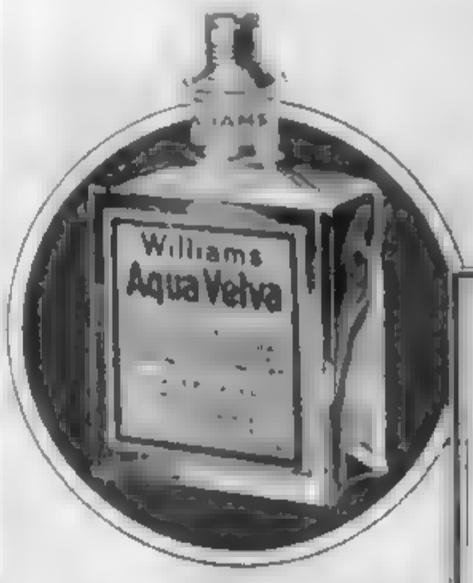

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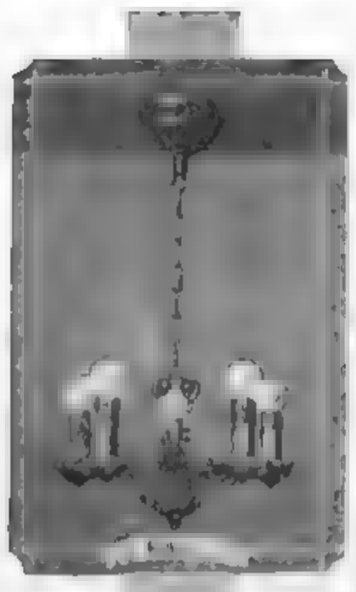
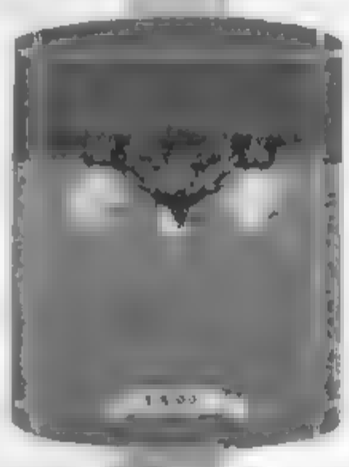


THESE cast aluminum fitments, by Markel, possess that rare quality of wide adaptability. In your home they will harmonize with almost any decorative scheme. Their classic designs, perfect proportions, and enduring color harmony give you lighting fitments of lasting beauty and unquestioned good taste at moderate cost.



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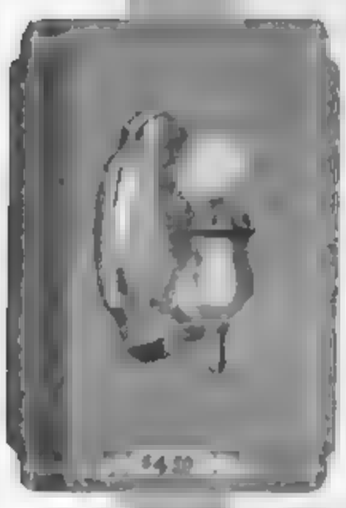

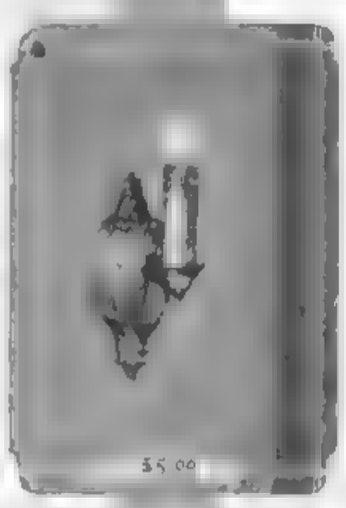

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his brutality in any further sparring exhibitions before the citizens of our fair city. Unless, therefore—unless the match is canceled at once, the league will take vigorous action."

"Aw, we can take care of him," Monk Brady put in. "He'll be a lot better boy after he boxes us. Ain't I right, Roundy?"

President Ellison turned around. "Mr. Brady, I can see you take a broad-minded view of the situation, but in my opinion it is a trifle too broad. The league knows all about the splendid young man here under your management, and how by means of his professional activities he is paying off the mortgage on the old home and enabling his sister to attend a great university. Mr. Berry, that is the kind of boxer the league admires—a gentleman."

Monk Brady pulled down his coat and looked as if he believed what he'd heard, while One-Round said out of the corner of his mouth, "I always fight nice when they let me—that's me."

About this time, I remember, I thought I heard somebody outside the door, but I didn't take any real notice of it because I was trying to get Bunk's attention.

"Bunk ——" I started. But it was no use; he was off again:

"Now, President Ellison, you don't want to be too hard on the boy, because that's all he is—just a boy. It ain't his fault if the newspapers have named him Killer Kinnick the Paleolithic Thug. Why, I know his whole history! He came up from a little place in the country without any bad habits at all, and success went to his head. Then boozing, gambling and fast company done the rest. But if he kicks over the traces now and then, he don't mean anything by it. I ask you yourself, President Ellison, is it reasonable that if he committed bigamy in St. Louis, he'd be fighting here tomorrow night? You know as well as I do he must have proved he never married that second girl. As for the time when he started to wreck the orphan asylum out in Omaha, eyewitnesses have told me he was drunk when he done it; and besides, the orphans had been laughing at him and the little sweetie he was with had said ——"

Just then the door swang open and banged against the wall, and there on the threshold stood Wilbur and Miss Lingard.

IV

I NEVER felt more wabbly in my life, because I knew by the expression on Miss Lingard's face that she'd heard every word. Bunk himself must have got a jolt, though you couldn't see it by his face.

"Well, my boy," he snapped at Wilbur, "what are you doing here?"

Wilbur started to answer, but Miss Lingard came right at him with: "If you have anything to say for yourself, kindly say it at once."

Wilbur's face suggested he had quite a lot to say for himself, but before he could get going Bunk cut in: "My boy, I want you to promise this sweet little girl that you'll go right back to the hotel and sleep it off and never more disgrace her by appearing again in public in this condition."

Now for the first time Wilbur spoke up, and his voice seemed to come from the cellar.

President Ellison and committee were settling their specs for a better view and at the same time pressing back against the wall so they wouldn't have to touch him. Monk Brady and One-Round Blooey leaned back in their chairs and traded a pair of wise looks.

"What condition?" Wilbur croaked.

"You know what I mean!" Bunk yelled, standing up and throwing the prettiest bluff ever seen off the stage. "And if you expect to keep on with the Pearl City A. C., you've got to begin now by trying to live right and laying off booze and monkeyshines."

Wilbur began again, but Miss Lingard was too quick for him. "You told me Mr. Berry would give me the facts. He has. I see I let you pull the wool over my eyes. Well, you'll get your ring back by the first mail, and never try to speak to me again."

"I applaud your action," said President Ellison, "and if this person dares to attempt violence, I will personally see that you get the proper police protection."

"You don't need no police," One-Round Blooey said to her out of the corner of his mouth. "I'll take care of you."

But by this time Miss Lingard had started telling Wilbur exactly what she thought of him, and it was quite a lot. First, she said, she hadn't wanted to believe all the stories she'd seen in print; but now she knew she was wrong, and if Wilbur was called a paleolithic thug it was because he more than deserved it.

I certainly felt sorry for Wilbur as he stood there, head down, taking it all like a dog in a corner with a can tied to his tail.

"Yes," he said when Miss Lingard stopped to breathe; "yes, I admit I done wrong up to a certain point. I done wrong because just to earn a little extra money I let people believe I was different from what I was. But I never done any of those things they say I did; and there's nobody in this room or anywhere else that can state I didn't always box like a gentleman."

President Ellison gave a scornful little laugh like this: "Heh—heh—heh!"

Bunk said, "Well, I say so; now call me a liar!"

Monk Brady said, "We don't care how he fights; ain't I right, Roundy?"

A change was coming over Wilbur. It begun with that last remark of Bunk's. It wasn't only his face that begun to look different; he straightened up; his feet stopped shuffling and his voice come out with a rush.

"They been lying about me," he said to Miss Lingard. "I can't prove it, but it's a fact. But there's one thing they can't say and get away with. I promised you I'd always box in a refined way, like a gentleman. Well, I have. Do you believe it or not?"

"I believe nothing you say," said Miss Lingard, turning her nose into the air.

"That's telling him, kid!" yelled Monk Brady. One-Round Blooey got on his feet and made the remark: "Remember, he ain't the only gazook in the world, sweetie."

Before you could wink, Wilbur had swung around, and catching hold of the girl, had boosted her high and dry on Bunk's desk.

"Oh, you don't believe it!" he said. "Well, I'm going to make you believe it. I'm going to show you how I box right before your eyes." Then, without stopping, he whirled back and sticking his face about an inch away from One-Round Blooey's, he said, "Who told you to talk to my sweetie?" Bing!

I've seen fights in my life, but never nothing like that one. I've heard lumberjacks tell about the way they settled quarrels in the woods, and boys from construction gangs tell about the doings in railway camps; but nothing I ever seen or heard tell of tied with what happened up in our office between Wilbur and One-Round Blooey.

There was no boxing about it; after the first second it was just one long clinch. Now and again one or the other would try a little infighting, but mostly it was plain scramble and gouge, with nobody looking after the man that was down except himself. If the poetry-writing newspaper boy had seen that fight he'd have called Wilbur something worse than the Paleolithic Thug.

Of course, it ought to have been stopped before it begun, and there was enough of us on hand to have stopped it any time if we'd only worked together. Bunk started stopping it alone and was making considerable progress, when he ran into one of Wilbur's heels and had to enjoy the rest of the entertainment from a sitting position in the corner. Monk Brady tried too. But as his little idea was to bust the window pole across Wilbur's head, I interfered. I always felt kind of sorry for Wilbur and didn't like to see folks pick on him.

As for President Ellison and the committee, two or three times they begun to take

(Continued on Page 189

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Street
City
State

(Continued from Page 186)

vigorous action. But just as often as President Ellison would get started saying "This disgraceful scene must end here and now," one of the committee would let out a whoop and yell, "At-a-boy, Killer!" or "Bite him, Blooey!" so they didn't stop it to amount to anything.

Up on Bunk's desk, Miss Lingard commenced a few appropriate remarks and then started to scream. From then on she never stopped except when Wilbur and One-Round were falling over a chair or getting pushed back when they were halfway through the window.

No, there never was anything like that fight; nothing barred and no referee or timekeeper. Once I thought things looked bad for Wilbur, when One-Round started after his eyes. But just then Wilbur got an ear hold and evened things up.

Sometimes the boys were standing, sometimes they were on the desk and sometimes they were just rolling promiscuous around on the floor. It was the roughest rough-and-tumble ever staged between paleolithic or any other kind of thugs.

Then, all of a sudden, Wilbur straightened up and One-Round went over his head and where he lit he stayed.

I got up from where I'd been sitting on Monk Brady and started toward Wilbur. But Wilbur moved first. With one hand he sent President Ellison back against the wall, and then turning to Miss Lingard, who still had her mouth open, he said, "Stop that yelling and jump!" She did, coming down as springy as a wet wash rag. Wilbur caught hold of her wrist. "That's the way I box," he said. "Do you see anything about it you don't like?"

She shut her eyes, opened 'em for about a fifth of a second, and then shut 'em again. She was whiter than President Ellison's necktie, and when she spoke her voice was that low and shaky you could hardly hear it.

"No, Wilbur," she said.

"Did I box rough?"

"No, Wilbur, you boxed gentlemanly."

"How gentlemanly?"

"Very, very gentlemanly, Wilbur."

"Did I give you the idea that I was a paleolithic thug?"

"No, Wilbur, you gave me the idea you was a perfect gentleman."

"After seeing the gentlemanly way I box, do you believe those stories about my gambling and drinking and associating with low company?"

"No, Wilbur."

"Are you sure you're going to stay thinking that?"

"Yes, Wilbur."

"Well, then, come out of this." And tucking her hand under his arm he started out.

By this time Bunk had got so he could breathe lower than his third rib and yelped out, "Where you going? You're gonna box that boy there tomorrow night."

Wilbur turned around and for the first time in his life he answered back to Bunk.

"That boy don't want to fight," he said. "All he wants is rest and quiet; so don't go near him, Berry, because you talk too much and you say nothing, and the reason is that you're a cock-eyed, paleolithic parrot."

And then Wilbur and Miss Lingard walked out, leaving Bunk fighting harder for air than he first done when the boy's heel dented his corporation; and nobody in the room said anything till they heard Wilbur start down the stairs.

Well, One-Round Blooey didn't go to the hospital, but he wasn't in any condition to fight the next night; and when finally Bunk put on a couple of substitutes they stalled, and sent all the customers home sore.

Of course, Bunk carried the case before the State Boxing Commission and Wilbur was suspended. But it didn't make much difference to Wilbur, because by this time he'd married Miss Lingard, and with the money he'd saved was on his way to becoming a dentist, the same as Leach Cross and others of renown.

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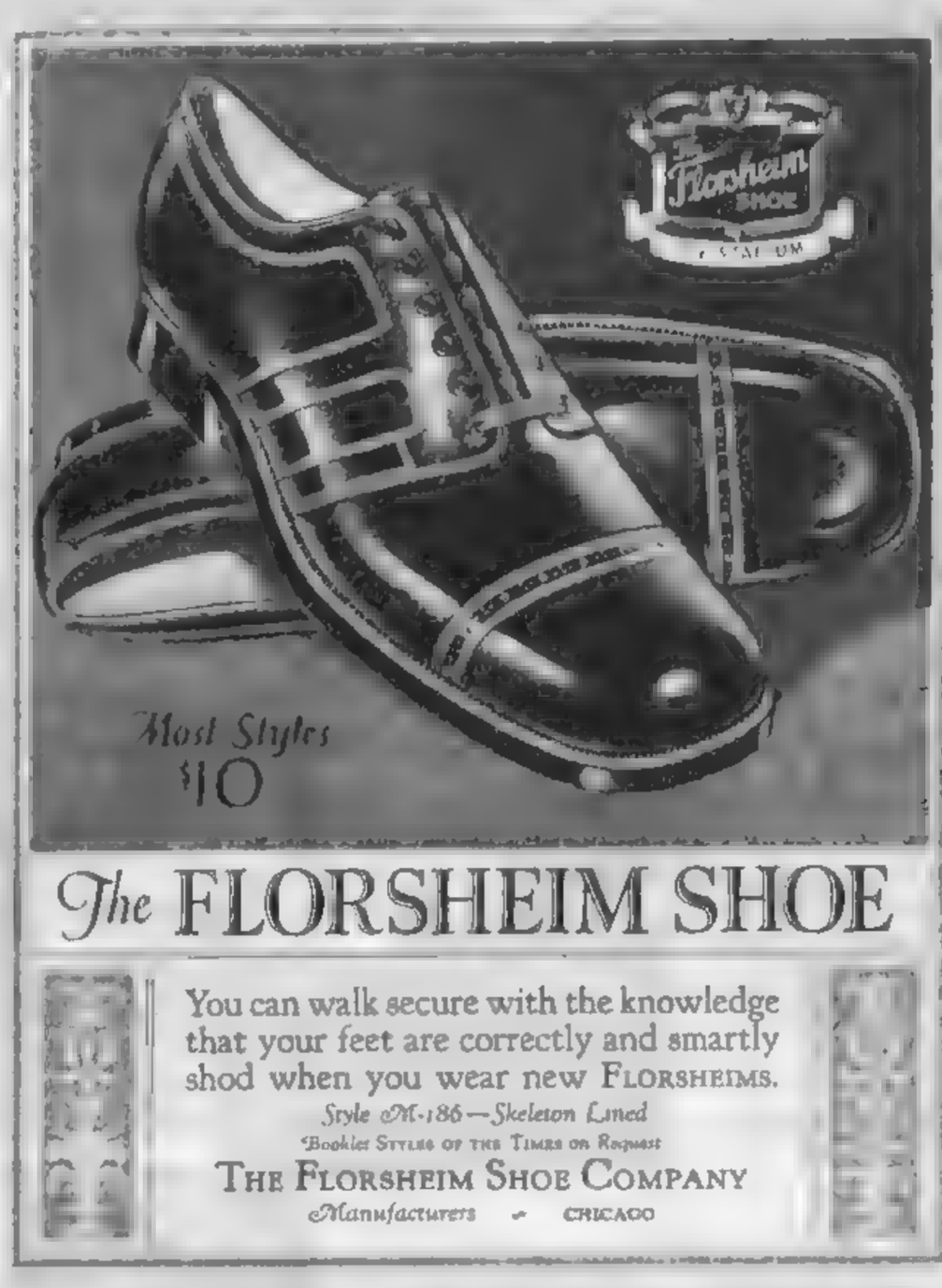

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BAYS, BIRDS AND BEARS

(Continued from Page 7)

a shrill yodeling clamor of protest. This bird had the same sloping back and downward pitching bill as the jacksnipe, but was as large as a curlew; the body was black, the eyes and bill a fiery red, while the legs were of a somewhat less brilliant shade of red. Carlson, permitting the gas boat to drift, tried to land me in the skiff, but the surf was so high that several attempts failed. Finally he let the skiff ride in stern first on a swell and I jumped to a sloping rock, ascended to the crest of the little isle, among the gulls' nests, and located the eggs of the strangers on a patch of gravel in a break of the cliffs. I later identified the bird as the black oyster catcher.

Crouch and I left camp at six o'clock one morning, walked to the head of the bay and started upcountry along the right-hand side of the river. The bottoms consisted of a jungle of rough, low hills covered with cottonwoods and tall grass with willow swamps between. Shortly before ten o'clock we sat on the crest of a hill, and I selected an opening in the trees which afforded a view of the mountains across the river. My glasses were barely focused when a bear waddled into my field of vision, and he was of the size for which I had been looking.

He Who Hesitated Got Left

Another, equally large, put in an appearance perhaps half a mile from the first. Then two others, a she-bear accompanied by the giant of them all, came out of the brush. They started working slowly up the mountain, stopping at frequent intervals. As we rose to leave there was a tremendous squawking and flapping in the grass at our backs, and a hen mallard mounted through the cottonwoods. Her nest contained ten eggs, and the bird had remained on them throughout our stay, until Crouch, reaching a hand behind him as an aid to rising, had almost touched her.

We angled to strike the river above the canyon that boxed it in. Selecting a point where it widened to perhaps sixty yards and fording appeared possible, I disrobed and took to the water. By the time I had effected a crossing my aching bones felt as brittle as icicles. Then Crouch stripped and crossed. We found great tracks in the bottoms, some of them ten inches across, by twelve inches in length. Even with such great pads to support them, the weight of the animals was such as to make impressions of from one to four inches deep in earth where our boots left only an occasional heel print. Mounting steadily, and catching an occasional glimpse of one or another of the bears, by four o'clock we attained a point just beneath a rim upon which we believed the big one and the she-bear had bedded, and this lookout afforded a fair view of the whole face of the mountain. We knew that the bears would soon be on the move again, feeding down toward the bottoms.

After twenty minutes, one of the singles, a tremendous animal, started up half a mile on our right and on the same level with us, but moving on round the mountain. Another half hour passed, and the big one and the she-bear appeared some six hundred yards off, high up and to our right, moving down and away from us. Leaving our lookout, we dropped into the alders, headed two deep gulches and attained a point below where they had disappeared. Then the fourth bear showed, behind us and working down. Leaving Crouch to watch him, I headed up for a point a hundred yards beyond. The big fellow ambled onto an open shoulder and stopped. He was more than three hundred yards away. I could see Crouch flattened behind a hummock with his gun trained on the fourth bear, which was working straight to him. There was an even chance that the big one would move down through a deep gulch that led my way and offer a certain shot. There were at least two other bears, possibly more, in our immediate vicinity that would leave for parts unknown with the first report. All told, even though I felt confident that I could break the big one down, it seemed that to go off halfcocked and start shooting at such long range at a bear that would be in the brush at the first shot was decidedly the wrong thing to do. So I looked at him over my sights and waited—and made one of the most drastic errors of my hunting career. He moved into the brush and disappeared in the opposite direction. The bear Crouch watched angled back and lost himself in the brush. We scrambled through the alders, keeping below him, and saw him enter a narrow side slip—a crack that seemed to have been formed by a section that had broken away from the parent mountain and leaned back. We stationed ourselves just below; we could see its whole edge and the funnel-shaped mouth where the slip whirled sharply downward, and waited. The rain had drenched us long since, we were cold and shivering and it was growing dark. I felt that another five minutes of inactivity would find every tooth in my head cracked from chattering, so I planned to end it.

A Second Attempt

Crouch was interested mainly in prospecting and but little in securing a bear for himself, but he had decided, after seeing the size of these, that if it came handy he would bag a big pelt I told him to go to the head of the slip, and if he should see the bear to kill it unless it was down near the mouth, where I would be stationed. I went down through the alders and had just attained a slight eminence which permitted a view over the brush, when there came three swift shots. Crouch is an old hunter and an excellent shot, so I pictured a dead bear in the gulch. It happened that Crouch, climbing hurriedly, and somewhat winded, had

Black Oyster-Catcher Eggs Found in a Break of the Cliffs, Larson Bay, Kodiak Island

(Continued on Page 193)

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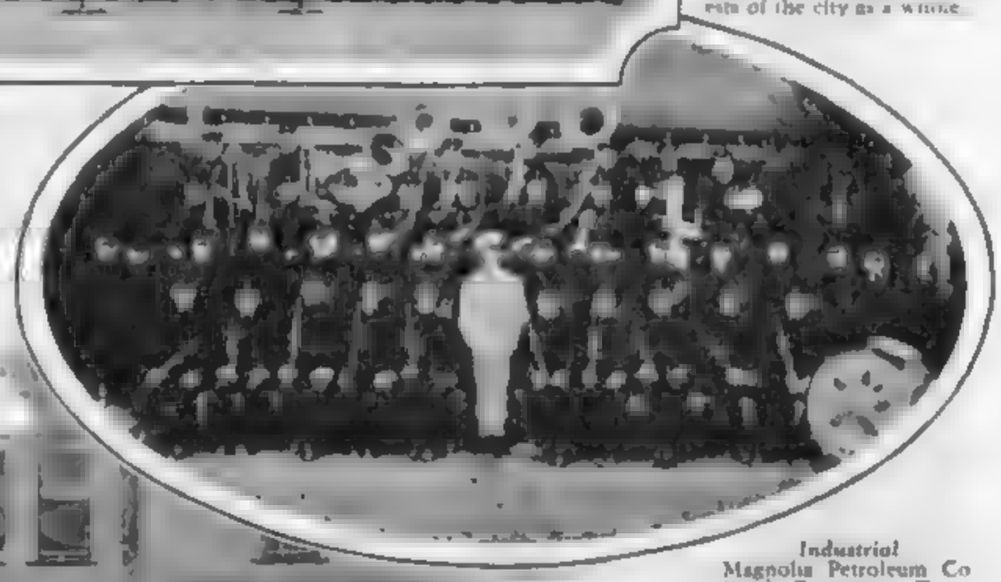
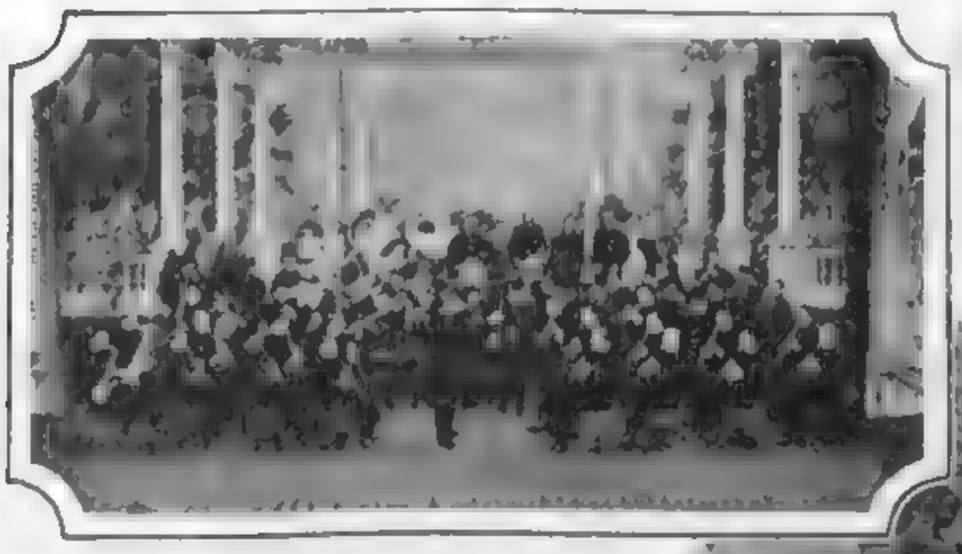
School
Grand Junction, Colo., High School Band. A. L. Stamm, Director. R. J. Tope, Superintendent of Schools, writes: "We have considered our band to be the finest asset our city has ever had in connection with regular, satisfactory school work. The boys are always ready to help on any occasion. We can depend on the band to be a credit in testing a wholesome school spirit. The Chamber of Commerce uses the band to good advantage in advancing the interests of the city as a whole."



Lodge: Beni Kedem Shrine Band, of Charleston, W. Va., is typical of the many fine bands organized by Shrine temples, Elks, and other lodges.

Shrine Oriental Silver Jubilee Band, Portland, Oregon. H. W. Bonham, Director. An outstanding success among boys, providing recreation and building character.



Community: Kansas City, Mo., Municipal Band, R. C. Tremaine, Director. The remarkable progress of this band has been due to enthusiastic support by the Citizens' League and other community groups. Public contributions enable a series of free concerts in the parks during the summer.

Industrial
Magnolia Petroleum Co. Band, Beaumont, Texas. Harry Cloud, Director. E. E. Plumly, V. P. and Gen. Mgr., says: "Our band has proved a big factor in developing employee's morale. Broadcasts from KFDM and is greatly appreciated by employees, community and friends."

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Atlanta, 62 North Broad St.
Mobile, 5 St. Emanuel St.
Chicago, 69 E. VanBuren St.
Boston, 488 Boylston St.
San Francisco, 47 Kearney St.
Oakland, 531 16th St.
Kansas City, 1011 McGee St.
Tacoma, 1155 Broadway.
Vancouver, B. C., 324 Hastings St., W.

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STANDARD PLAYER ACTION

When you buy a piano *consider this important fact . . . .*

Perhaps you have decided that your child shall take piano lessons, but have not fully decided what type of instrument to buy.

If you choose a Player Piano equipped with the Standard Player Action, you will own a fine musical instrument that is really two pianos in one. First, a piano on which your children can start their study of music. (Musicians and music teachers say that this Player Piano is a very helpful influence to the child. By interpreting music correctly it supplies the necessary ear training and acts as an inspiration and guide to the child.)

Then, during the years when they are learning to play, you will have a wonderful Player Piano on which you can play the greatest music ever written exactly as you want to hear it played. You can give it your own feeling and expression.

Whatever the call—the old lullabies or heart songs, the classics, or the latest Broadway dances—a Player Piano equipped with the famous Standard Player Action, will supply it.

In Craftsmanship, in Special Features of Construction, in Durability, in the Humanness of its playing, the Standard Player Action has no peer. Its Superiority is endorsed by the 125 manufacturers of Player Pianos who have adopted it for their pianos. Over 400,000 music lovers have purchased Standard equipped Player Pianos. Look for the Standard "S" on the pedals.

Write for handsome new booklet, *The Heart Appeal of Music.* Standard Pneumatic Action Company, 652 West 52nd St., New York City.

Make Use of your Piano Dealer's Long Experience

For years your piano dealer has been building up a knowledge of the relative value of Player Pianos. He knows that the heart of a Player Piano is in the Player Action, and his experience has taught him that the Standard Player Action embodies the highest expression of craftsmanship and quality. Make use of his experience. It will be well worth your while to consult him.

STANDARD PLAYER PIANO ACTION

Installed in over 125 Quality Player Pianos

(Continued from Page 190)

scrambled through a patch of alders and met the bear face to face. The bear whirled back through the brush. Even under those impossible conditions he planted a shot high in one hip that ranged forward into the bear.

There was a smash in the brush just above me. The bear had elected to come over the edge of the slip instead of out by way of its mouth. The slope was so steep as to be almost perpendicular, covered with a jungle of twelve-foot alders, many of them four inches through at the butt, but the snows of many winters had pressed upon them until they grew horizontally, seeming to sprout flatly out from the side of the mountain. I placed a lucky shot square behind the bear's shoulder at forty yards as he came over the lip. It knocked him down for a split second, then he regained his feet and took the slope. It seems incredible, but he did not run through those alders but over them, his vast bulk pressing them down as he descended in a headlong, falling rush.

I shall not soon forget that performance and it will always stand out as the most amazing piece of activity that I have ever seen enacted by an animal.

It was around six o'clock when we left the spot and headed downcountry. I had wrenched a knee some time previously and it was exceedingly painful. After an hour or more of rough going we floundered through a mile-wide slough, which consumed another hour, and darkness shut down as we attempted to ford the river. A deep channel some twenty feet wide cut us off from the opposite shore, but Crouch pried up a long drift tree whose roots had caught in the shallows. By allowing its tip to float around with the current and giving it a sudden thrust behind an overhanging bunch of alders, then fixing the roots in the shallows, we arranged a precarious bridge over which the water flooded swiftly to a depth of eight or ten inches, straddled it and inched our way across. Then we floundered on through deep swamps and finally were forced to ford the river again, which, of course, necessitated still another crossing at some point below, both of which we effected without any greater difficulty than a few false starts, and eventually came out into a flat strewn with drift logs and covered with tall, rank grass.

Ordeal by Water

It was now so black that we could see but a few feet through the drizzling rain. We crossed several sloughs and came out on one of more generous proportions than the rest—a broad sheet of water, its opposite shore beyond our range of vision. I tried a crossing and was soon out of Crouch's sight. He called to me at intervals so that I could keep the return route to the shore line located, in case it proved too deep for a crossing—which it did. After wading for some two hundred feet I became aware of a gentle current that had an upcountry thrust and divined the fact that we had strayed out into a prong of the tide flat at the head of the bay and that the tide was coming in. Both Crouch and myself were rank greenhorns as to salt water and the vicissitudes of tides, which innocence placed us in several comical predicaments while knocking round the Alaska coast line, this being the first and most serious. We hustled upcountry until we could effect a crossing, encountered several lesser tongues of water and attained higher ground, but even here low stretches were filled with the incoming waters clear to the base of the hills. These first slopes were almost perpendicular, slippery and treacherous except where clogged with jungles of brush that was almost impenetrable. I was too exhausted to navigate these places, so took to the water wherever it became a choice between the two, though Crouch elected to climb. I reached camp at eleven P.M., with Crouch some ten minutes in the lead. I had been in the water for the better part of three hours.

Two fishermen had come into the bay in a dory and I employed them to help pack a part of our outfit well up the river beyond the canyon. That day I saw five bears, the following day six more. It had been raining steadily and continued without cessation, the river rising until it was a torrent, rushing over what had previously been shallow bars at a depth of six to eight feet and filling every depression in the bottoms, a condition that rendered further hunting impossible during the few remaining days of our stay.

Baum Gets His Bear

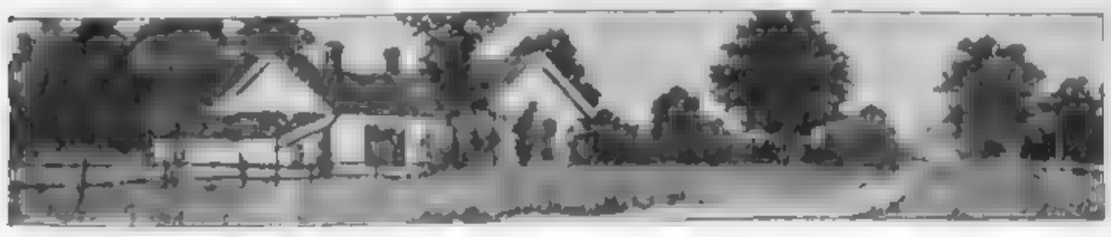
Captain Frederickson, head of the Uyak Cannery, had told us that Jack Baum had been landed from a fishing boat a few days prior to our arrival and was hunting alone on Spiriton Bay. It seemed odd that the three of us, all formerly of Wyoming but now all from somewhere else, should be on the same mission in such an isolated spot, and Crouch and I had planned to go into Spiriton Bay and look for Baum's camp. Instead we were forced to head for the cannery lest we miss the boat and be marooned on Uyak Bay for another thirty-odd days. Jack was there ahead of us.

I had seen thirty-one bears during our ten-day jaunt and was inclined to believe that Kodiak Island, instead of being denuded of bears, was infested with them. Later, however, I decided that it had been my good fortune to drop into a pocket of them, for Baum, hunting for twelve days on Spiriton Bay, had failed to sight a bear and had seen but few tracks. Learning that the boat would not be in for another day, we all went across the bay in the gas boat, passing an island upon which the natives had killed seven bears during March, and stayed overnight at the mouth of a small lagoon.

The following morning, while Crouch prospected, Baum, Carlson and myself started up the stream that flowed into the head of the lagoon. The country was littered with bear tracks, some of them of large size, and Jack located five bears about three miles beyond and above us. After a three-hour stalk we reached a point above where we had last seen them. A half hour of watchful waiting ensued. Then the largest of the bears crossed through a tiny opening in the brush below us and Jack shot her three times in as many seconds—a pretty piece of snap shooting—and killed her instantly.

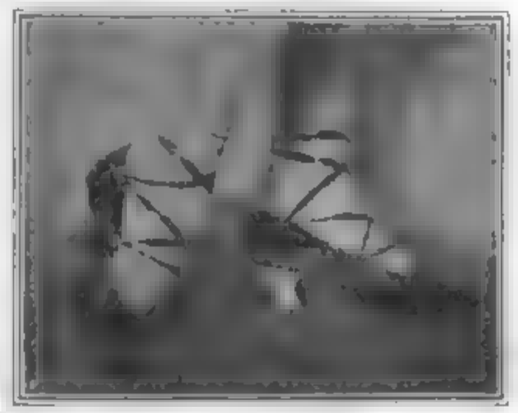
We steamed out of Uyak Bay in brilliant sunshine that struck sparks from the needle peaks of the snow-clad ranges of the Alaska Peninsula. These mighty towers seemed to rise from the water a few miles before us, so bright was the day, yet we were actually separated from them by the Shelikof Strait. Dense columns of smoke rose in inky contrast from the crests of several white-robed peaks in the vicinity of Katmai, the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. Day shaded into a sunset of rare salmon tints that were absorbed by the snow fields, causing one to imagine that the subterranean fires from which came the belching smoke columns had broken forth in flame to cast a roseate light across the white expanse.

Our boat put round to Alitak Bay on the southwestern extremity of Kodiak. As Uyak Bay was the hangout of fishermen in the days when they packed 2,000,000 cases



FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns



Evelyn Law's *Famous Dancing Feet*

. . . "A corn is hardly a luxury for anybody. . . . But for a dancer it is agony. . . . It puts a 'Spanish Inquisition' in her shoe.

"When I notice any suggestion of callus on the toe, I immediately apply a Blue-jay plaster. So that's why I never have a corn." So writes graceful and beautiful Evelyn Law, famous Ziegfeld dancer.

Small wonder that legions of eminent dancers, screen stars and athletes consider good old Blue-jay part of their "working kit!" For over 26 years it has been vanquishing corns to the tune of tens of millions annually. . . . Blue-jay keeps fit the feet of the famous and the foresighted. . . . Sold at all drug stores.

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

"What do you say—let's grab it and run!

"My tongue's hangin' out for what's in that box—and I know you're mighty keen for a good feed on SPRATT'S yourself!"

Dogs love SPRATT'S as boys love cake. These delicious morsels of goodness and wholesomeness are just what all dogs—big and little—need, for they contain all the essential bone and body-building elements which dogs require to keep them in good health. SPRATT'S is a complete diet in itself—no other food is necessary. Feed it to your dog regularly each day. *There's a biscuit for him whatever his breed or age.*

Your grocer, pet-shop, or sporting goods dealer can supply—and your veterinarian will recommend—SPRATT'S or get it for you.

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Be sure to send for this valuable book on the care and feeding of dogs, in sickness and in health. It will be sent upon receipt of 2c stamp. Ask for booklet No. S-30.

SPRATT'S

DOG CAKES AND PUPPY BISCUITS

of salmon a year off the mouth of Karluk River, so Alitak was the haven for scores of vessels in the early days of whaling, sea-otter hunting and pelagic sealing.

Inquiry brought forth the fact that bears are less numerous on the Alitak end of the island, though by no means rare after one penetrates some thirty miles back from the cannery. The Alitak region is a great resort for waterfowl. One man mentioned that there was great goose hunting there in the winter, and upon asking him to describe the bird I reached the conclusion that it was the rare emperor goose. This bird nests on the Bering Sea coast between the mouths of the Kuskokwim and the Yukon, one of the greatest waterfowl rookeries in the world, but though the other varieties of geese, ducks, cranes, swans, and so on, travel south, even to Southern California and the Gulf of Mexico to winter, the emperor wings his way westward and spends the winter in the Aleutian Islands. From what I learned at Alitak Bay, a number of the birds cross the Alaska Peninsula and winter on the southeast coast of Kodiak Island. I heard subsequent tales of fox farmers on small islands in the vicinity waging a vast slaughter among the birds for fox food.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Evarts. The next will appear in an early issue.

GIVING AWAY MONEY

(Continued from Page 11)

is a very difficult matter and can seldom be accomplished in less than a year. Some of Mr. Mullanphy's real estate enhanced in value and brought a very good return. Other tracts brought in very little or even suffered losses. Moreover, the tide of immigration declined. As the years passed it became necessary to expend a very large part of the income of the estate for administration. This bequest was so frequently in the courts that exact figures relating to it are still available in the court records. One document shows that between 1860 and 1898 the total revenue derived from the estate was $949,547; of this $211,755.96 was expended for the relief of pioneers and travelers. All the rest was consumed by the expense of administration. The trustees petitioned the courts for permission to sell the estate and establish a hospital for the relief of sick strangers in St. Louis, but the court would not allow this. Since the litigation growing out of this bequest filled several volumes of reports, to summarize it briefly is almost impossible. Anyone who is curious about the details will find them in 171 Missouri, Page 272. I cite the instance here merely to show that Mr. Mullanphy's good intentions accomplished very little, because he, like most other humans, went wrong on a forecast of the future; he thought the Forty-niners and the home-seekers in covered wagons would be pouring through St. Louis for many, many years. As a matter of fact, railroads soon spread far beyond St. Louis in many directions.

Poor Richard's Careful Will

This trust fund is still in existence. In 1923 gross revenue was $56,000, of which taxes, repairs and upkeep consumed $42,000. With the remainder a Travelers Aid bureau is maintained in the Union Station in St. Louis.

One of the few instances where a court has untied red tape in connection with a legacy is furnished by the state of New Hampshire. In the city of Corinth a small sum was left for the purchase of United States flags, so that the city could be appropriately decorated on patriotic gala occasions and national holidays. A question arose as to whether this money could be expended for poles and ropes also, since these were essential for the proper display of the flags. In the will only flags had been mentioned. The court held that the donor of the fund surely must have intended to provide means for the display of the flags, and so permitted the purchase of flagpoles and ropes as well.

When Benjamin Franklin came to write his will it is very obvious that he tackled the job of prophecy with confidence. He was internationally recognized as one of the wisest men of his day, and had repeatedly made prophecies which he lived to see fulfilled. The future seemed to him far less cloudy and uncertain than to most other men. He was willing to hazard quite a number of guesses. Here are a few paragraphs from his will:

"I have considered that, among artisans, good apprentices are most likely to make good citizens. . . . To this end, I devote two thousand pounds sterling; one thousand to the inhabitants of the town of Boston and the other thousand to the inhabitants of the city of Philadelphia, in trust. . . .

"The said sum shall be managed under the direction of the selectmen, united with the ministers of the oldest Episcopalian, Congregational and Presbyterian churches, who are to let out the sum . . . at five per cent . . . to such young married artificers, under the age of twenty-five years, as have served an apprenticeship in the said town, and faithfully fulfilled the duties required in their indentures, so as to obtain a good moral character from at least two respectable citizens who are willing to become their sureties, in a bond . . . all which bonds are to be taken for Spanish milled dollars, or the value thereof current gold coin. . . . These loans are . . . not to exceed sixty pounds to one person. . . .

"If this plan is executed without interruption for one hundred years, the sum will then be one hundred and thirty-one thousand pounds; of which I would have the managers of the donation to the town of Boston then lay out one hundred thousand pounds in public works which may be judged of most general utility to the inhabitants, such as fortifications, bridges, aqueducts, public buildings, baths, pavements, or whatever may make living in the town more convenient to its people, and render it more agreeable to strangers resorting thither for health or a temporary residence. The remaining thirty-one thousand pounds I would have continued to be let out on interest for another hundred years. . . . At the end of this second term, if no unfortunate accident has prevented the operation, the sum will be four millions and sixty-one thousand pounds sterling, of which I leave one million sixty-one thousand pounds to the disposition of the inhabitants of the town of Boston and three millions to the disposition of the government of the State. . .

"All these directions . . . I would have observed respecting that gift to the inhabitants of Philadelphia. . . . And, having considered the covering of a ground plat with buildings and pavements, which carry off most of the rain and prevent it soaking into the earth and renewing and purifying the springs, whence the water of the wells must gradually grow worse, and in time be unfit for use . . . I recommend that at the end of the first hundred years, if not done before, the . . . city employ a part of the hundred thousand pounds sterling in bringing, by pipes, the water of Wissahickon Creek into town, so as to supply the inhabitants . . . I also recommend making the Schuylkill completely navigable."

One Failure of Ben's Foresight

Among the very first important changes in the nature of American life after Benjamin Franklin's death was that the system of indenture and apprenticeship went out

(Continued on Page 197)

Your Boy—What Kind of a Man Will He Make?

It's surprising how fast boys grow. Only a short time ago, that boy of yours played with simple little playthings. Now he's keen about target-shooting, and wants a rifle all his own. Don't put him off needlessly. Think it over. Won't he be a better man, with the training in clean, manly sport that he can get from a Daisy Air Rifle?

When your boy asks for a Daisy, remember that he is simply asking for the same training that millions of successful, alert American men have received in the same way. For over forty years the Daisy has been teaching lessons of character, self-reliance, and sportsmanship.

You probably had a Daisy when you were a boy. Why not pass on this fine, clean sport to your boy—and with it, the help and training in marksmanship that you learned? Get him a Daisy and teach him how to use it.

The illustration shows the Daisy Pump Gun—a 50-shot repeater for $5.00. Ask your dealer to show this, and other Daisy models, $1.00 to $5.00 or sent direct on receipt of price.

BOYS!

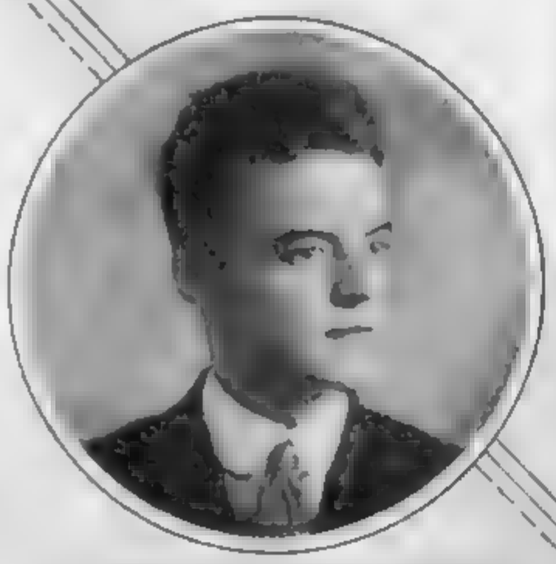
Get Your Free Copy of the Daisy Manual

Go to your nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer and ask him for a free copy of the Daisy Manual—a book written just for boys. It tells how to become a crack shot, how to have a world of fun with your Daisy.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

DAISY AIR RIFLES

Would You Rather be Paid by the Month? once a Week? every Day?



TO which question most of you would probably say, "Doesn't make much difference so long as the cash comes in." But what would you think of a proposition which will pay you every day, and pay you *again* once a month! Well, here it is:

You just put your "John Hancock" on the coupon below and slip it in an envelope addressed to us. That's all. You won't be bothered in the least. You'll simply receive a letter telling you just how every day can be pay day no matter what other kind of work you may be doing.

"I don't think I am a salesman," writes Andre Tardif of New York. "The best I've done is $2.00 in an hour." Which suggests that you don't need selling experience to succeed as our subscription representative, with cash commissions and monthly bonus. But let us tell you how

Every Day Can be Pay Day.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
298 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

How can every day be pay day?

Name

Street

City State

The buying sense of American Women demanded ZANOL Service

—now a *million* have adopted this *"better way to buy"*

TO a million American women the introduction of Zanol Service has brought a complete and welcome change in buying methods. It has brought a new standard of quality—of value—of reliability—and a convenience such as they have never before enjoyed.

You can have absolute confidence in the Zanol Representative who wears this button. It is an emblem of honesty, loyalty and service. It is a guarantee of the highest standards of business ethics and perfect satisfaction in any dealings with our representatives.

What Zanol Service Means in Quality, Value and Convenience

Zanol Service offers you all the advantages of dealing direct with the producer—advantages well known and quickly realized. You have the assurance of a first-hand guarantee—backed by a long-established, reliable manufacturer. You are sure everything you buy is fresh. That alone is of immense importance. You are sure, too, that every time you order a product, you get it—without an attempted substitution or a suggestion that something else is "just as good."

Through Zanol Service you secure better quality because the savings resulting from direct selling enable us to give you greater values. And finally, you are offered the convenience of buying in the comfort of your own home—the modern way to buy.

Products That Are New and Different

In the Zanol laboratories, domestic science experts and scientists have perfected scores of products that are entirely new ideas in household supplies. They save time. They lighten housework and make every home a better home. They have introduced new and welcome methods of housekeeping to the hundreds of thousands of American housewives who are customers of Zanol Service.

Zanol Service Has Grown

Zanol Service was created eighteen years ago to meet the demands of a limited number of women for products of better quality. New products were developed — and added. The idea spread—satisfied and delighted customers told their friends. Zanol Service grew to include 350 products—pure food products, dainty toilet preparations, exclusive perfumes, soaps and household necessities. Today Zanol Service has become an American Institution contributing to the health and happiness of a million families—helping to make better homes.

6,000 Zanol Representatives Now Serving You

Zanol products are never sold in stores. They are only offered the Zanol way. In each city, town and village, we appoint a personal representative, authorized to extend the advantages of Zanol Service to the homes of that community. This representative is a member of a nation-wide organization of 6,000 people reaching into every section of the United States.

You will want to welcome the Zanol Representative who calls at *your* home; explaining and demonstrating the 350 Zanol products, and offering you all the advantages of a service that has won the enthusiastic support of a million American women.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
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ZANOL
THE BETTER WAY TO BUY

A Business Opportunity

We have a few positions open on our Representatives' staff, paying very satisfactory incomes—starting at once. If you are in position to devote your time—even spare time—in this delightful, profitable way write to us at once. No experience or capital is required. Your territory may be open today, so sign and mail the coupon now.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.,
Dept. 956, Cincinnati, Ohio.

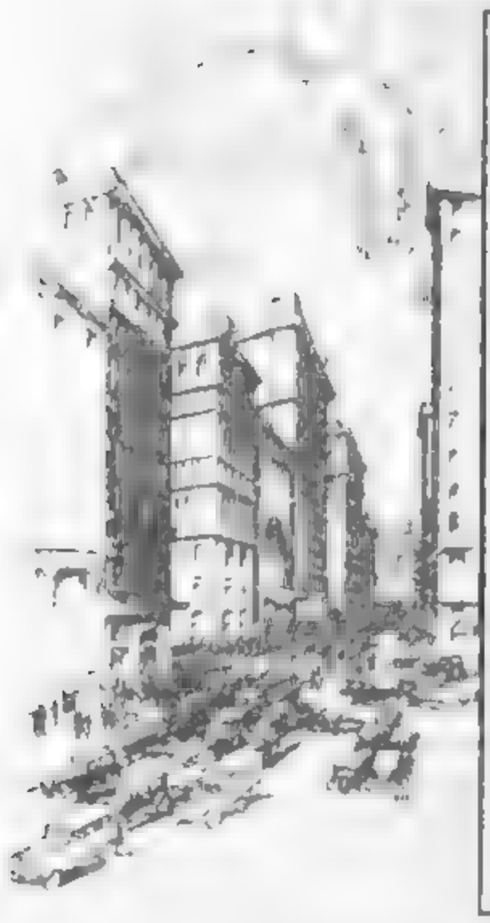
Please send me details of your proposition by which I can make a very substantial income and have a permanent business of my own

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

. .

What's happening South?



.... No longer can Industry serve the entire United States from any one point however centrally located.

AT DIRECTORS' meetings of great corporations, at important conferences of executives, wherever business men gather for discussion of the problems of production and distribution, the talk will turn to the amazing development of the South.

Startling as the growth of the South may seem to other sections, it is but the logical outcome of a growing realization of the overwhelming natural advantages that are here. All the world is awakening to the vast resources of the South, and today her great industrial development is outstripping all attempts to record it.

The Great Trek Southward

The great trek Southward of Capital, Industry and Population was inevitable. For here are all the basic raw materials in limitless supply; abundant power at low cost; intelligent Anglo-Saxon labor, willing to work for a reasonable wage—every advantage for production economy. Here is a great and easily accessible market for commodities of all kinds. Business is good in the South. People can and do buy. Automobile registrations gained 23% as against the national increase of 13% during the past year. Building in the South last year gained 45% over 1924.

Here is opportunity! How best can you take advantage of it? What is the most logical place for your factory, branch plant or selling organization?

The most careful analysis of the South, based upon scientific surveys and detailed comparisons, will lead you to the same conclusions arrived at by many of the country's leading business executives; that Atlanta is the ideal manufacturing and distributing point for this rich area.

Industrial Headquarters of the South

560 of America's greatest corporations have established branch plants and selling organizations in Atlanta to serve the South. In the past year, 83 new industries were attracted to Atlanta, bringing an increase in annual payrolls of $4,500,000. Why did they all choose the same city?

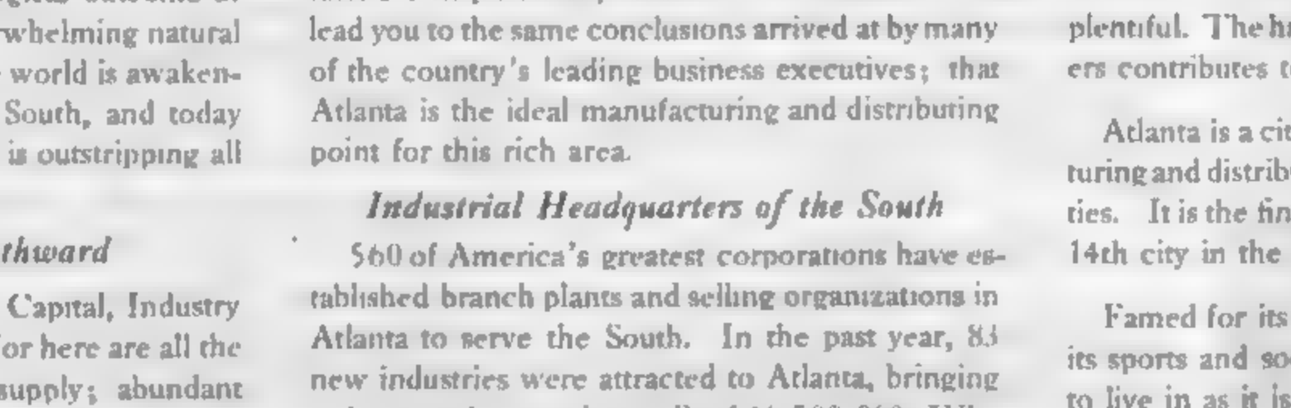
Served by eight great railroad systems, Atlanta is the cross-roads of the South. Fifteen ports are easily accessible. 25 of the 26 industrial minerals and many other raw materials are in the immediate vicinity. Hydro-electric power is cheaper, with one exception, than in any other industrial center. Intelligent Anglo-Saxon labor is plentiful. The high degree efficiency of these workers contributes to reduced production costs.

Atlanta is a city of diversified industry, manufacturing and distributing over 1500 different commodities. It is the financial capital of the South, ranking 14th city in the United States in bank clearings.

Famed for its hospitality and its cultural aspects, its sports and social life, Atlanta is as fine a place to live in as it is to do business in.

Let Our Industrial Engineers Serve You

The services of our Industrial Engineers are at the disposal of interested executives. We will gladly prepare a special report of the Atlanta Industrial Area in relation to your business. This report will be sound, unbiased and wholly dependable. It will be made entirely without obligation or cost, and may readily be the means of opening up new channels of profit for you. All communications will be held in the strictest confidence.



Write to
INDUSTRIAL BUREAU
109 Chamber of Commerce

ATLANTA

Industrial Headquarters of the South

(Continued from Page 194)

of use. Therefore, within a few years, it was impossible for a young artisan to comply with the conditions set forth in Franklin's will, and one of his principal purposes in drawing it could not be carried out.

Moreover, the tendency of business toward larger units would soon have depreciated the usefulness of the fund anyway, since loans were limited to less than $300, and that would not be sufficient today to turn many artisans into proprietors.

The interest rate of 5 per cent which Franklin stipulated was very conservative in his day, but as capital accumulated in the new country it became difficult to earn that return on a large sum conservatively invested. The average return over a long period of years fell far below that figure.

Translating pounds into dollars, Franklin estimated that at the end of the first 100 years Boston would have $637,518. The fund was not divided in 1891, as he planned, but on January 17, 1894. It then amounted to $431,383.63 according to a report of the auditor of the city of Boston. According to Franklin's plan there would then remain $150,863 to start the second century. Instead there was set aside $102,083.15 as of May 2, 1891. Franklin estimated that at the end of the second period the sum available for Boston and the state of Massachusetts would be $19,763,060, but it will not reach such a high total in all probability. Frederick Vierling, of the Mississippi Valley Trust Company, St. Louis, Missouri, who has made a careful study of the Franklin Trust, estimates that if it earns revenue during the second period at the same rate that it earned during the first century it will amount on the date of final distribution to $7,151,154. Quite a difference!

Another thing that very often happens to bequests, especially if in the form of lands, is that the donor makes an inaccurate estimate as to their value. For instance, there was Captain Thomas Randall, a sailor, who in 1801 made provision for a small home for old sailors. In those days sailors as a rule worked hard from boyhood to old age, if they escaped the hazards of the sea, and then could show very little for their toil. Captain Randall left a good farm containing an excellent orchard and market garden. This farm, which was on Manhattan Island, comprised twenty-one acres. With it he gave $7000 in cash. Today that farm is estimated to be worth about $25,000,000. Among the public highways that now run through it are Waverley Place, Tenth Street, Fifth Avenue and Fourth Avenue. When you are standing within view of John Wanamaker's store in New York City, you are probably on that farm. There are not nearly so many impecunious old sailors nowadays as once there were, but this enormous bequest remains for their benefit. A home for them is maintained on Staten Island, as the will requires. The trustees now admit sailormen from steamships and construe the word sailor broadly in the spirit of Captain Randall's gift. By this course they have made the institution they maintain one of the largest if not the largest sailors' home in the world. Its usefulness is therefore certain to continue.

The Decline of Orphans

Something of the same sort occurred in the case of Girard College in Philadelphia. That institution was given a tract of land under which very rich deposits of coal were later found. In time the revenue was so great that it had to be turned back into the capital fund, since there was no need for expending it under the terms of the trust. No doubt if the donor could revise these terms, he would do so, in order that the funds might be used to meet new conditions; but he is dead.

Another case somewhat resembling these centers around the name of John Edgar Thompson, who was one of the early executives of the Pennsylvania Railroad. In his day operating trains was a hazardous undertaking; the toll of life and limb was appalling. Men were struggling with this problem, but at that time making very little progress. So far as Mr. Thompson could see, there would always be a heavy loss of life in connection with railroading. Moved to pity by this condition, he left provision in his will for the establishment of an orphan asylum for girls whose fathers had been killed or fatally injured while on duty operating trains. He did not confine his benefactions to employes of the Pennsylvania Railroad, but included the nation. In the course of time railroad accidents showed a sharp decline. Nowadays it is a well-known fact, vouched for by accident-insurance companies, that far more injuries are suffered by their policyholders at home than on railroad trains.

About four years ago Mr. Thompson's orphan asylum placed advertisements in many publications in order to find any orphans who might be qualified for admittance to the institution. Twelve were found and admitted.

Other developments, however, beside the decline in accidents on steam railways have been affecting the supply of orphans. Astounding as it may seem, orphans are becoming scarce in this country. Indeed, a considerable number of orphan asylums have closed their doors the past five years. The conquest of tuberculosis and other diseases that strike men down in the prime of life is perhaps the principal factor at work here; though, probably, the decrease in industrial accidents ranks with the conquest of disease.

Social Prophecy Unsafe

The smaller American family also plays a part in this new condition, for it means that in the event of the death of a father at the age of thirty-five, for instance, there will probably be only two or three children, and relatives are likely to find room for them. Families of eight to fifteen children are rare nowadays. And then, still another development is taking place: The orphan asylum as an institution is under fire. It is not for me to pass upon the merits of this criticism, so I merely report briefly what is being said. Men and women who have studied orphan asylums assert that they provide an unnatural environment in which normal child development is somewhat hampered. The herding of large numbers of children in such institutions, they say, is not very good for them. As an alternative, they recommend that small groups of children be placed under the care of a man and his wife in a cottage, so as to recover to the greatest extent possible the general atmosphere of a home. This plan is now being carried out to some extent in nearly every American state. In part, at least, this change is due to the work of the Sage Foundation, for it has fostered the study of orphan asylums and published some interesting reports.

Along with all the rest of these interesting developments, it is becoming somewhat the fashion to adopt orphans. No longer are the widow and orphan a social problem in anything like the sense they were fifty years ago.

All these developments, of course, have a very interesting and important bearing upon the matter of how to give away money; for what would be more natural than to assume that as long as the human race endures there will be orphans? And yet, in this country, it not only isn't certain, but already that whole field of charity is in process of evolution. Statistics are eloquent on the subject. For instance, consider the following figures with reference to orphanages in New York State upon which official reports are made to the state government: The enrollment in 1917 was 35,081; in 1921 it was 30,345; in 1922 it was 29,946; and in 1923 29,194. During all this time, of course, the population of New York State was increasing steadily. Here are the statistics for one institution in Utica: In 1921 the enrollment was 127; in 1922 it had declined to 79; in 1923, 43—and part of the 43 were cripples who had

Candy for Easter!

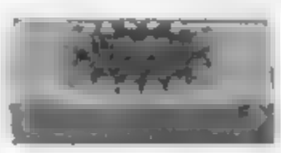
Easter morn! A time when joy fills the air, when friendships are brightened, when affections are deepened. That is the day when a man yearns to convey to the one he loves, all the happiness that rings in his own heart.

How eloquent then is a box of candy, colorful and fragrant as Easter flowers. And if it's a box of Puritan Chocolates (with the smooth, rich, chocolaty flavor that is so characteristic of Puritan), what could be more gratifying to the lucky receiver of the gift.

The $1.50 Easter Assorted Chocolate Package comes in an unmistakable Easter wrapper. At good dealers' or sent postpaid on receipt of price, or parcel post C. O. D.

The solid milk chocolate basket filled with assorted chocolates and marzipan fruits, 1½ lbs. net, sent postpaid to any address with your name on gift card shown below on receipt of $2.00. Please see dealer first.

THE PURITAN CHOCOLATE CO., Central Parkway, Cincinnati, Ohio

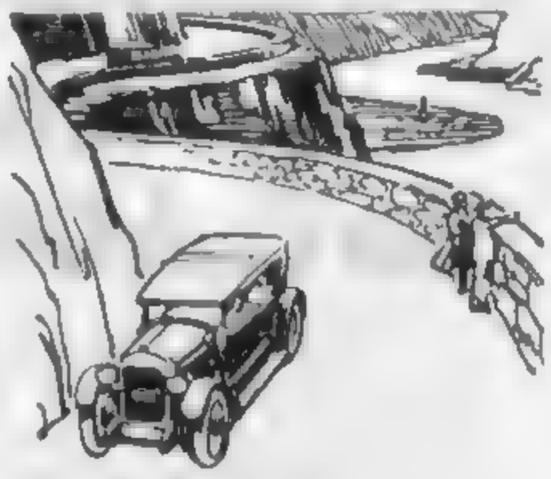


"THE PERFECT GIFT"

Puritan CINCINNATI Chocolates

"THE PERFECT GIFT"

Fore-Warned



Engine trouble in your car costs a lot of money.

Catch that trouble when it starts, and you *save* a lot of money.

Safe-T-Stat *does* catch engine trouble when it starts: it is scientifically accurate, controlled by a thermostat attached directly to the engine.

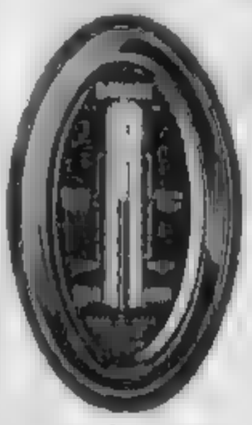
Safe-T-Stat does not depend on radiator vapor: it takes its temperature from the motor and gives instant notice when trouble starts—with Safe-T-Stat you are fore-warned.

In sight day and night, located on the instrument board, Safe-T-Stat is theft-proof and leaves the radiator cap free for those beautifully designed emblems which are more and more the vogue with all smart cars.

Safe-T-Stat has been adopted by prominent distributors throughout the country—Packard, Minerva, Nash, Hupmobile, Chrysler, Lincoln and other famous cars.

It fits any car.

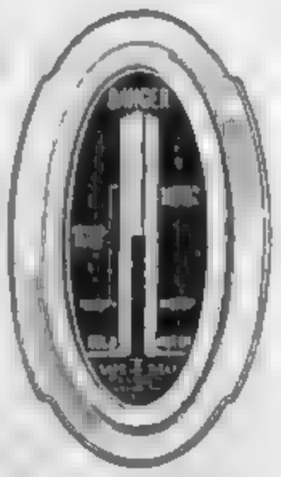
Safe-T-Stat indicates the proper temperature for efficient running at all times—ask your dealer today about



SAFE-T-STAT
Universal
$4.50
Especially adapted for Fords and Chevrolets, $4.50. Dodge, Special $5.00.

The Instrument That Shows a Frozen Radiator

SAFE-T-STAT
79-85 Bridge St. Brooklyn, N. Y.



SAFE-T-STAT
Premier
$7.50
The Dashboard Heat Indicator—for automobiles, motor boats and airplanes.

EASILY INSTALLED ON ANY CAR, IN A FEW MINUTES

1858 Spencerian 1926

A PERFECT POINT FOR EVERY PERSON

No. 1—College. Extra fine point for fast, fine writing—a favorite of expert penmen.

No. 44—Invincible. Medium ball point, silvered. A man's pen, firm and smooth.

No. 42—Gold Point. Fine ball point, gold plated. Writes like velvet. Sales 7 out of 10 people.

No. 40—Falcon. Medium fine point, silvered. Most popular general business pen.

No. 49—Subway Stub. Silvered. Medium point—free, easy and very smooth action.

NINE OUT OF TEN BUY THESE

Nine out of every ten people find that one of the five pens shown here gives perfect satisfaction. The tenth person, who holds or presses his pen peculiarly, chooses his favorite from the forty-five other Spencerian pens.

The famous Spencerian Gold Point No. 42 is ball-pointed and writes with velvet smoothness. For the present day style of rapid, easy writing it surpasses all others. Try it and see why it is fast becoming the most popular pen made. Handfashioned from finest Sheffield steel and inspected with utmost care, Spencerians outwrite and outlast ordinary pens. For sixty-eight years, accountants, teachers and careful penmen have chosen Spencerians whether they preferred fine points, medium points, stubs, or the smooth-writing ball-pointed pens. There's a Spencerian to suit you no matter what your style of writing may be. You owe it to yourself to find it.

Send 10 cents for our special offer of the ten most popular Spencerian pen points and a complimentary cork-tipped penholder—then only will you realize how satisfying the right pen is. *Find the right point, buy by the box, and use clean pens. Spencerian Pens* are *best.*

Spencerian Pen Company, 349 Broadway, New York City

I enclose 10c for your selection of 10 pen points and a complimentary penholder.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ P-3-26

Can You Afford to Pass Up This Cash Offer?

UNLESS you have all the money you want you can't. For we will pay you liberally in cash, month after month, for easy, pleasant work that need not take one minute from your regular job. Your profits will be just so much *extra* money—to help with regular expenses, to buy things you want that you can't quite afford—to squander, if you like.

$100.00 Extra In One Month

Right now many local subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are earning well *over* $100.00 *extra* every single month. The commissions and bonus that we pay them will enable them easily to hold this average throughout the entire year. And one hundred extra dollars, earned during your first month's trial, would be starting right, wouldn't it?

No experience—Yet He Earned $98.90 His First Month.

Harry E. Hutchinson, of New Jersey, began work about the middle of October, 1914. By the end of November he had earned $98.90—and he has had easy extra dollars every year since.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON FOR OUR OFFER!

The Curtis Publishing Company

300 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please send me your cash offer

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ State _____

Supplies, Equipment, Instruction Without Charge

You need not invest a penny. We tell you HOW to make money, supply everything you need to do it and pay cash from the moment you begin work. A two-cent stamp brings our big cash offer—no obligation involved.

been taken in because the diminishing supply of orphans left plenty of room available.

The time may come when the establishment of an orphan asylum will be considered no less out of date than Mr. Leake's dole of bread. The consensus of opinion among men and women who can qualify as experts in the broad field of welfare work may be summarized as follows: There is no specific form of charity or welfare work that is certain to be either advisable or necessary twenty-five years hence. Realization of this fact is far more general today than it ever was in the past, and already a new plan has been devised for public benefactions. This new plan is generally known as the community-trust fund. The author of it was F. H. Goff, of Cleveland, Ohio, now dead. He blazed a new trail with the Cleveland Foundation. At present more than fifty cities have somewhat similar organizations.

The plan is very simple and not greatly different from that followed by the larger organizations, such as the Rockefeller Foundation. Its principal novelty is that it provides working machinery without cost for the man who may wish to leave a very small sum. Thus, the community foundation becomes in the truest sense a democratic institution, or a people's foundation. The trustees who manage it serve without remuneration. They look after the funds intrusted to their care under the general regulations which apply to trust companies. They ask those who leave bequeats not to bind them with too specific instructions, but to give them a general outline of their purposes. They will follow specific instructions to the letter as long as common sense dictates such a course, but if conditions change, the terms of the will leave them free to use their judgment in attempting to approximate the purposes of the donor of a legacy.

Community-Trust Funds

Probably the ideal form of a bequest under the community-foundation plan would include no conditions or instructions of any sort in the will itself. The donor, however, would write a letter stating the nature of the charity or welfare work in which he was interested. This might be the education of orphan girls, and in the letter he might state his preference for a certain institution, also the sort of education he wished to foster. In that event the trustees would follow his wishes. If the institution he named ceased to exist they would probably be able to find another resembling it. If his ideas on the education of girls eventually became obsolete and institutions of the sort he indicated ceased to exist, the trustees would still know that his primary interest was in girls, preferably orphan girls.

Assuming that the human race continues to exist, they would still have a fair chance to come somewhere in the vicinity of his desires even after a century or more had elapsed. Briefly, the legacy would not be permitted to do harm instead of good, nor would it be dissipated in useless extravagance.

Nearly all these community trusts or foundations have provided themselves with plans or organization which assures them against growing old and losing touch with current problems.

The New York Community Trust, for instance, has five directors selected by banks and trust companies; the primary purpose here, of course, being adequate care of the funds. Six other directors are appointed, one each by the incumbents of the following offices: President of the Chamber of Commerce of the state of New York, president of the New York Academy of Medicine, president of the Association of the Bar of the city of New York, mayor of the city of New York, president of the board of trustees of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and the senior judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the second circuit. The terms of these trustees are arranged so that some expire every year.

A Plan That Promises Well

The most notable work of the Cleveland Foundation thus far was its investigation of the public schools of that city. The resulting report has been studied, probably, in every country in the world. Only one of these foundations is yet ten years old, but quite a number of them have already amassed resources upward of $1,000,000. The Chicago Community Trust has more than $2,000,000; Indianapolis has nearly $3,000,000; Boston nearly $4,000,000. New York has only about $1,000,000, but life-insurance policies and wills known to be in existence promise in the aggregate more than $18,000,000.

Scores of lawyers with wide experience in drawing wills and many officials of trust companies have proclaimed the community-trust plan one of the most notable advances in welfare work ever achieved. Mr. Goff, the author of this plan, said that it was suggested to his mind by the fact that so many of his clients asked him to write provisions in their wills that obviously would cause difficulty, if indeed their benefactions did not eventually result in more harm than good.

The problem of the dead hand holding great power among the living is very, very old; so old, in fact, that among those who recognized it as ancient and discussed it with some heat was Thomas Jefferson. Only within the past decade has a way been found to connect the dead hand behind a legacy with living brains and seeing eyes that are certain not to grow old. That the community-trust plan will be more and more widely used in this country there can be little doubt. It has been received with acclaim and very little adverse criticism from any source. The fact that more than fifty communities in this country adopted the plan before the Cleveland Foundation was ten years old would seem to indicate the trend.

The First Thaw

Not a Trip Abroad

But Like It In Its Unusual Allurements

The *change*, the *new environment*, the *difference*, the *charm and beauty* plus the enchantments of the mountains and the sea.

CHANGE is the spice of life, they say, and here is real spice for this summer! Consider it seriously for it will do you worlds of good.

Cool, delightful, unique Southern California offers you wonderfully refreshing sleep under blankets nine nights out of ten all summer, and glorious vacation days where average mean temperatures are as follows (U. S. Government Weather Bureau records—not our own—for the past 49 years. Read carefully): 49 Junes, 66 degrees; 49 Julys, 70; 49 Augusts, 71; 49 Septembers, 69.

Yes, warmer days occur. The thermometer may go to 85, and you are surprised because you do not feel the heat. That is due to extra low humidity (dry air)—another Southern California feature.

In such a section you are assured the finest recreation that summer can provide, *with no rain to interfere.*

Golf, tennis, motoring, mountain climbing, hiking, camping, bathing, sailing, fishing—all that you like to do is within your easy reach. 5,000 miles of perfectly paved motor roads and the world's greatest interurban trolley system connect it all.

And for sightseers, there are mountains two miles high, deep canyons, a desert like the great Sahara, old Spanish Missions, palm trees, orange groves and other interests which are different and absorbing—all *plus* the summer sports!

What other place offers so much?

It is truly like a trip abroad in the *change* it brings you—yet the cost is low, for living here is very reasonable.

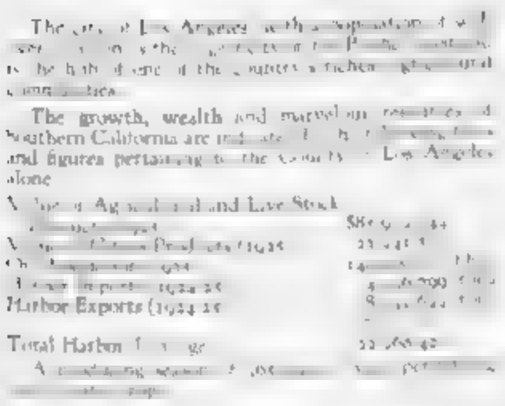
Special low round trip railroad fares are in effect from May 15th to October 31st on all railroads, so summer is an ideal time to come. Ask your nearest ticket agent to tell you all about it.

And Southern California is the new gateway to Hawaii.

Sit down now and plan this wonder trip.

We have issued probably the most complete book on vacations ever printed. We'll send a copy *free* to you. 47 pages, illustrated, tell you just what you can see and do in this strange playground.

Mail the coupon for it before you turn this page.

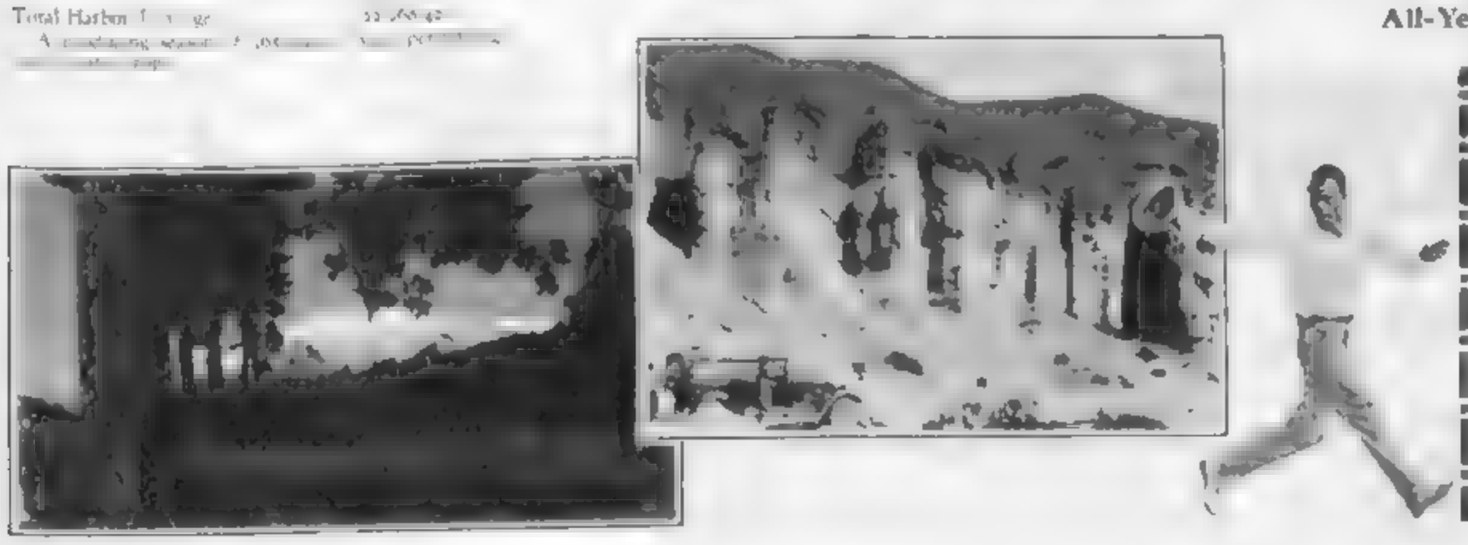


The growth, wealth and marvelous resources of Southern California are indicated by many comparisons and figures pertaining to the County of Los Angeles alone

Value of Agricultural and Live Stock	$86,[illegible]
Value of Petroleum Products (1924)	23,[illegible]
Oil Production (1924)	[illegible]
Lumber Imports (1924)	[illegible]
Harbor Exports (1924)	[illegible]
Total Harbor Tonnage	22,268,42[illegible]

Southern California

All-Year Vacation Land Supreme



All Year Club of Southern California
Dept. A-3, Chamber of Commerce Building
Los Angeles, California

Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities of the counties which I have checked

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Riverside ☐ Santa Barbara
☐ Orange ☐ San Bernardino ☐ Ventura

Name

Street

City State

On the Modern Farm

The modern farm demands the modern farm paper—*The Country Gentleman.*

For the farmer who is still in the "one-hoss shay" and tallow-dip era the old "tradepaper" type of farm paper may suffice—but today's up-and-coming farm families insist upon something better.

Keyed directly to the requirements of the higher grade American farm families of 1926, *The Country Gentleman*—the modern farm paper—makes its appeal exclusively to those who are interested in improving the equipment of their farms and in raising the living standards of their families. On the farm where there is both the desire for progress, and the ability to satisfy this desire, you will find *The Country Gentleman.*

That is why *The Country Gentleman*—the modern farm paper—leads all national farm papers in advertising lineage, and carries more advertising than is carried by the second and third farm papers taken together.

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Farm Paper

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

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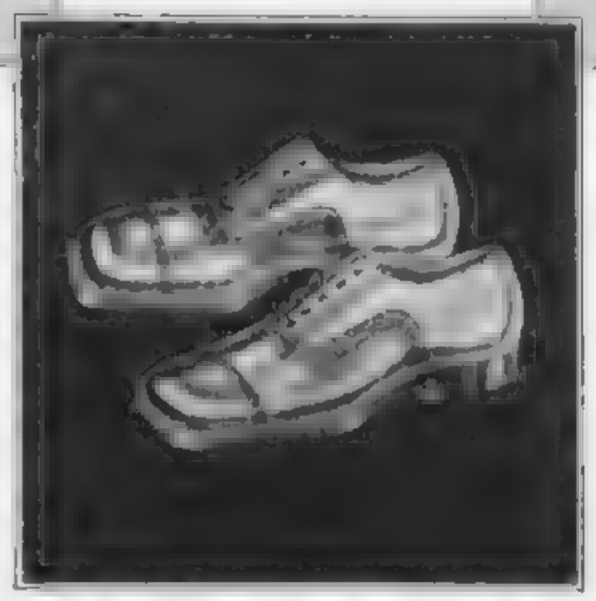
5,688,030 *people walked in Kinney Shoes last year*

No. 11235. *Patent, step-in pump, blonde trimmed.* $3.98

No. 2071. *Children's cut-out patent tie Goodyear welt, rubber heel. 8½ to 11.* $2.69 *11½ to 2,* $2.98.



No. 9126. *Men's tan calf oxfords, new broad toe last, Goodyear welt, rubber heel.* $4.98

Kinney Footnotes for March

Shoes must fit well to be good-looking and to keep their shape. That is why Kinney recommends these splendid models for March. They're high quality shoes that fit! Why pay more?

WHY?

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Kinney shoe stores are more than just a chain of stores. They are an institution that has enabled countless American families to cut their shoe bills to a minimum.

Have you had difficulty in finding shoes to fit your feet? Have you found it hard to get the styles you want? Have you felt that shoes cost too much money? Go to your nearest Kinney store. You will find there value that will amaze you; comfort, good looks—at a price within the reach of every pocket. For Kinney shoes are brought direct to you through Kinney stores from the five modern Kinney factories. The extra profits are passed on to you. With stores and factories operating as one, Kinney offers you the shoe value and service you have been looking for.

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Atlanta, Ga.
Atlantic City, N. J.
Augusta, Ga.
Austin, Texas

Baltimore, Md.
Batavia, N. Y.
Baton Rouge, La.
Battle Creek, Mich.
Bay City, Mich.
Beaumont, Texas
Bethlehem, Pa.
Binghamton, N. Y.
Birmingham, Ala.
Bloomington, Ill.
Bluefield, W. Va.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Bridgeton, N. J.
Brockton, N. Y.
Ithaca, N. Y.
Burlington, Vt.

Canton, Ohio
Carbondale, Pa.
Carlisle, Pa.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Chambersburg, Pa.
Charleston, S. C.
Charleston, W. Va.
Charlotte, N. C.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Chicago, Ill.
[illegible] stores
Clarksburg, W. Va.
[illegible], Ohio
Coatesville, Pa.
Columbia, S. C.
Columbus, Ga.
Columbus, Ohio
Corning, N. Y.
Council Bluffs, Ia.
Cumberland, Md.

Dallas, Texas
Danville, Ill.
Danville, Va.
Davenport, Iowa
Dayton, Ohio
Decatur, Ill.
Des Moines, Iowa
Dubois, Pa.
Dubuque, Iowa
Duluth, Minn.
Durham, N. C.

East Liverpool, O.
Easton, Pa.
Eau Claire, Wis.
Elkhart, Ind.
Elmira, N. Y.
Erie, Pa.
Evansville, Ind.

Fairmont, W. Va.
Flint, Mich.
Fond du Lac, Minn.
Fort Dodge, Iowa
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Fort Worth, Texas
Franklin, Pa.

Galesburg, Ill.
Geneva, N. Y.
Goldsboro, N. C.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Green Bay, Wis.
Greensboro, N. C.
Greenville, S. C.

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Hamilton, Mo.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Hartford, Conn.
Hazleton, Pa.
Henderson, Ky.
Hornell, N. Y.
Holyoke, Mass.
Huntington, W. Va.

Indianapolis, Ind.

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Jacksonville, Fla.
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Janesville, Wis.
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Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
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Look in the phone book for the address of the Kinney store nearest you. Kinney shoes are sold only in Kinney stores.

If there is no Kinney store near you, send for our catalog. You can order Kinney shoes from it by mail on a guarantee of satisfaction.

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The Poets' Corner

When Easter Smiles

WHEN Easter smiles across the dreaming meadows,
And dances on the opal of the sea,
A vision sweet with rainbow-tinted romance
Comes gently through the April mists to me.
I feel the fragrance of forgotten flowers,
And hear the echo of long-cherished lays,
And see the pale spring sunlight falling softly
Across a chain of dear remembered days.

With Easter comes awakening—a calling
Of memories that pain, and soothe and bless;
The anguish of youth's first bright teardrops, falling—
The splendor of new love's first shy caress.

When wee brave blossoms hear the gay wind's message,
When tender grasses waken from their sleep,
Old faiths grow new again, and small soul stirrings
Make wan eyes gleam, and tired pulses leap.
A book of verses, marked with satin ribbon,
A violet—still faintly blue, though pressed—
These are the things that make me glad at Easter,
These are the things I hold against my breast.

When Easter smiles through silver-hearted showers,
And dances on the laughter of the sea,
Then love and romance reach across the hours,
And hopes, long leashed, are silently set free!
—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

Sanctuary

WE KISS—and it is not the kiss I love
We touch—and it is not your hand I seek;
But something that eludes, beneath, above
Each smile and sigh, and every word you speak.
Oh, fairer than a smile, a sigh, a word
Is the invisible delight of you!
And deeper than all that is seen or heard
Or felt, this beauty is that I pursue!
Time has not pow'r to injure what you are.
Weep not for youth when it has ceased to be,
But know that all the years can never mar
The loveliness that you reveal to me.
Though in the Potter's hand the clay grows cold,
And the vase shatters—He preserves the mold.
—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Five Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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